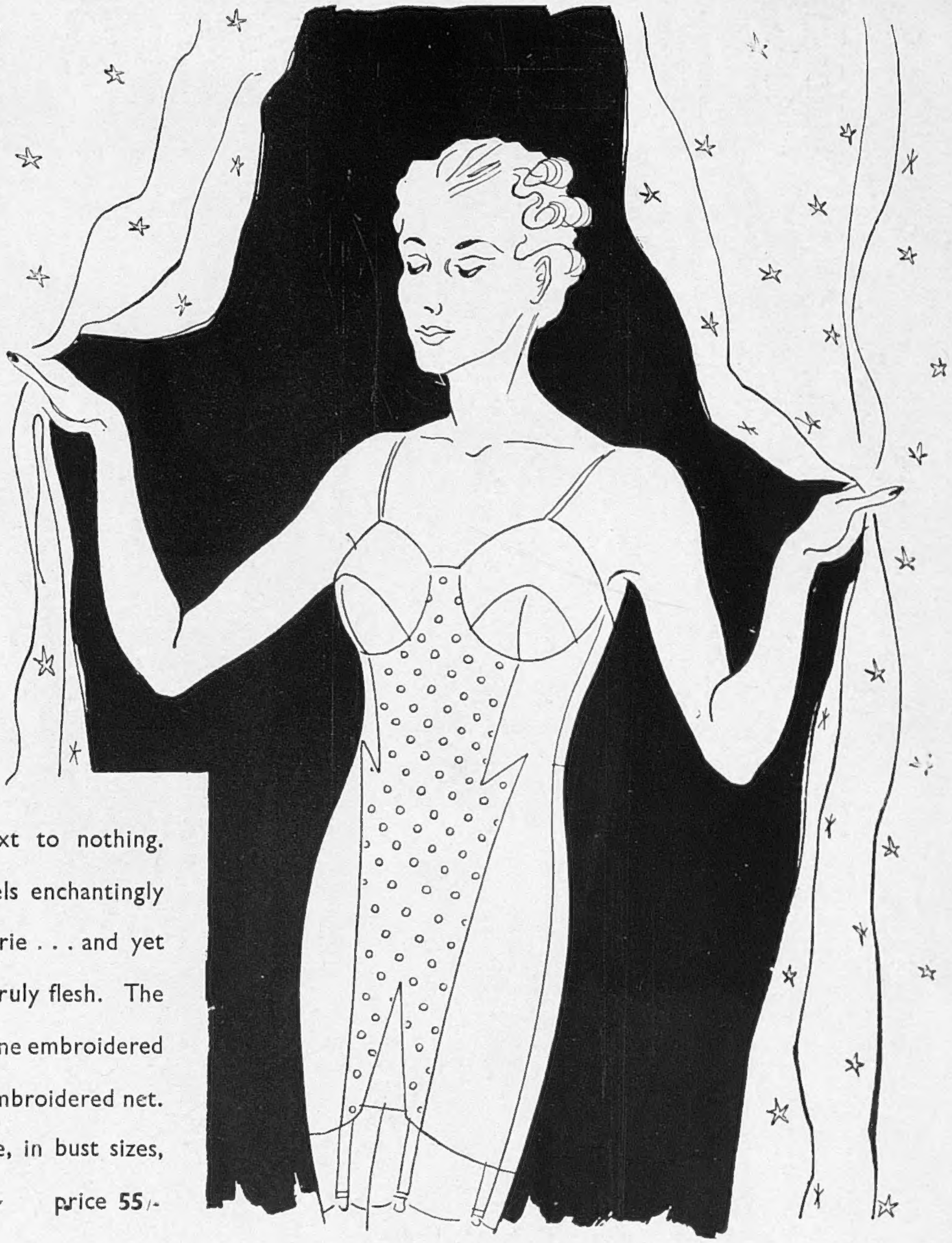
BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1936
1/-

NEGLEY FARSON
MONICA EWER
HANNEN SWAFFER
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

COMPLETE HOME and FASHION Sections



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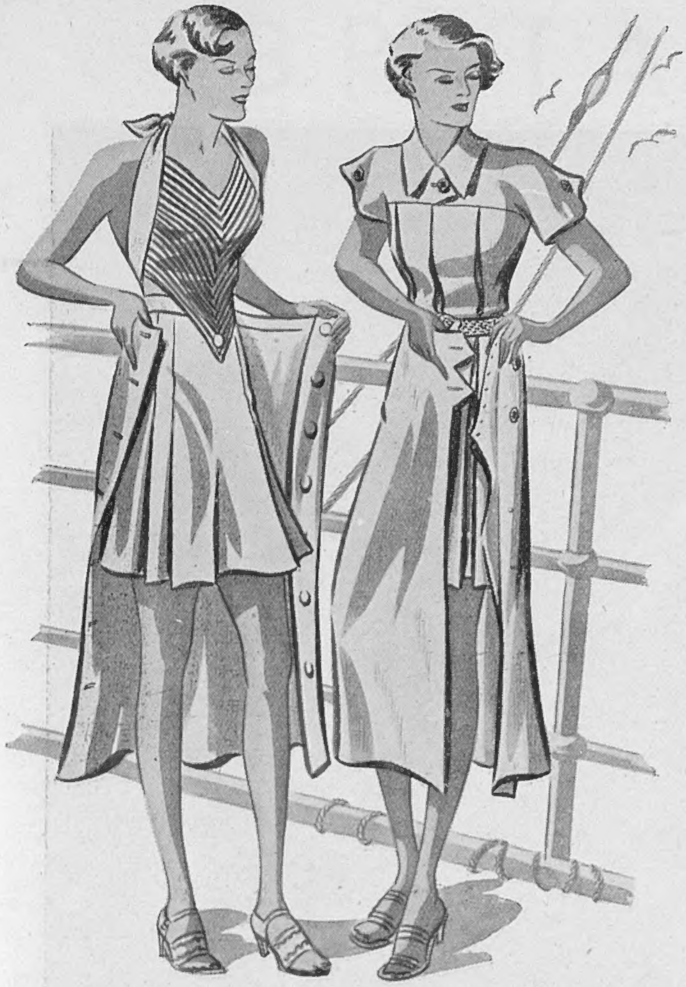
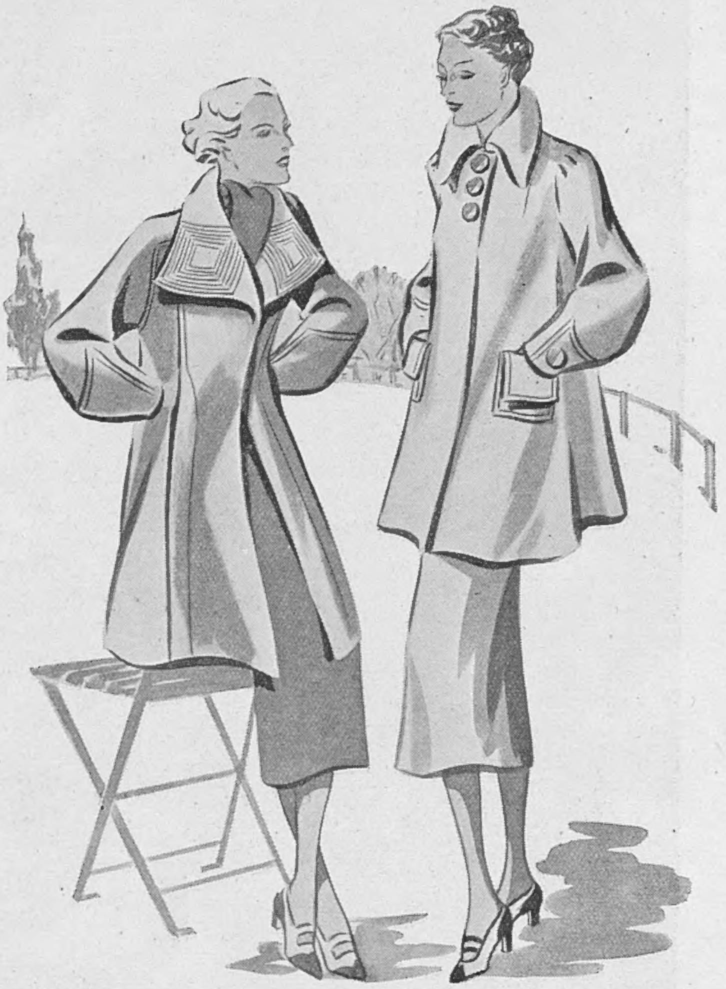
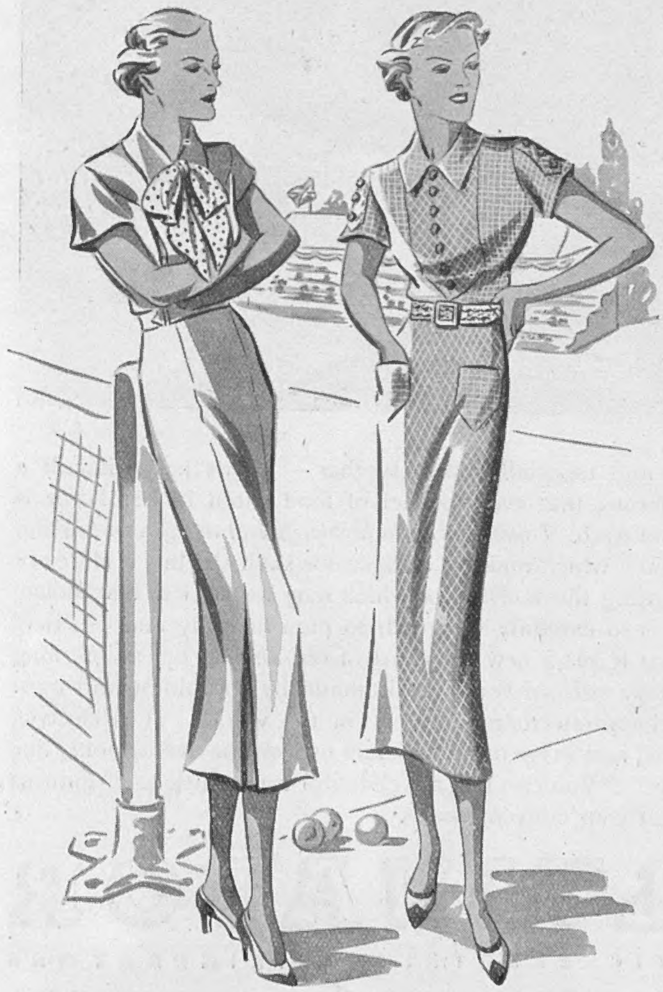


" follow the sun " " sports day "



" a good game " " top form "



" miss england " " miss america "

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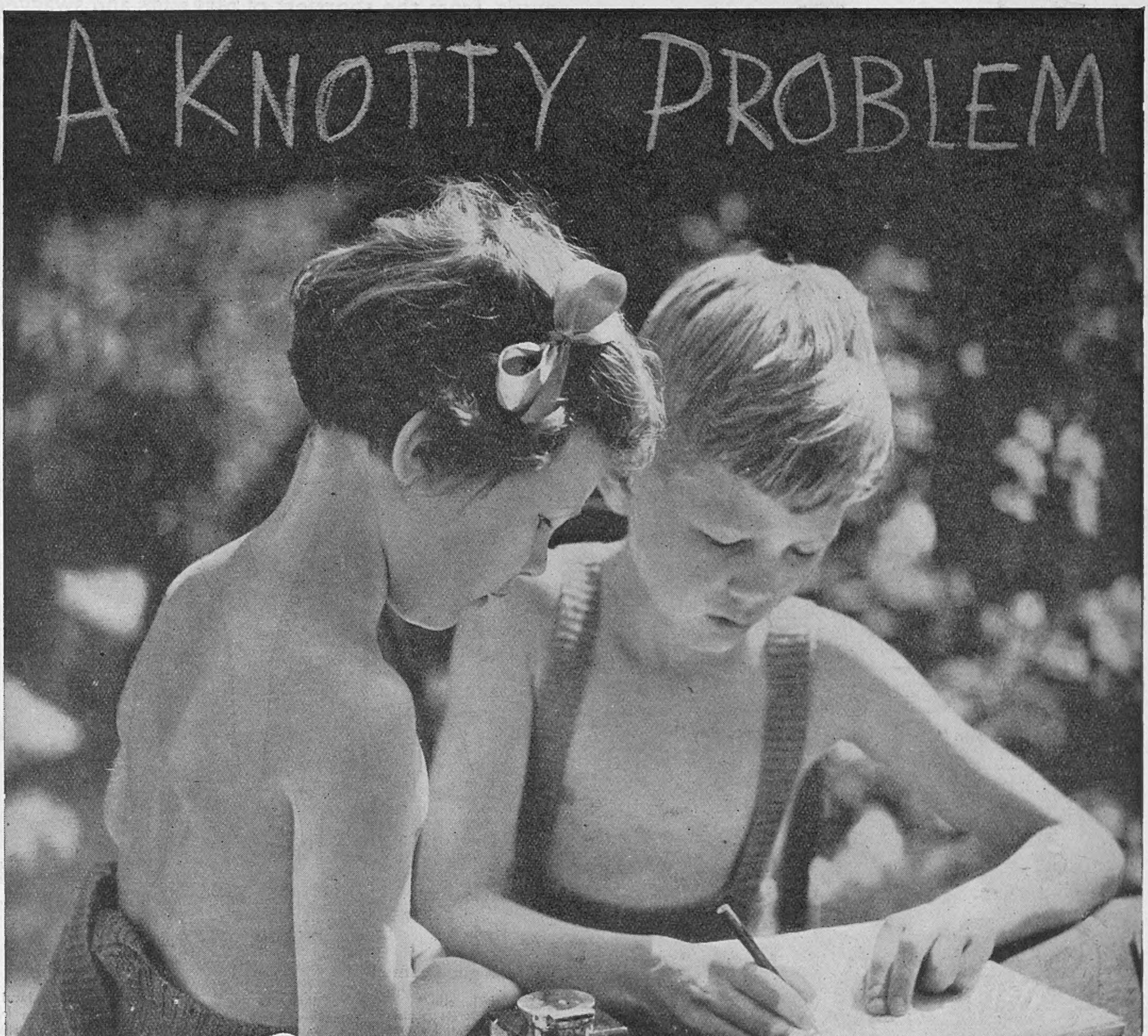

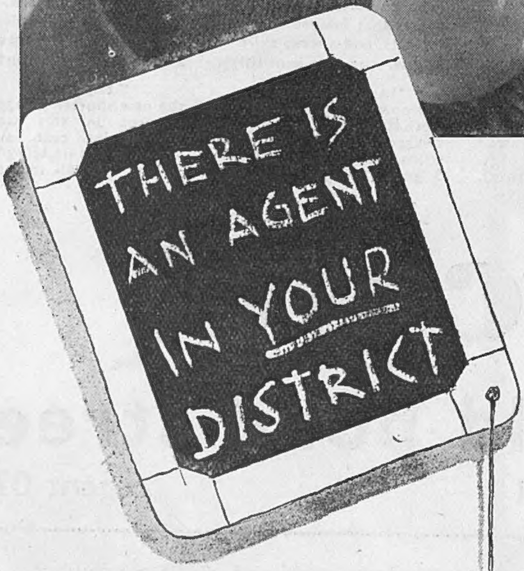

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«

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 12, No. 6. JUNE, 1936

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Grant Macdonald

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 152. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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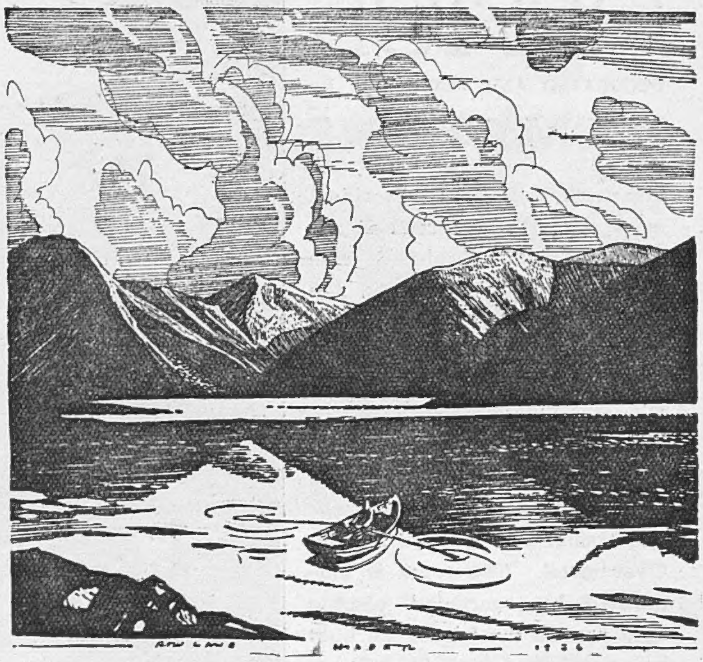

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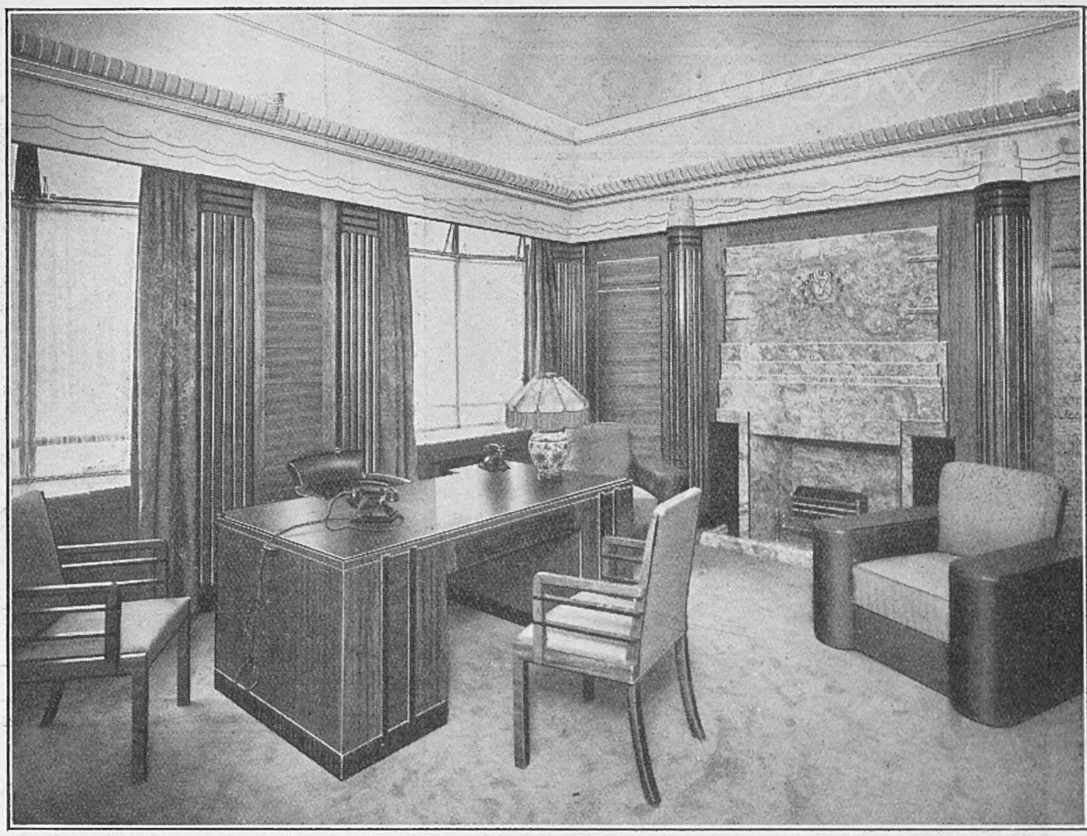

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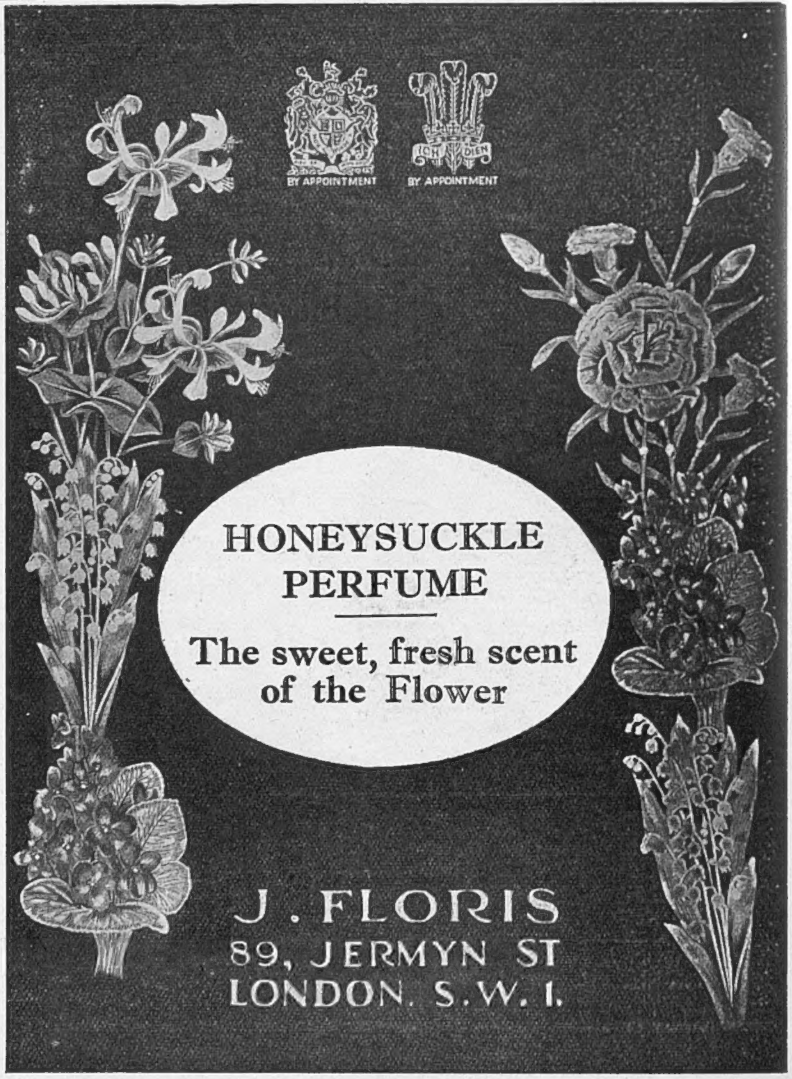

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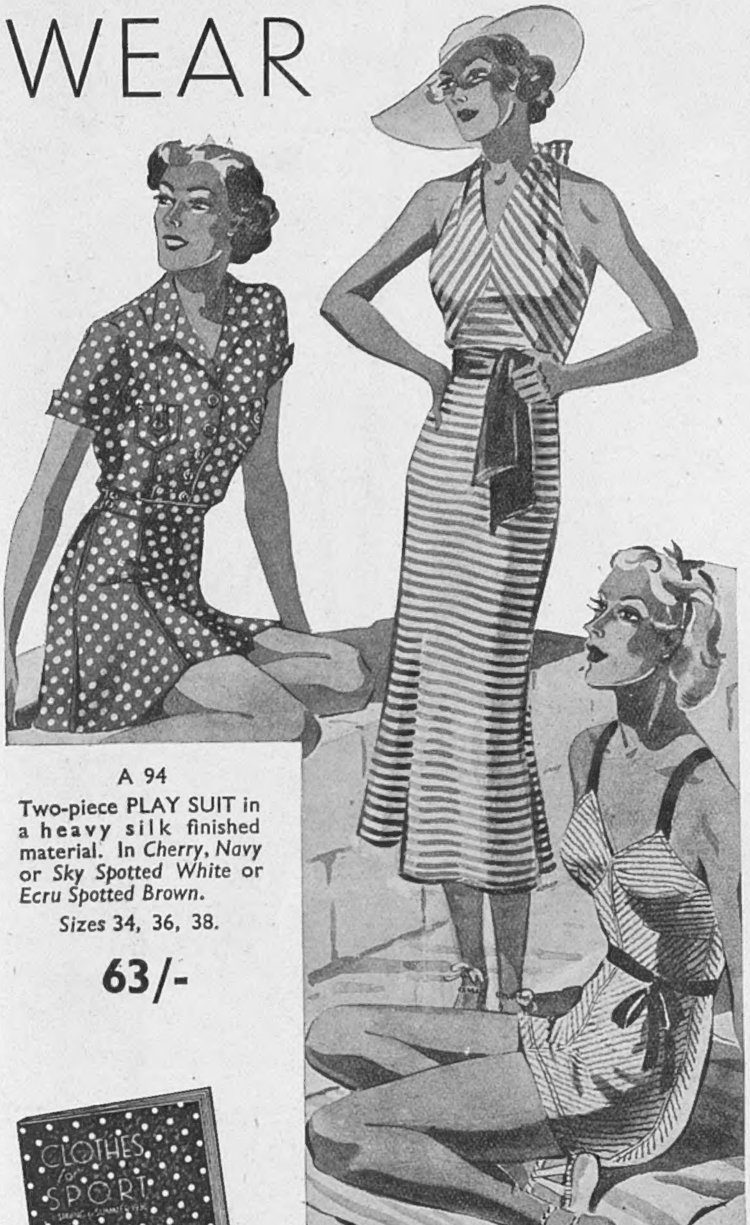

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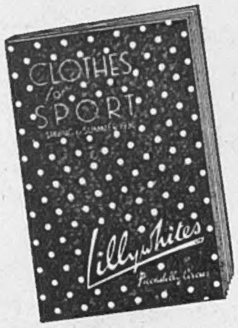

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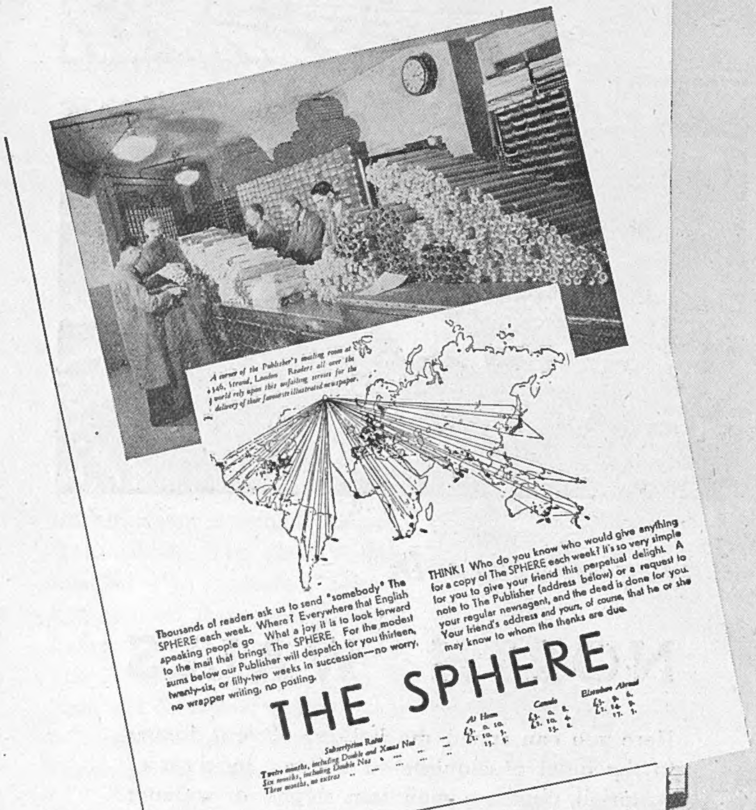

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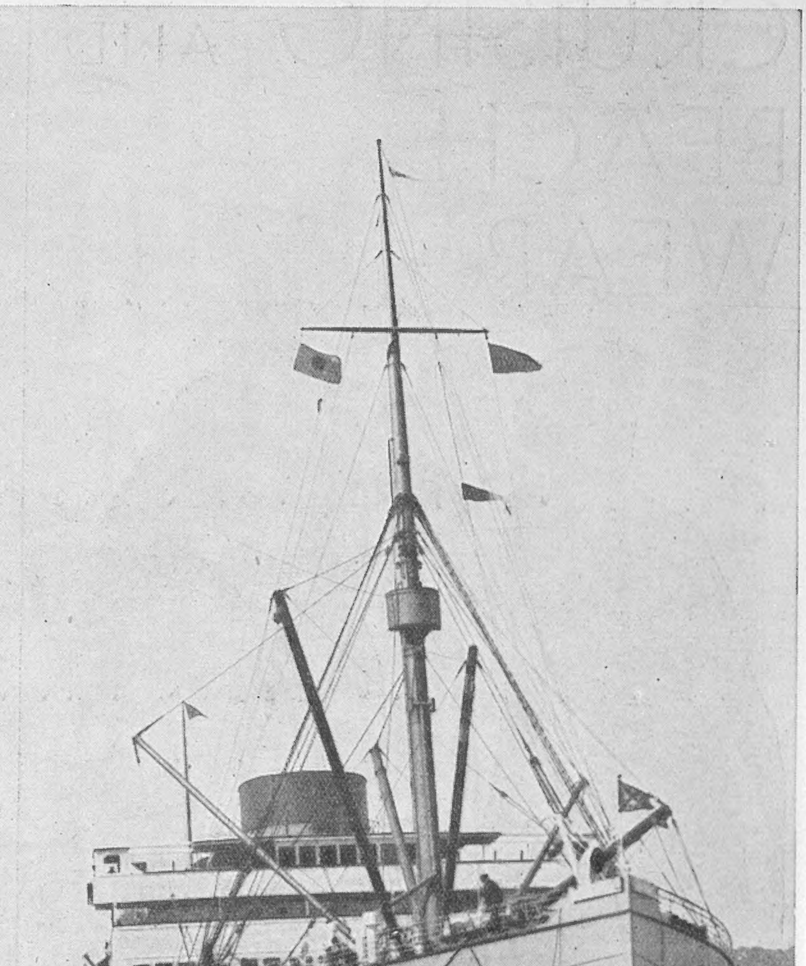

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THE EAST GATE TOTNES

GWR

W

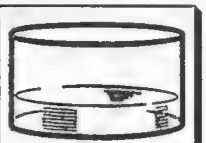
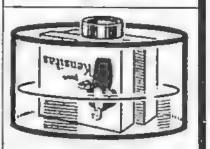
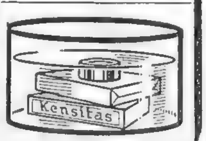
"I LIKE A PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE AND THE ONLY ONE I'VE TRIED THAT DOES NOT BOTHER MY THROAT IS **KENSITAS.** THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS*** MUST MAKE A DIFFERENCE"

June

MUSICAL COMEDY STAR

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE. SO **KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS*** ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

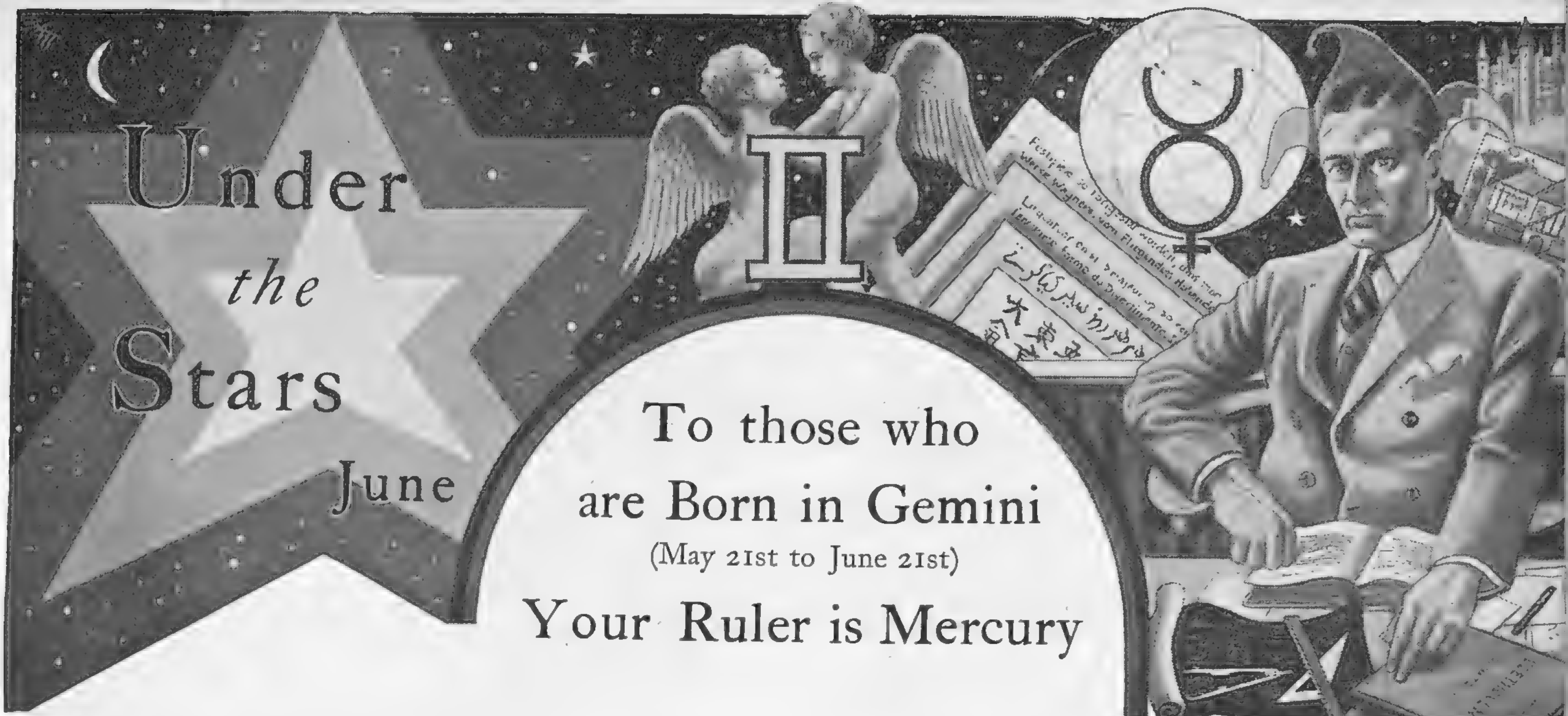
June made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test:

1	**HERE IT IS – YOU TRY HER DRASTIC TEST ! –** June put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.	
2	She placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. She did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, she lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.

*Your Throat Protection Against Irritation—Against Cough

Your Kensitas Cigarettes
"As good as really good cigarettes can be"
"Your Kensitas Cigarettes Sir"
REAL VIRGINIA
Kensitas



Under the Stars

June

To those who are Born in Gemini

(May 21st to June 21st)

Your Ruler is Mercury

KEEN-WITTED spirits of Gemini—destined to be the messengers between high Gods and men—gifted in every intellectual capacity. You are brilliant linguists, musicians, sensitive observers—your mind records impressions as faithfully as a photographic plate—you can analyse, appreciate, learn with amazing rapidity, *but you cannot stick to one thing at a time.*

Variety is your spice of life. Versatility your downfall.

Hence more promise than fulfilment with most of those born in Gemini. Yet this sign is responsible for many of our finest thinkers, conferring, as it does, an insatiable desire for knowledge and an ever-eager curiosity combined with an arresting turn for expression in writing and speech. Alas ! that you are forever flying off at a tangent.

Sometimes this is due to a need for change. Sometimes to a deeper reason. Look to your symbol of the Twins. They represent the marriage between the Practical and the Ideal. All your life you will be seeking to blend the practical and ideal.

For this reason—as well as curiosity—you will take up one subject after another.

Try not to be fickle. You will always be happiest when you have several interests going at once : most successful when these are reduced to two.

It is difficult for others to understand you. Mentally you are imperative, but your attitude when coming to a decision is contradictory and quite baffling. Bold one moment you are timid the next ; conservative, then progressive—juggling in an attempt to find the best result—your ultimate decision is very nicely balanced.

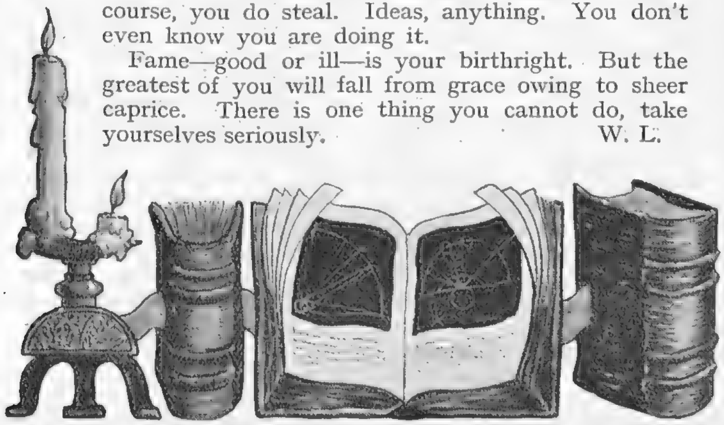
You are differently " geared " from other people. See and hear more than the average man, your mind works faster. This leads others to believe you are wholly volatile and unreliable, whereas in fact, you react in advance of them and are more adaptable.

The intellectual interest always dominates. Your actions are prescribed by mood or mental impulse, rather than by a definite aim of building up an important result for yourself. So that commercially you often fail.

Yet among your attributes for success is a happy wit and saving sense of humour against yourselves. Quick understanding. Resource and the power to persuade. Unfortunately, you also gossip. Are indiscreet and mischief-making. Sacrifice much to raise a laugh. And, of course, you do steal. Ideas, anything. You don't even know you are doing it.

Fame—good or ill—is your birthright. But the greatest of you will fall from grace owing to sheer caprice. There is one thing you cannot do, take yourselves seriously.

W. L.



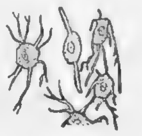
WEDNESDAY
3x2
5

LUCKY DAY: WEDNESDAY.

STONE: YELLOW AQUAMARINE.

NUMBER: FIVE:

Or any numbers that add to five—*i.e.,* 32, 41, 23.



HEALTH

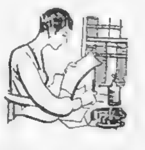
This sign governs the nerves and lungs. Guard against consumption, insomnia, neuralgia and giddiness. Also against overwork and a stutter.

Your chief trouble will be the inability to stand up to any kind of anxiety which knocks you out completely. *Electricity* in medical treatments should be avoided. Between the ages of 35 and 42 the constitution is severely tried, as during this period the body seems to lack power to recuperate.

MARRIAGE

Usually more than one union. Both men and women need partners who are steady, domesticated and affectionate. They want their worries soothed, but first and foremost they require intellectual companionship. For all this, women incline to overfuss about the house, which makes them irritable.

You are best mated with those born in Libra (September 23 to October 23) who are artists. Or with Aquarians (January 21 to February 19) who will understand your changeful moods.



CAREERS

None can rival your quick assimilation and command of a diversity of subjects. Then there is your literary ability. Journalism is your forte. It brings travel and variety. Teaching is a fairly good outlet, but here is danger of monotony—your bugbear.

As mimics, conjurers and thieves, you are in your element. Your finest qualities emerge as authors and research scientists, *vide* Arnold Bennett and Sir Oliver Lodge.

As lawyers you cannot be equalled in tearing an opponent's argument to shreds. You shine as diplomats. Learn to persist, to concentrate.

CHILDREN

Are precocious and very highly strung. Try to procure as much sleep for them as possible.

From fourteen to twenty-one young folk shoot up and exhaust their vitality. Careful diet—raw fruit and vegetables—rest and fresh air are essential. Also, systematic breathing exercises to strengthen the lungs.

Insist that anything started be finished before something else is begun. Then you will be training these children with the lovely minds to be true interpreters of Man.

SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR

Mars, planet of War and Passion, and Venus, planet of Ease and Love, both cross your path this year. Consequently some strenuous rocketing romance, luckier on the whole for women.

Much unbalance. Shun quarrels, violence, hastiness. Think twice about decisions and you will emerge the victor—materially and spiritually—from this critically emotional twelvemonth.

NEW YORK by night. (Right) The magnificent water-front of New York

(Below)
A FARMHOUSE in "Dutch" Pennsylvania. The most dramatic things in this Arcadian farmland are the graveyards. The name on every tombstone is German. On reading them you see in each village the names of the first settlers, their followers, and very often the grave of the first settler from which the town got its name

I HAVE just returned from a five-months inquisitive motor drive around the United States. The minute I started it I realised that if I was going to keep my sanity I must equip my mind with a shock-absorber. The result is I am now back in London with a permanent nightmare. Even walking down the Strand I see President Roosevelt; he is facing a monstrous jigsaw puzzle; and every time he picks up a piece—it changes shape in his hands.

That is the United States of to-day. Politically, socially, economically—even ethically all the old values have been swept away, are changing, or are up for change. New values have not been found to supplant them yet. And in the midst of this welter a group of positively prehistoric Diehards (Democrats as well as Republicans) are struggling to hold back the wheel of Time.

"Life's *awful!*" said a girl who met me at the boat. "It's like living on a *volcano*. No one knows what's going to *happen* any more. We can't plan of the *future*. Yet, it's MARVELLOUS . . . . I wouldn't live abroad now for *worlds*."

That was the most surprising thing that was said to me on the other side of the Atlantic. When I had first known her (in Venice) that girl's one ambition was to get somewhere, anywhere, outside the United States. She was one of those Poor Little Rich girls who spent most of their lives moving from one hotel to another across the face of Europe. A return to the U.S.A. meant merely a "season," a round of parties, and nothing more. That this girl, of all people, should now find her own country so fascinating was a change indeed.

"I suppose it's because I'm frightened," she said. "And then there's something infuriating about the whole affair. There's so much bunk being talked. Every morning, after he's taken a glance at the papers, Papa gives us a lecture on how, under Roosevelt, this country is bound straight for hell. He says if Roosevelt keeps on piling up the National Debt the way he is we'll soon all be broke—have to sell our country place and things like that. I don't believe him. He puts my back up. That's why, for the very first time in my young life, I am taking an interest in what is going on."

"Quite," I agreed. "Politics, for you, have now become a personal affair."

"You bet," she said; "and if I have to stand much more of Papa's frothing at the mouth I am going to go Communist. He'll drive me into their arms."

THEN at Greenwich, Conn., where I spent my first week-end—in the home of a staunch Republican and multimillionaire—I got another whiff of this Old Guard Diehardism and its natural reaction in the revolt of youth. His two pretty daughters shrieked with delight as they showed me a Black List that Papa had drawn up. It was a serious document, so far as father was concerned. It was a carefully compiled list of the young men who, he said, under no conditions should be allowed to enter his house. The list began with Dos Passos and went on to include a legion of the most brilliant writers and creative minds in the United States. I then saw the truth of what the literary critics had been telling me in New York: that practically every young writer or artist of note in the U.S. to-day is a Communist.

Sweet Land of Liberty!

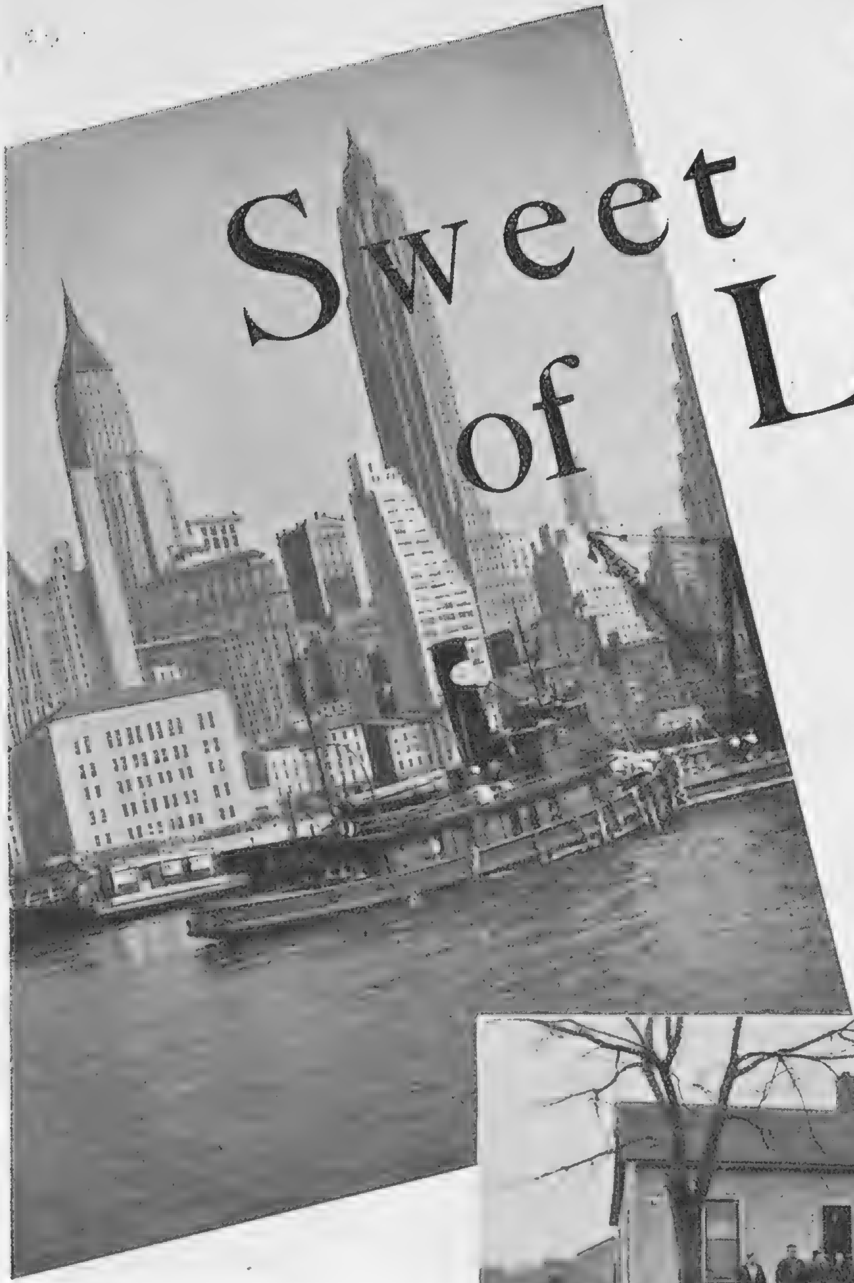
A few high spotlights on the United States of To-day

By

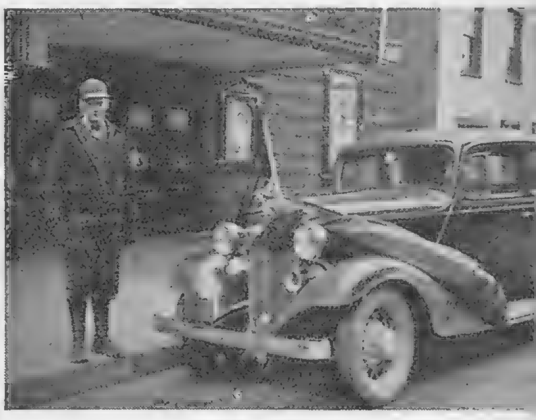
Negley Farson

(Author of "The Way of a Transgressor")

who has recently returned from a five-months motor tour



OKEY O'DELL'S family standing outside their home at McGuffey, Ohio

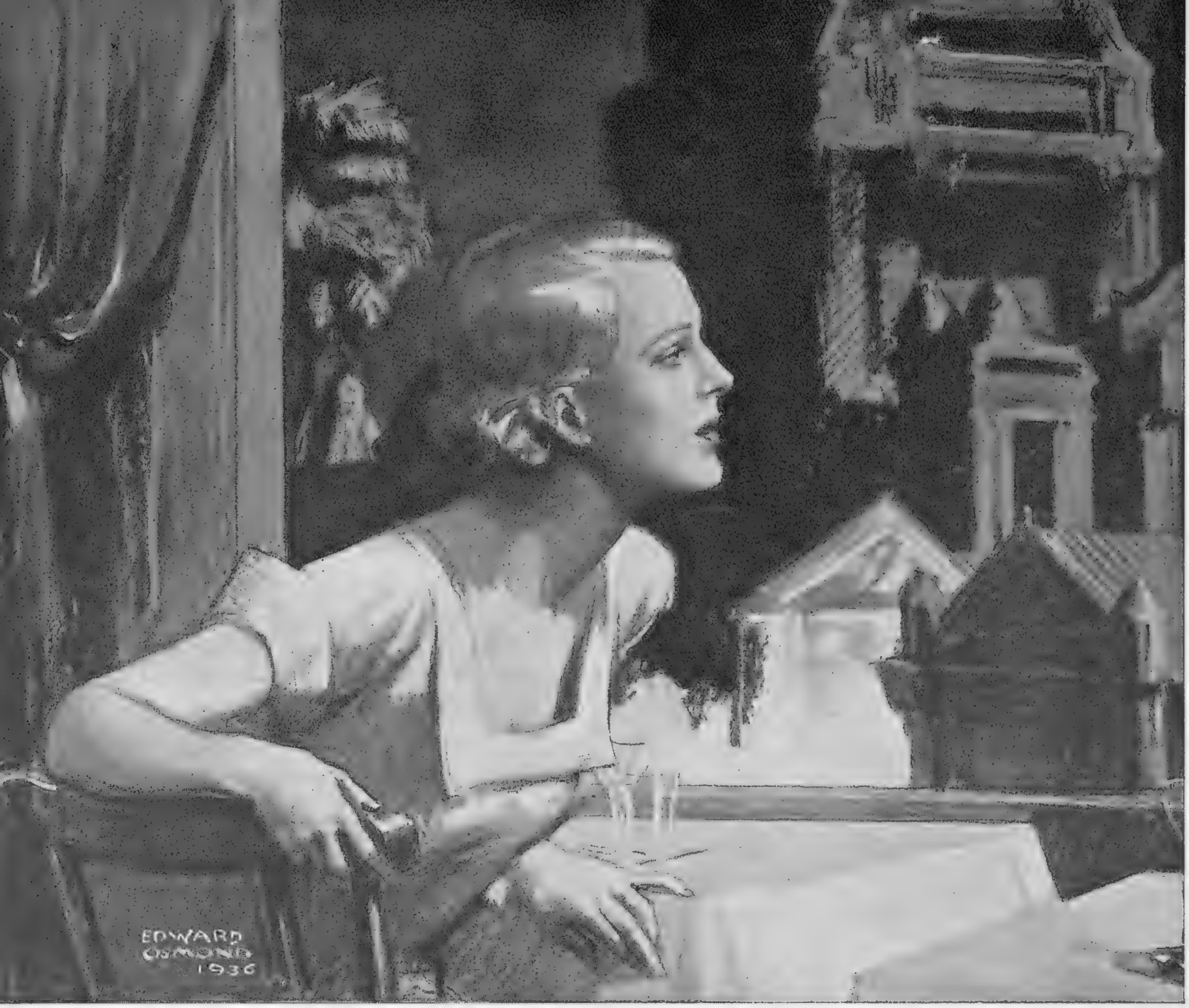


THERE are still plenty of deer in the "Dutch" Pennsylvania country. I counted twenty-four—tied to motor-cars mudguards —in one day's drive. A hunter is allowed one deer a year, and keep them from shooting each other it is obligatory to wear a bright scarlet hat

COAL "bootleggers." Two "holes," as the miners call these hand-dug shafts penetrating the mountain. The miners are professionals. Had been out of work for four years. Their shafts, with ascending galleries, tap the near surface coal. (Below) A coal "bootleggers'" truck loaded with coal which is sold in the towns for nearly £3 a ton. Four shillings a ton less than "company" coal

"Papa's off in Pullman cars," said his daughters. "He's going around the States lecturing to Rotarians, Chambers of Commerce, and especially Women's Clubs—putting the fear of God into them. He's admitting that business has picked up. But he's saying it's *in spite* and not because of Roosevelt. Then he's going to give them the jitters by saying that Roosevelt is going to tax their children into poverty; yea, even unto the third and fourth generation."

The reaction to Papa in this particular family has been that one daughter has since married a poor, but gallant, Irish Free State Republican, and has gone to live in Dublin. The other has demanded an apartment of her *(Continued on page 132)*



Tonking Adventure

Love, Loyalty and the Legion

CAPTAIN BENTLEY walked over to the desk clerk to arrange about his tiger hunt next day. He glanced at a label on a cabin trunk that had been brought into the hotel by two Annamites :

Chargeurs Réunis
S.S. Cap du Ras
2ième Classe
Mrs. Franks
Haiphong.

He had come out by a Chargeurs Réunis boat himself and knew what the accommodation was like in the second class. Four passengers to a cabin ; very little deck space, but good food. He wondered who Mrs. Franks might be ? The Chargeurs Réunis boats were transports, carrying fonctionnaires and officers of the Infanterie Coloniale in the first class, N.C.O.'s, minor officials, and artisans in the second. It surprised him that a second-class passenger should choose the best hotel in Hanoi.

He glanced at the last entry in the visitors' book : Mrs. Zilla Franks—British—ex S.S. Cap du Ras. Then he spoke to the desk clerk.

" What time does the train leave for Thang Hoa to-morrow ? "

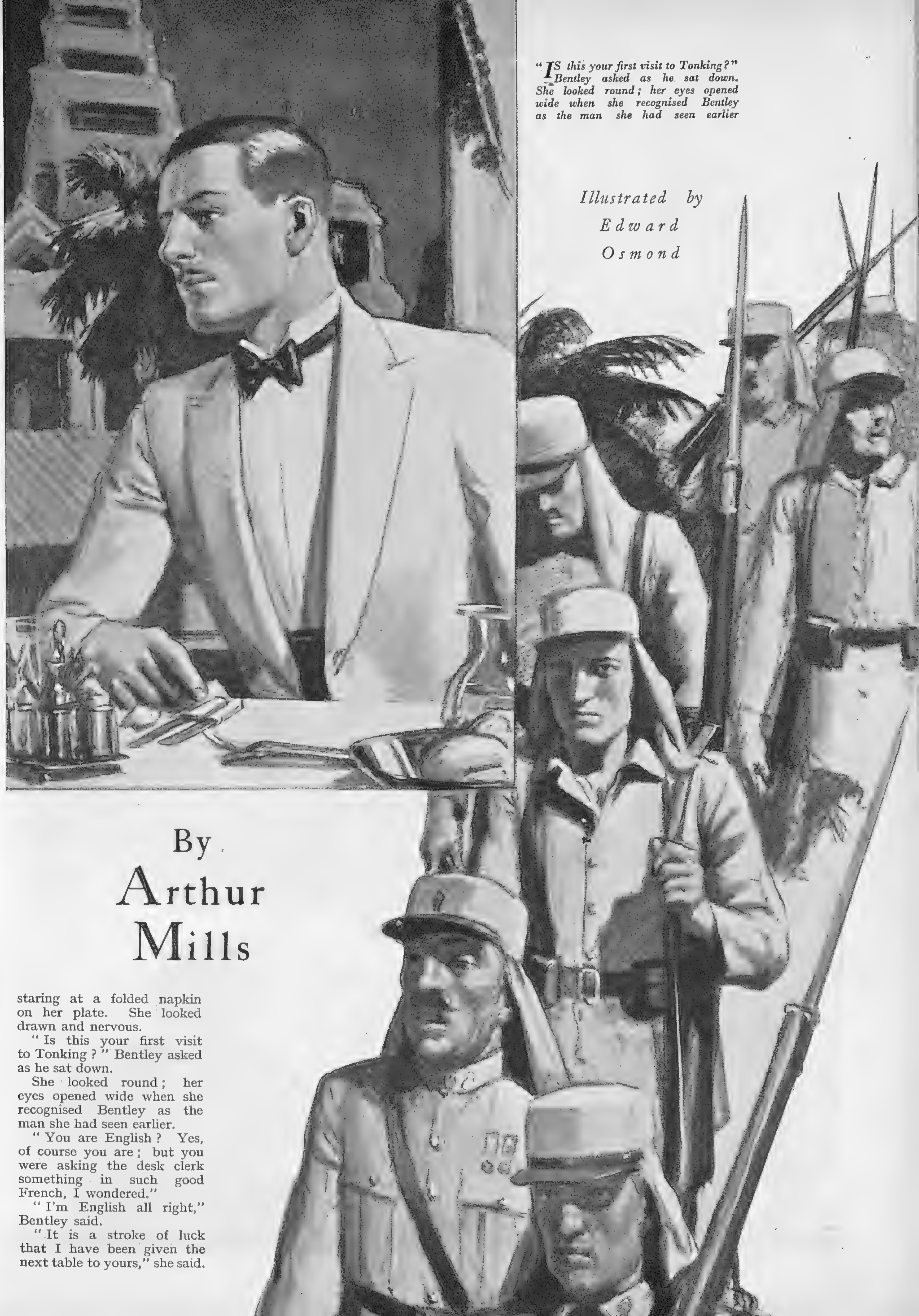
" At 7.15, Monsieur."

" All right ; I want to be called at half past six and a taxi to take me to the station at seven."

" Very good, Monsieur."

When Bentley turned round he found a fair-haired woman standing behind him. He noted that she was pretty. Presumably this was Mrs. Franks. She appeared to be on the point of speaking to him. He had an appointment with an official in the Administrator-General's office at five, and did not want to be delayed, so he walked quickly away, hoping she would not realise he also was English. Before he was out of earshot, he heard her say to the desk clerk : " Qui est ce monsieur ? " Her French was laboured. He regretted not waiting to see if he could help her in any way ; but his appointment was important.

At dinner that evening it did not surprise him to find that the pretty Englishwoman had been put at the next table to his own. It is a habit of French maîtres d'hotel to group people of the same nationality together. Having arranged his tiger hunt, Bentley was now ready enough to talk to his compatriot. She was sitting



"IS this your first visit to Tonking?" Bentley asked as he sat down. She looked round; her eyes opened wide when she recognised Bentley as the man she had seen earlier

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

By Arthur Mills

staring at a folded napkin on her plate. She looked drawn and nervous.

"Is this your first visit to Tonking?" Bentley asked as he sat down.

She looked round; her eyes opened wide when she recognised Bentley as the man she had seen earlier.

"You are English? Yes, of course you are; but you were asking the desk clerk something in such good French, I wondered."

"I'm English all right," Bentley said.

"It is a stroke of luck that I have been given the next table to yours," she said.

"They generally put English people to sit together in French hotels."

"Do you live in Hanoi?"

"No; I'm just travelling; I'm going down to Annam to-morrow to try and get a tiger, and then I come back here for one night and go on up north to Shanghai."

She opened her handbag and scrabbled in it till she found an envelope. The envelope bore the imprint of a cable company. Bentley observed the furrows in the centre of her forehead and two faint lines on either side of her mouth. He was certain now that the girl was in some kind of bad trouble.

"You are going to think me quite mad, but I have got to tell you something at once. You are leaving first thing to-morrow; I may not see you when you come back. This hotel is much too expensive for me; I came to it because I heard it was the best, and I thought I might meet some English people, like yourself."

"What can I do for you?" Bentley asked, dreading a "hard luck" story.

"Read that"; she passed over the cable envelope. Across the corner Bentley saw a notification written:

Return to sender.
Not known at Vietri.

He looked to see who the cable was addressed to:

Legionnaire Gilbert Franks
4/1st Etranger
Vietri, Tonking.

He now understood the look of anxiety in Mrs. Frank's eyes.

"Your brother?" he said, handing back the cable.

"No; my husband."

"U'm!" said Bentley.

"He just left the house and never came back. I waited for two days; then I went to the police. They were unable to find him anywhere in England. Three months passed without a word from him. Then at Christmas I got this." She put her hand in her bag again and took out a postcard. Bentley read the card: it was headed—

4/1st Etranger,
Indo Chine Français.

"Writing to explain everything. Happy Xmas. G."

"So that's where he is," Bentley said, handing back the postcard.

"I did not know what 4/1st Etranger meant. Someone explained to me that it was the 4th Battalion of the 1st Regiment of the Foreign Legion. I went to the French Embassy; they were very nice; they made enquiries and told me that the 4th Battalion of the Legion was at a place called Vietri in Tonking; but they said they could not do anything about my husband because when a man enlisted in the Foreign Legion he voluntarily signed a contract to serve for five years."

Mrs. Franks stopped; her pretty troubled eyes looked at Bentley.

"Five years is a long time," Bentley said.

"I went to the British Foreign Office. They could not do anything either; they said that if an Englishman enlisted in the Foreign Legion that was his affair. In his postcard my husband said he was writing to explain everything. I waited a month, but no letter came. I did not know what to do. I decided to send a cable to the address I had been given. It came back marked 'not known at Vietri.' Of course, he has changed his name."

"I dare say he has," Bentley said.

Mrs. Franks's fingers twisted in her napkin. "I couldn't stand it any more. You see, I didn't know why he had suddenly done this; we hadn't quarrelled or anything; he seemed quite happy at Aldershot."

"Your husband was in the Army?"

"Yes; he was in the Devon Light Infantry."

"I knew their 1st Battalion well; I'm a soldier myself," Bentley said.

"Gilbert was in the 2nd Battalion."

Bentley fidgeted with a broken biscuit. "You must excuse my asking you, but had he been in any trouble? I mean, fellows don't usually leave the British Army and join the Foreign Legion for no reason."

Zilla Franks shook her head. "None that I know of; he was very popular in the regiment and seemed to love the life. Only two days before he disappeared he was counting up how many years it would be before our son Peter could go to Sandhurst."

"How old is Peter?"

"Four. I had to leave the poor little chap with friends when I came out. You see, I simply must find Gilbert; the situation is impossible as it is."

"I'll see if I can find out anything about him," Bentley promised.

"Will you?" Her gratitude was pathetic.

"Certainly. I don't know what you are going to do after that; you can't buy a man out of the Foreign Legion; that is the law of France."

"If you could see him?"

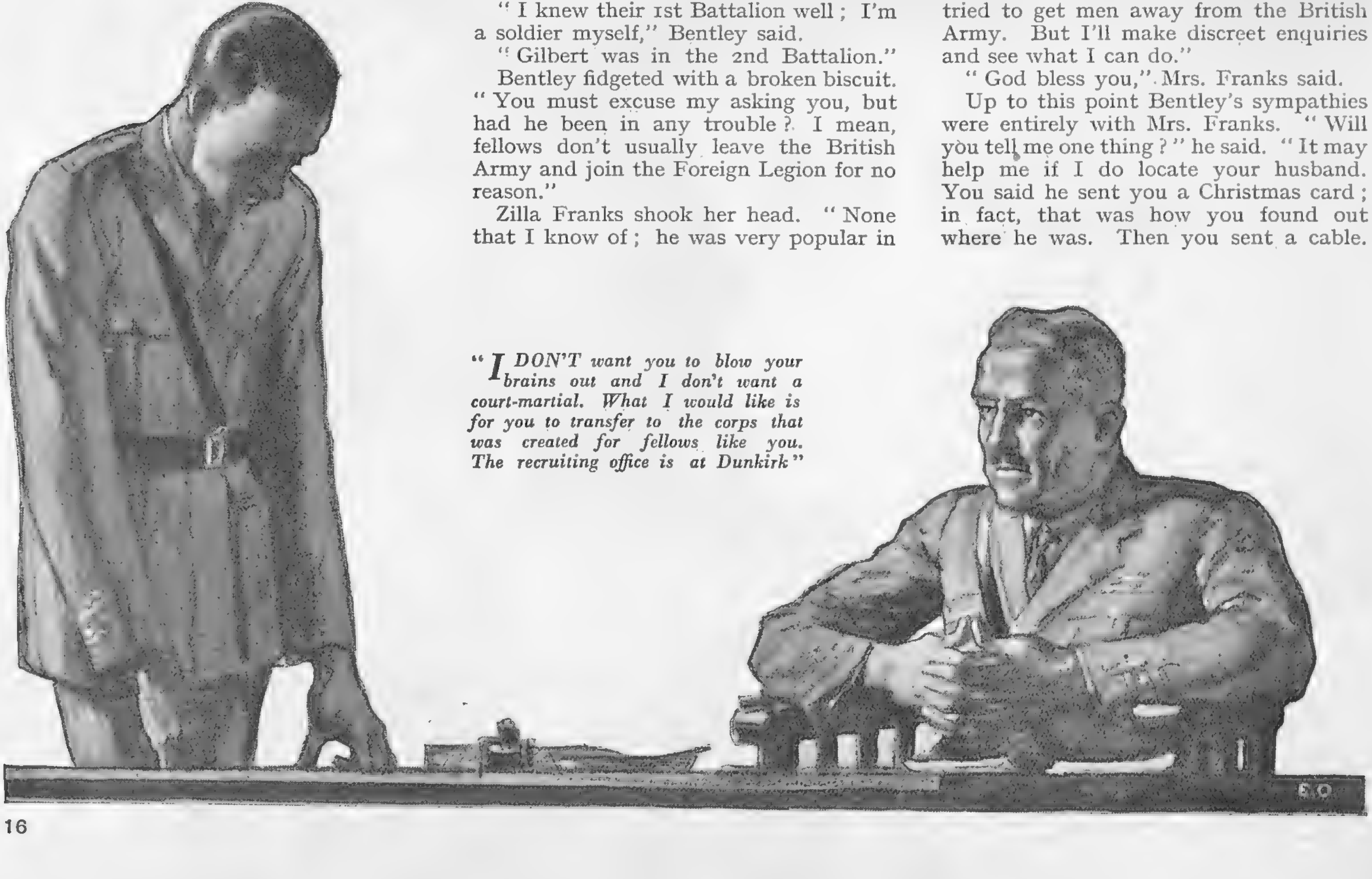
Bentley hadn't thought of this; he had planned to hunt tigers. But here was this unfortunate girl, whose husband had cleared off leaving her and her baby, asking his help; he couldn't refuse. Vietri was only two hours by rail from Hanoi. His friend at the Administrator-General's office might be able to help. He would postpone the tiger hunt for one day.

"Wait a minute," he said, pushing back his chair.

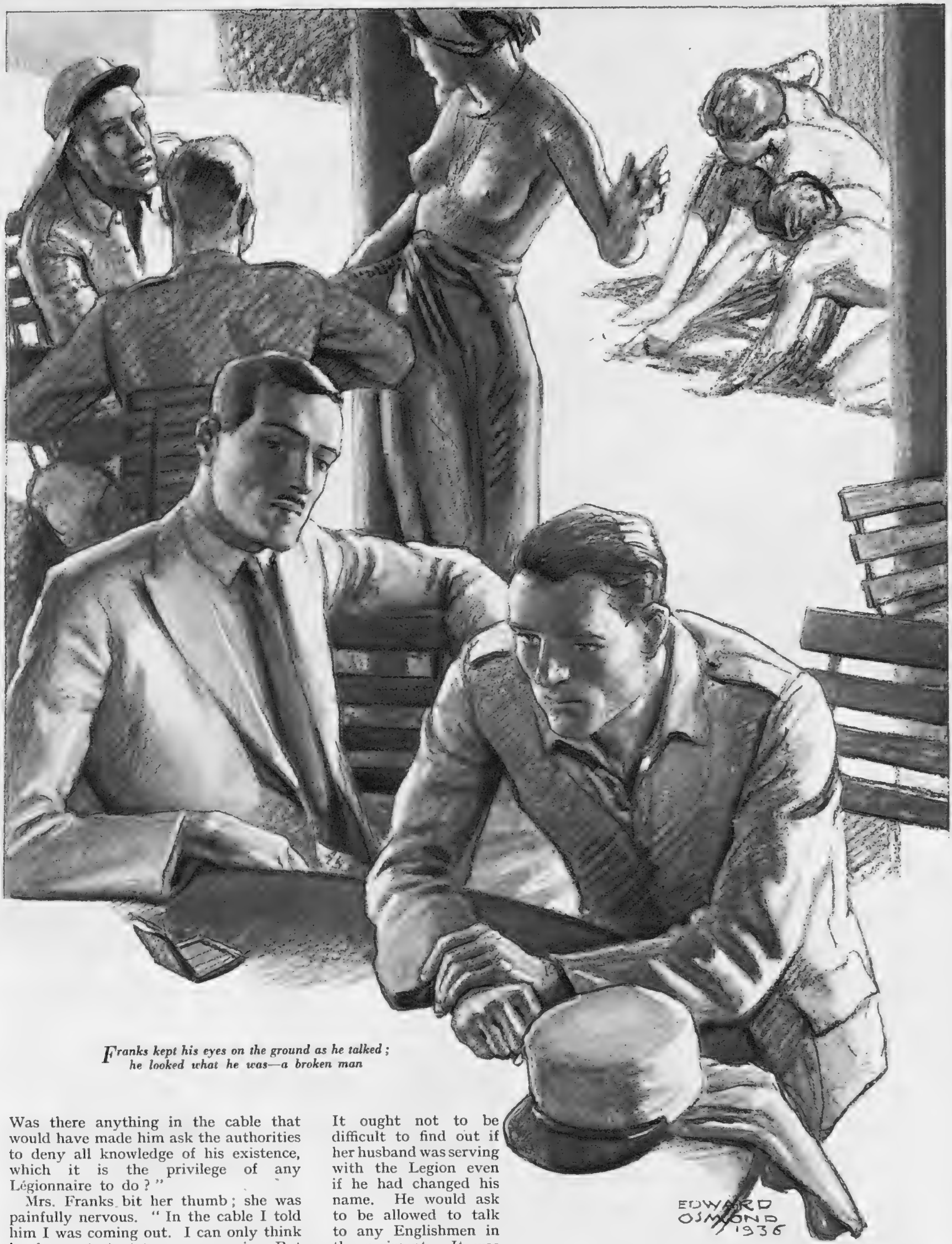
Ten minutes later Bentley came back. "I have been telephoning to a friend of mine who is an important official out here. I asked if I could get a permit to visit the Foreign Legion at Vietri to-morrow. After all, the French are our allies and I'm a serving officer. He was awfully nice about it and said I could certainly go out there. He promised to send down the permit this evening and telephone through to the Commandant at Vietri to-morrow morning to say I was to be shown everything I wanted. I didn't say why I wanted to go out there; I thought it better not to; and I shall have to be wary when I get to Vietri. The French are touchy if they think another country is trying to get a man out of the Foreign Legion. After all, we shouldn't like it if some other power tried to get men away from the British Army. But I'll make discreet enquiries and see what I can do."

"God bless you," Mrs. Franks said.

Up to this point Bentley's sympathies were entirely with Mrs. Franks. "Will you tell me one thing?" he said. "It may help me if I do locate your husband. You said he sent you a Christmas card; in fact, that was how you found out where he was. Then you sent a cable.



"I DON'T want you to blow your brains out and I don't want a court-martial. What I would like is for you to transfer to the corps that was created for fellows like you. The recruiting office is at Dunkirk"



Franks kept his eyes on the ground as he talked ; he looked what he was—a broken man

Was there anything in the cable that would have made him ask the authorities to deny all knowledge of his existence, which it is the privilege of any Légionnaire to do ? "

Mrs. Franks bit her thumb ; she was painfully nervous. " In the cable I told him I was coming out. I can only think he does not want to see me again. But we can't go on like this."

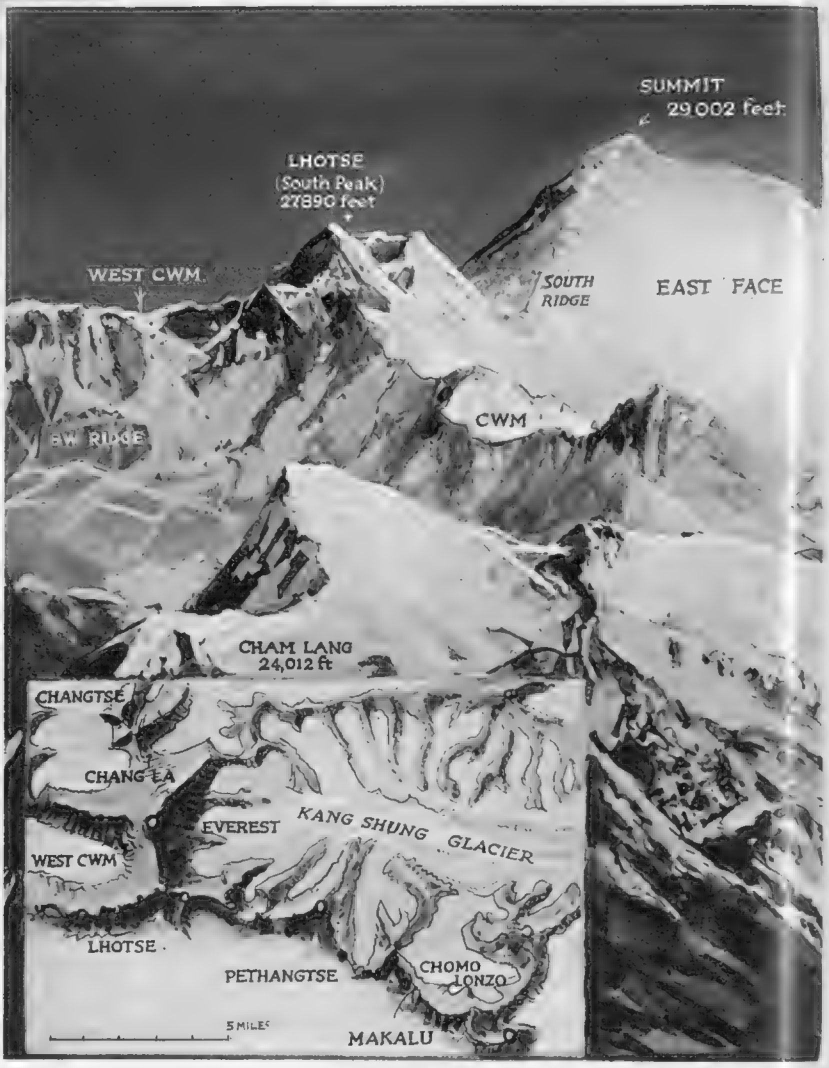
" Naturally not," Bentley said, " but if he doesn't want to see you it is going to make things a bit difficult for me."

BENTLEY travelled to Vietri the next morning. He thought about Mrs. Franks' problem during the journey. It ought not to be difficult to find out if her husband was serving with the Legion even if he had changed his name. He would ask to be allowed to talk to any Englishmen in the regiment. It was unlikely there would be more than two or three.

He reached his destination at 11 o'clock. Vietri was a Tonkingese village lying at the junction of the Red River and the River Claire. The only Europeans living in the place were the officers and men of the 4-1st Battalion. A tall straight-shouldered German N.C.O. met Bentley's train and took him up to the barracks. A group of officers were standing on the barrack square. The N.C.O. led Bentley up to the group. A subaltern, with hard eyes and a scarred cheek, stepped forward and saluted the Englishman. Bentley presented his letter of *(continued on p. 92)*

EXCELSIOR! THE LAST

Above the cloudbanks. A view of the Everest Group taken 100 miles away from an aeroplane of the Houston Mount Everest Flight. ("Times" Copyright)



A diagram showing Everest and some of the adjacent peaks. In east face of Everest, shooting up to the wind-guarded summi a vertical view showing in particular the peak of Lhotse, which

Everest has defeated in the past every attempt made to conquer its summit, but the organisers of the present expedition are confident that this time man will win the last battle in a war that has been going on for generations—the attempt to climb the highest mountain in the World

By Edwin Muller

LAST summer in Zermatt I met a man who was looking for the hardest climbs in that part of the Alps. It wasn't a vacation for him, it was an assignment that had been given him by a group of distinguished gentlemen sitting around a table in London.

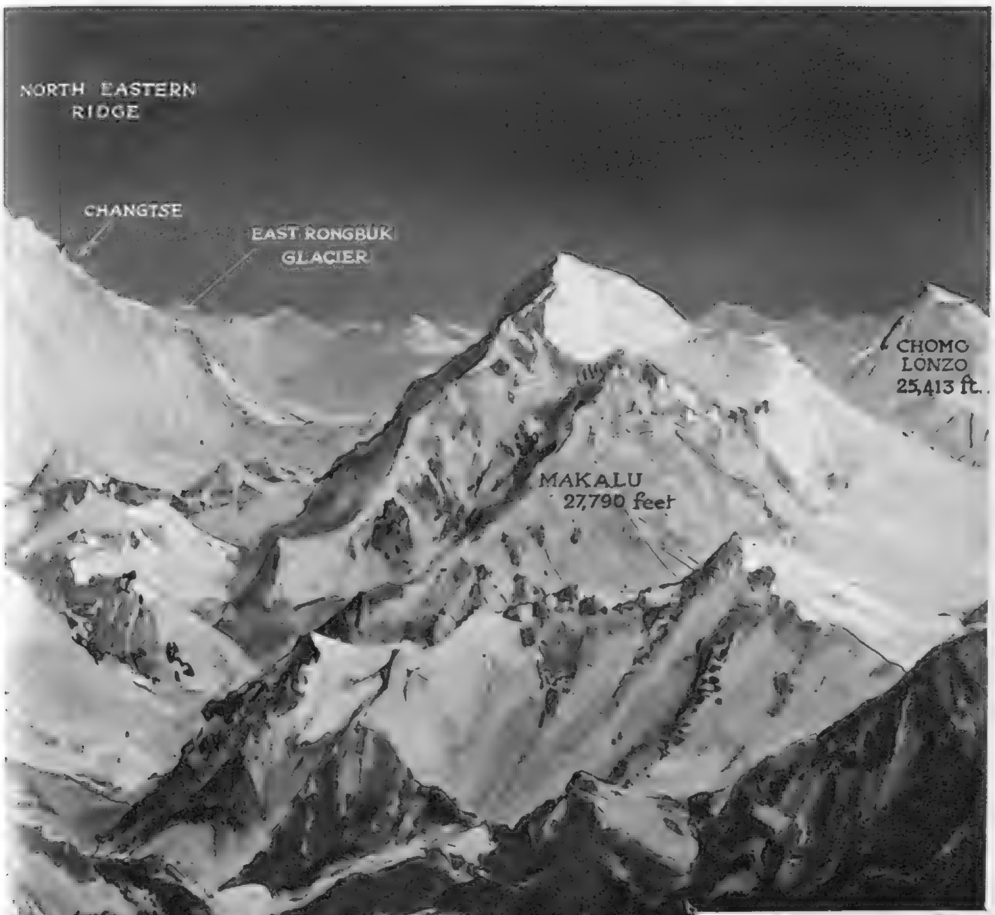
When I was introduced to him in front of the Monte Rosa Hotel he had just come down from climbing alone one of the great peaks that thrust up like jagged teeth ten thousand feet above the valley. I had done the same climb a few days before with a first-rate guide. It had taken us nine hours of exciting work; across the crevasses and ice-falls of a broad glacier, up an ever-steepening face of ice where we had to cut steps, and then for hours along a knife-edge of rock with an almost sheer drop of two thousand feet on either side. I was still recovering from it.

But this man was back before lunch, looking quite fresh. Furthermore, it was apparent that his morning had been pretty much wasted—the climb hadn't been nearly hard enough for his purpose.

If I hadn't known who he was I would have taken that with a grain of salt. He was a young man of frail appearance, you would have said that he had been sheltered all his life from rough sports and violent things in general. But I had heard of F. S. Smythe before. He is probably the greatest mountaineer in the world. He led the party that climbed the loftiest peak yet conquered, Mt. Kamet, 25,447 feet, and he is one of four who have stood on the highest point on the earth's surface reached by man, a grim and perilous spot a thousand feet below the summit of Everest.

It was Everest business that brought him to Zermatt. The men around the table in London, a joint committee of the Royal Geographical Society

GREAT EFFORT



the main view is seen the towering at 29,002 ft., and in the smaller is connected with a ridge to Everest

F. S. Smythe is probably the greatest mountaineer in the world. He led the party that climbed the loftiest peak yet conquered, Mt. Kamet, 25,447 ft., and he is one of four who have stood on the highest point on the earth's surface reached by man

Eric Shipton, a planter from Kenya. He was Smythe's climbing partner, both on Kamet and on the last try on Everest. Still in his twenties, he has ranged over the highest mountains of three Continents

Hugh Ruttledge is probably the hardest-worked man in this adventure. His age, he is fifty-one years old, will bar him from trying for the top

and the Alpine Club, were planning what may be the last battle in a war that has been going on for generations—the attempt to climb the highest mountain in the world. That battle is now approaching its climax.

Smythe's job last summer was to weed out candidates for this year's climbing party. They were to come to him from England, two at a time. He was to take them on the hardest climbs that he could find, then turn the lead over to them. He would watch how well they found the route, how they handled their ice axes on steep ice slopes, whether they had the delicate precision of balance that is needed to climb a sheer face of rock, how well they were going after eighteen hours of the kind of work that strains muscles, nerves and heart.

A few days after I met him the first two candidates arrived, a lean and leathery pair on leave from a famous regiment. The three of them disappeared from the soft

(*continued on p.* 84)

Some of the snow-capped peaks of the magnificent Kangchenjunga range as seen from Pholut, a notable viewpoint near Darjeeling

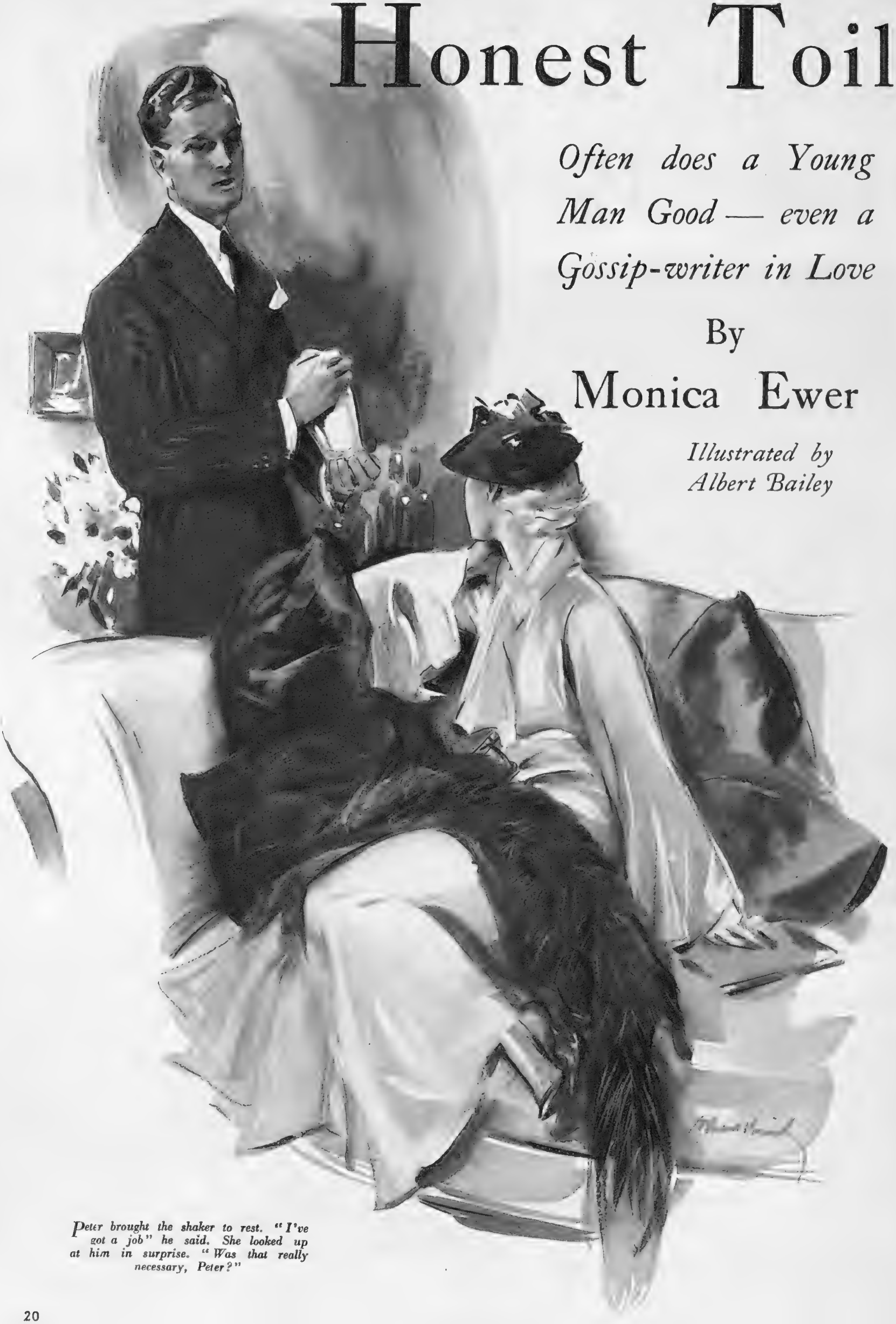
Honest Toil

Often does a Young Man Good — even a Gossip-writer in Love

By

Monica Ewer

Illustrated by Albert Bailey



Peter brought the shaker to rest. "I've got a job" he said. She looked up at him in surprise. "Was that really necessary, Peter?"

PETER, twelfth Lord Everest was carried slowly along Oxford Street on the top of a bus.

The first Lord Everest had ridden hot haste this way towards the Battle of Edgehill. It was the fourth Lord Everest who had walked from Newgate to Tyburn for a wager. Later that grand Regency buck, "Erring Everest" as he was known to his cronies, drove this road in his famous yellow coach with the four bays. It was he who sold the Everest forests to buy the Everest pictures. It was his grandson whose gambling completed the ruin of the Everest fortunes, so that the twelfth Lord Everest rode on a bus reading his evening paper.

It was an absorbing paper, because there was his friend Toni—the Hon. Anthony Fox to the reading public—right in the headlines again. It seemed as if Toni couldn't keep out of the news. Even at twenty-eight he was still determined to be a bright young thing, though bright young things were no longer the fashion. But, then, if you were Toni Fox, son of Viscount Fox, heir to a quarter of a million, you could set a fashion of your own.

The public loved Toni for his square chin and his extravagances, for his polo ponies and his county cricket, for his uproarious parties and his unconventional behaviour. Toni was everybody's wish fulfilment.

The bus had swung into Park Lane. Peter folded his paper with a sigh. The thought of Toni made him feel old and responsible, for all that he was only twenty-six. He cast a morose glance as the bus passed the great deserted houses, and the "To Let" boards and the towering hotels. *Everybody's wish fulfilment.* Perhaps even Veronica's.

Peter got off the bus at the corner by the fountain, turned and walked down Hertford Street and let himself into one of its small, discreet houses.

A flurried young parlourmaid dashed up the stairs too late to take his hat.

"I'm expecting some people," he said vaguely. "I'll want some ice. I'll mix the drinks myself."

She gaped a little and nodded respectfully and watched him warily, for she was new. Peter thought she was rather fun. The butler Sloane had gone with other of the Everest treasures, and Peter was glad. On his present income he could never have lived up to Sloane.

The drawing-room was on the first floor, a long room with graceful windows that reached nearly to the ground. Across the street he could see houses similar to his own, very quiet and discreet, with fine filet curtains to shut out the gaze of the vulgar, and well-polished door-knockers. The little houses stood very close together, like a line of well-bred heroes defying the new world of flats and garages and luxury hotels. Secretive little houses—but only the Everest house had anything to hide. Peter had a feeling that he was about to disgrace Hertford Street.

He put through a trunk call to Everest, Wiltshire, and presently he heard the friendly voice of the old postmistress and then his mother's voice, thin, vague and affectionate.

"That you, dear?"

"Peter, here, mother. Listen—*I've got it.*"

"I'm so glad, dear." There was a little pause while Lady Everest tried to remember just what it was that Peter had "got." She couldn't be certain, so she added tactfully, "I'm sure that's very nice for you, dear."

"Well, I don't know about its being nice, mother, but I expect it will be the best thing to do. What news with you people?"

"Barbara came home from school for the week-end, dear." Peter listened patiently for some time to details in the life of his younger sister—of her success in a basket-ball match and her failure in a French exam, of her acquisition of an Angora rabbit and her loss by marriage of a mathematics teacher. Lady Everest murmured gently on and then added as an afterthought, "And when will you be down, dear?"

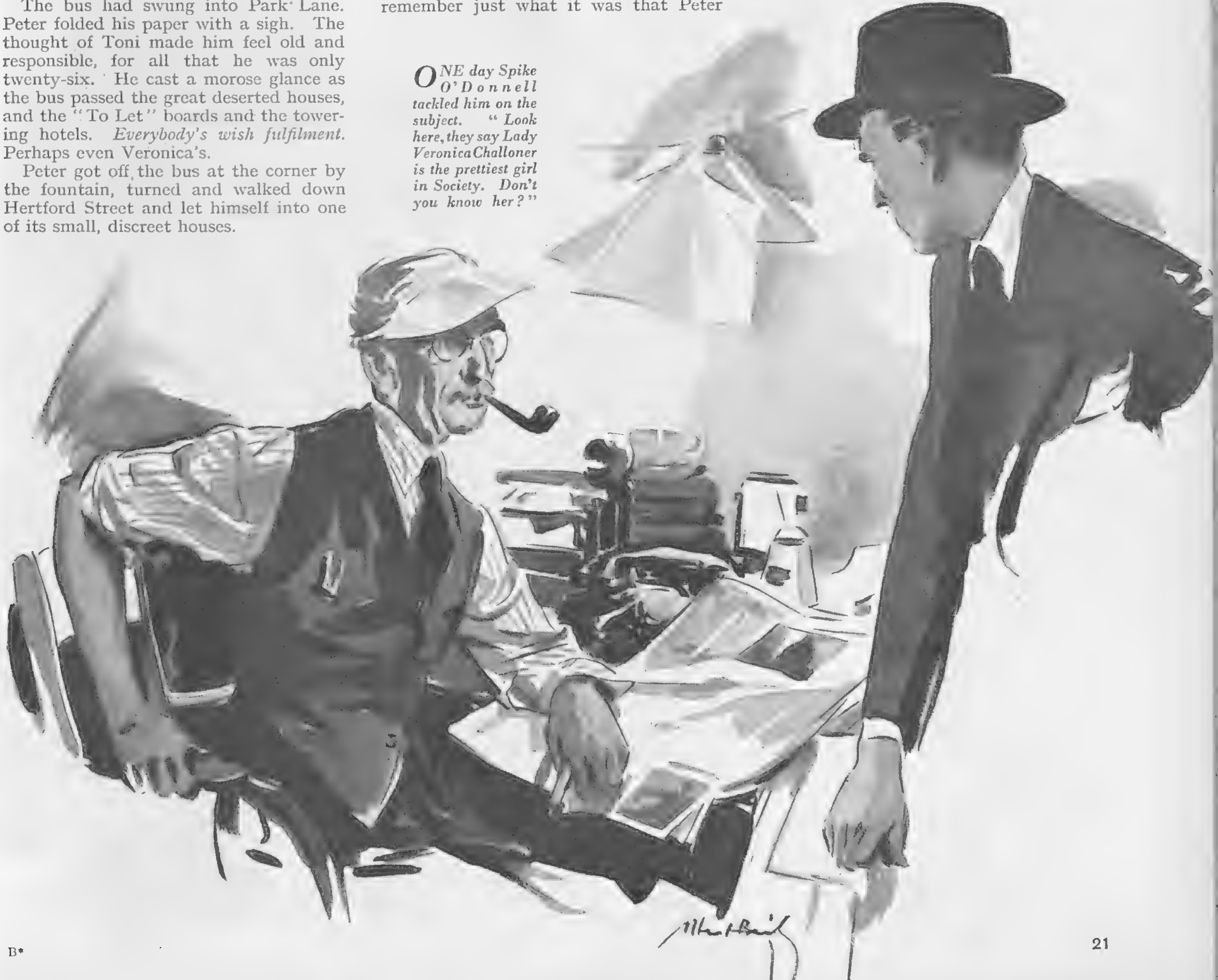
"I'll try to manage Saturday. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, dear. I'm so glad everything is all right."

That, thought Peter grimly, was all she knew about it. Everything was far from all right.

Certainly his big news story had gone very flat in Wiltshire. By now his mother would be once more pottering round the garden, wondering vaguely what it was that Peter had "got." By dinner time it would have passed from her mind completely.

Happily she didn't ask very much of life. She was content if the household bills were paid, and the servants' wages,



ONE day Spike O'Donnell tackled him on the subject. "Look here, they say Lady Veronica Challoner is the prettiest girl in Society. Don't you know her?"

the tax on the car, and the interest on the mortgage. She lived very simply, and Barbara could be kept another two years at school, which would cost less than letting her take what was known as her "proper place in Society."

Peter heard the door-bell ring, and his heart-beat quickened. It wouldn't be so easy to explain to Veronica. She'd have to know exactly what Peter had "got," and he wasn't at all sure that she would approve. And if she didn't approve—well, as he put it tersely and inelegantly, "that would fairly well muck up everything." It wasn't going to be a picnic anyhow, and if Veronica didn't give the enterprise her blessing he really didn't know how he was going to go through with it.

"This way, please." He heard the little parlourmaid's murmur.

When he raised his eyes Veronica was standing in the doorway. The sun that was low already supplied her with a soft shaft of rose, so that she stood lit to perfection by Nature's limelight with Phœbus Apollo himself for electrician in the sky. The sun caught the ripe corn gold of her hair and the faint flush of her rouge and the deeper rose of her lipstick and the natural blue of her eyes and showed the delicately cut features and the apple-green frock and at her throat the evenly matched pearls that were worth a small potentate's ransom.

Veronica couldn't keep out of the papers either. She had always been the photographer's joy from the time when as a toddling child she had been shown against the battlements of the Norman wing of Renfrew Hall. She had been photographed with her mother and father, with her brothers and sisters, with her dogs and ponies. And then she had gone to school and the photographers had forgotten her till she was "finished" and became "the most beautiful debutante of the season." From that moment, two years ago, she had never attended a function without her measure of publicity, a fact which greatly shocked her father, who was old-fashioned, and greatly annoyed her mother, who had been a beauty herself in her own day.

When Peter looked at Veronica now his blood-pressure rose, and he was not surprised that camera-men seemed to be always hovering round the steps of the Renfrew town house. And Veronica looked back at him and grinned cheerfully, crossed the room to the sofa, sat down, tucked both feet underneath her and looked up eagerly at her host.

"Peter, darling, I couldn't understand a word of your note this morning. What *is* it all about?"

"First," he said cautiously, "you had better have a drink."

The anxious young parlourmaid had just arrived with the ice and Peter started to mix a stiff Sidecar.

"I'd love a drink," said Veronica. "And I want all the news. You look worried, my pet." She lit a cigarette.

Peter screwed the top on the silver shaker. "I'm not quite sure how you're going to take it."

"Like a man," said Veronica. "What is it, anyway?"

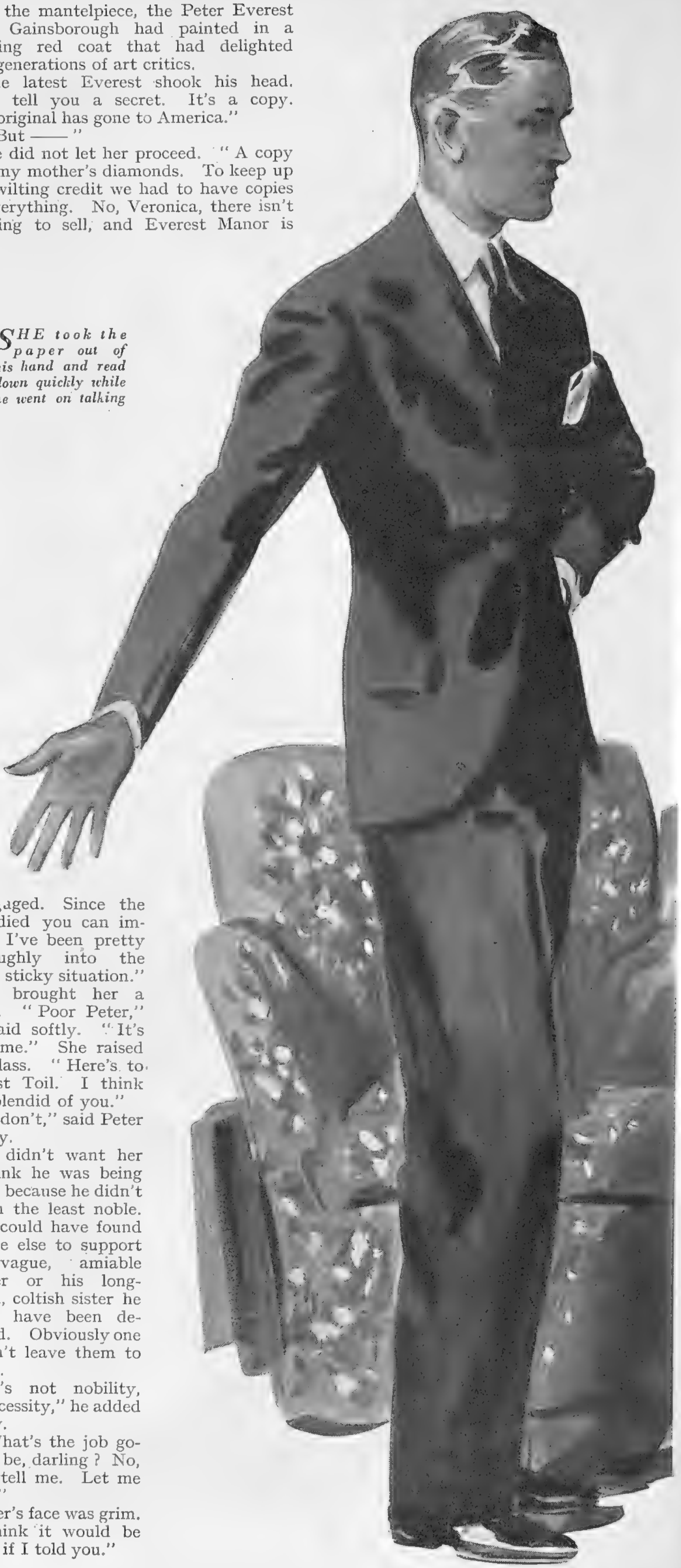
Peter brought the shaker to rest. "I've got a job," he said.

She looked up at him in surprise. "Was that really necessary, Peter? Of course you're broke; but, then, nowadays everyone is broke, but no one does anything about it. Besides, can't one——" Her eyes went to the Everest that hung over the mantelpiece, the Peter Everest that Gainsborough had painted in a glowing red coat that had delighted five generations of art critics.

The latest Everest shook his head. "I'll tell you a secret. It's a copy. The original has gone to America."

"But ——"

He did not let her proceed. "A copy like my mother's diamonds. To keep up our wilting credit we had to have copies of everything. No, Veronica, there isn't a thing to sell, and Everest Manor is mortgaged. Since the dad died you can imagine I've been pretty thoroughly into the whole sticky situation."



SHE took the paper out of his hand and read down quickly while he went on talking

He brought her a drink. "Poor Peter," she said softly. "It's a shame." She raised her glass. "Here's to Honest Toil. I think it's splendid of you."

"I don't," said Peter shortly.

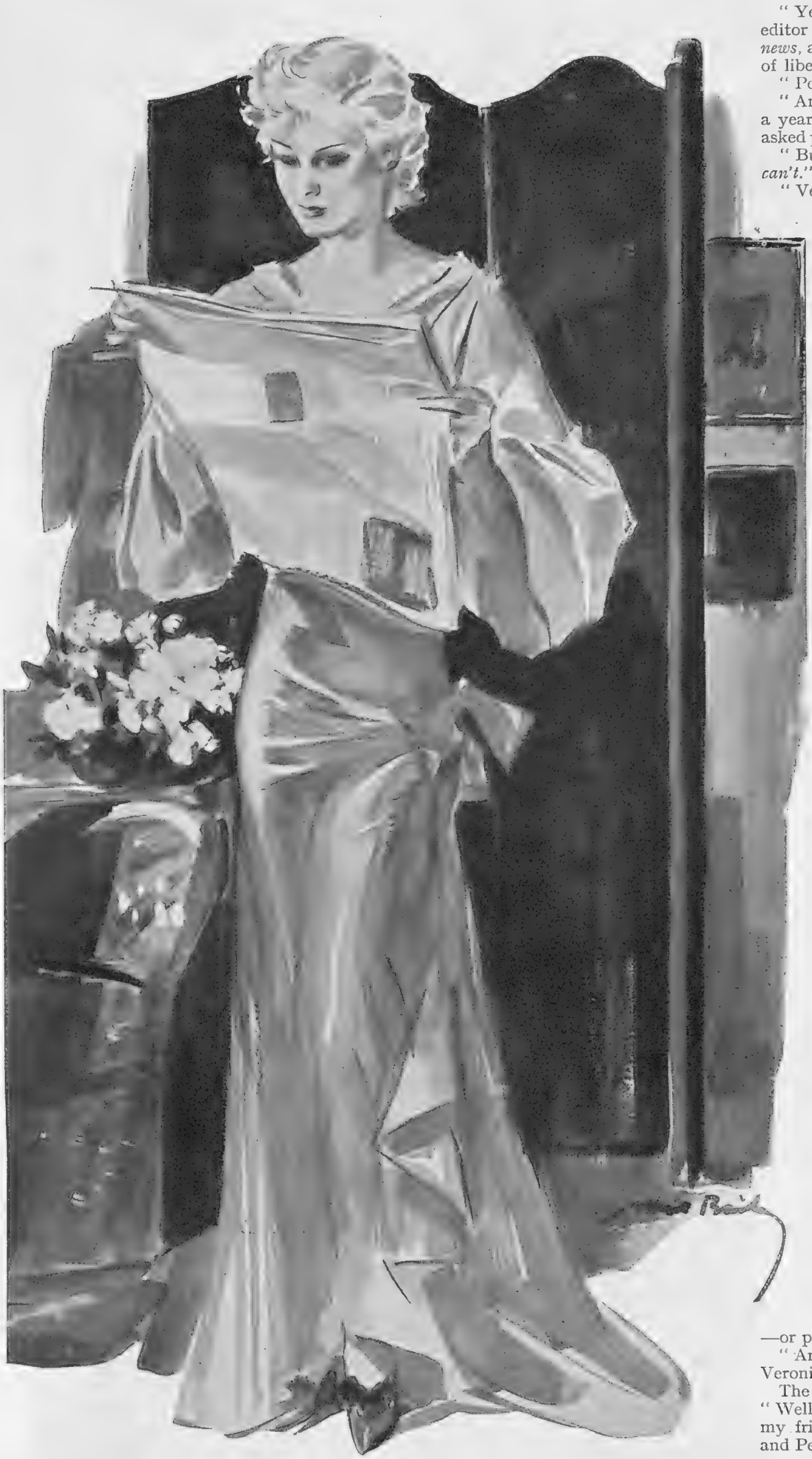
He didn't want her to think he was being noble, because he didn't feel in the least noble. If he could have found anyone else to support his vague, amiable mother or his long-legged, coltish sister he would have been delighted. Obviously one couldn't leave them to starve.

"It's not nobility, it's necessity," he added darkly.

"What's the job going to be, darling? No, don't tell me. Let me guess."

Peter's face was grim. "I think it would be better if I told you."

"No. I *like* guessing. It's more exciting. Let me see—breeding polo ponies? Toni could take a string." But Peter was shaking his head. "Motor racing? Air Force? Company director? Parliamentary secretary? Member for Everest?" But Peter was obstinately shaking his head. "Oh, darling, don't say you're going to the Colonies—so far away and uninviting."



"I think I'd better tell you, Veronica." Peter's voice was grave and a little tired. "I'm going to do a daily gossip feature for the *Sun*."

"*What!*" The blue eyes were round and dismayed.

"Yes—all about one's friends. The editor says it's to be *the news behind the news*, and he added—as spiteful as the law of libel will allow."

"Peter!"

"And they will pay me two thousand a year because I have a name that gets asked places."

"But, Peter, you *can't*—you simply *can't*."

"Veronica, dear, I must. I have no alternative. I need the money; my mother has need of the money; Barbara needs the money, and I am quite unskilled at earning money."

It was, as he had foreseen, very difficult to explain to Veronica, who knew nothing about money or work, or the difficulty of getting money or work, even for a lordling like himself.

"But this—this——" Veronica babbled incoherently. She laid down her glass, unfolded her slim legs from underneath her, and stood up the better to express her indignation. "It's disgusting," she said.

"Don't you think that's a bit strong?"

"No, I don't. To make money out of writing about your friends—to go to parties to get paragraphs—to accept hospitality in order to be as unpleasant as you can about people who can't get back at you—to pander to a lot of vulgar curiosity—to—to——" Veronica's speech failed.

Peter tried to be patient. It was so important that she should understand. "But you see, Veronica, there aren't a lot of things I can do. At Balliol I was a classic, but I doubt if to-day I could get a job in a prep. school teaching small boys how Cæsar overcame the Nervii. But the *Sun* is a place where my name was an asset. The job may not prove as grim as it sounds. I'll have to attend a whale of a lot of functions, but, after all, some people have to hew coal for a living."

Veronica shook her golden head. "I dare say they'd rather do that than sell a lot of cheap gossip about their friends."

Peter privately thought that this was to take too rosy a view of human nature, but he forebore to say so. "After all, Veronica," he pleaded, "you've never minded being in the papers yourself."

"Well, I *do* mind if you put me there. It's—it's indecent—like writing one's autobiography—or publishing one's love-letters——"

"Aren't you being very old-fashioned, Veronica?"

The little head came up defiantly. "Well, I am old-fashioned, then. I like my friends—the ones that matter——" and Peter thought (*Continued on page* 98)

Man's Fifth

AN aerial gunner equipped with anti-gas apparatus about to ascend from Worthy Down in a mimic attack on London

By C. Patrick Thompson

"RELICS disinterred by the archæological expedition excavating on the site of the capital of the ancient British Empire, the fabulous city of London, shed light on a riddle which has long perplexed both historians and students of war, namely, how the population came to be virtually wiped out in the early phase of the Second Punic War of the Machine Age.

"The anarchy which followed upon that war has left great gaps in our knowledge. A contributory factor was the habit of making records in pictures on celluloid strips and in machine-print whose ink rapidly faded on mass-produced wood-pulp paper. In the orgy of destruction which characterised the Second Dark Age—a passion for destruction whose ferocity far exceeded that of the First Dark Age, perhaps because it derived less from a joyous savagery than from a joyless determination to exterminate all trace of a Moloch civilization, its leaders, works and fatal knowledge—the records perished easily by fire or exposure and the disintegrating processes of time. But for the habit—only lately revealed by a chance exposure—of enclosing contemporary records in a hollowed base stone of some great public building we should probably never had had the clue to what happened.

"We know that the standard of material civilisation was very high, but evidently we erred in our estimate of the organising powers of governments. Protection against gas is so simple for us, so easy to apply, that we have failed to appreciate difficulties which existed in this earlier and more cumbersome civilisation. The fate of London is now revealed as being due to a complex of factors, in which the lopsided growth brought about by a competitive economic regime, the desire of the authorities not to add to their problems by disclosing alarming knowledge and popular

RELEASING poison gas from cylinders on the ground

Weapon GAS!

The Shape of Things to Come

THE Legion of Frontiersmen attending to a gas casualty in a display of Air Defence and Protection against Chemical Warfare at London Air Park, Hanworth

ITALIAN firemen equipped with anti-gas masks in a supposed aerial gas attack at Rome

A CYCLIST air raid warner. The Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office recently tested at Hendon several appliances to discover the best means of warning the populace in the event of a gas attack

illusion about the gas menace all played their part.

"Britain was more exposed than any other State owing to her population density, the greatest of any industrial State, and population concentration in great cities. She had turned her island into a vast workshop to supply domestic and overseas markets, and one-sixth of the population of 45,000,000 was crammed into the mighty imperial capital sprawled athwart the Thames river.

"This mass could not be rapidly evacuated; nor could gas chambers be provided to take care of it. But the main weakness apparently was that the population was neither drilled nor disciplined to withstand a gas attack, with the result that when it came it had an effect far beyond any that the enemy technicians could well have believed possible even in their most sanguine calculations.

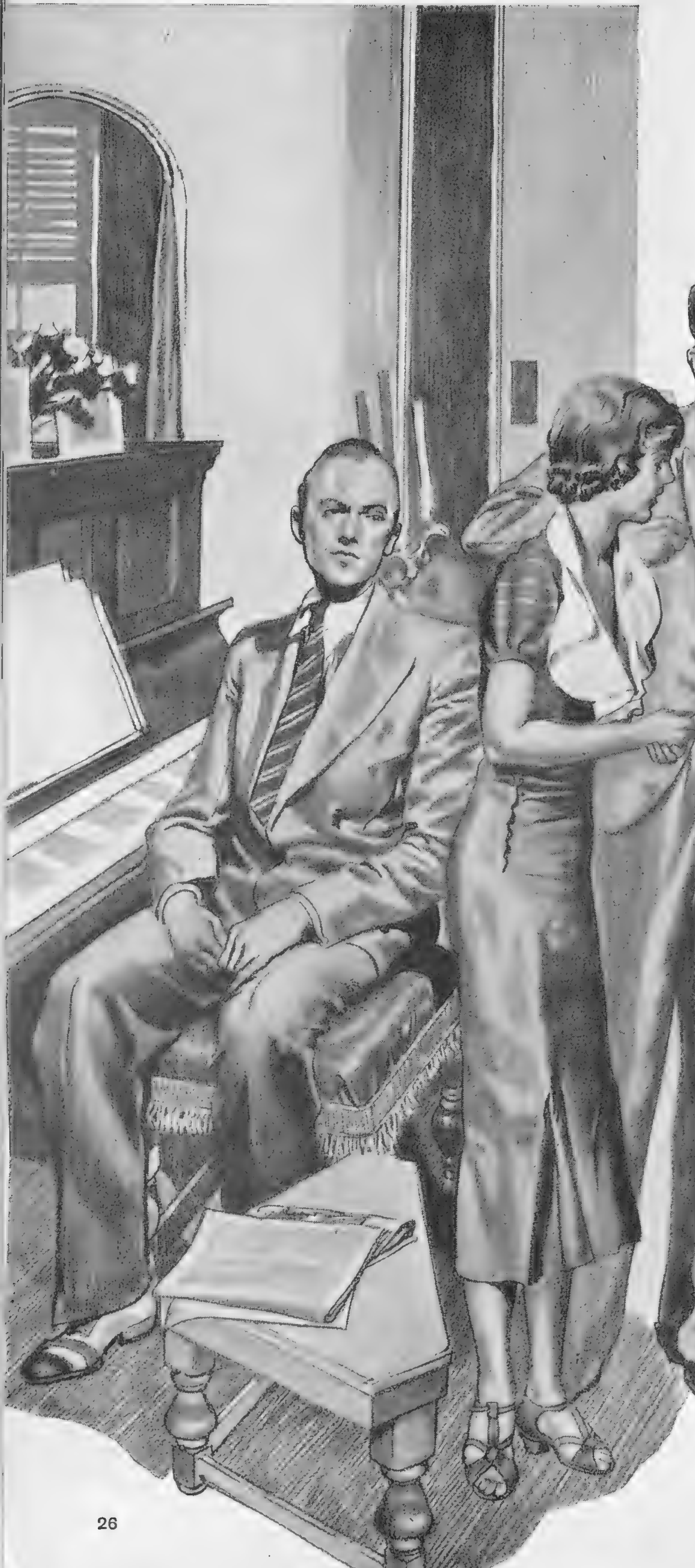
"The attack first surprised the citizens by coming in waves. First, a wave of bombing aeroplanes; next, a wave of machines with incendiary bombs; third, the squadrons with their nose-gas sprays; and, finally, the fourth and largest wave, squadron on squadron of machines with large bombs containing huge quantities of lethal gasses under compression.

"Doubtless large numbers of the citizens had some sort of gas mask. But the explosions and the fires must have driven them out into the streets. There the nose gases would catch them, and soon they would have torn off their masks in agony—for only the more elaborate and costly masks were proof against the arsenical compound—and then the lethal gas bombs burst, almost in silence, and great gouts of poison gas spurted up and began to spread, rolled down the street canyons and enshrouded the houses, and death came to the citizens, if not that day, then next, through the simple act of breathing poisoned air. . . ."

If the worst of the fears are realised upon which Mr. Stanley Baldwin was last April allowing his mind to dwell—following the Italian violation in Ethiopia of the world Gas Protocol of 1925—and not only war comes, but a war in which gas is used as frankly and efficiently as the war staffs now use the other weapons made available by the scientists, engineers and industrial organisers, then the (*Continued on page 140*)

The Duck *that* Laid

This Duck, being no "Quack," did a good turn to a workless what did it get for its trouble ?



DID you ever hear about a fine day for ducks, or ducking your creditors, or a quack that made a lot of dough ? Well, to one girl, meaning me, all that is as familiar as a motion picture casting director—and can they be familiar !

It all started one evening during the rainy season, when the heavens had apparently decided to clean up motion pictures and the roof of our little bungalow leaked at every pore. Rain in Hollywood is a good deal like success : it doesn't come very often, but when it does, oh, mydy-my !

Three members of our quartette had slushed in by supper time and only Lee Littlebrook, alias the Professor, was missing. This was just as well, because we had to use his opera hat to keep the drip out of the piano, and the Professor loved his opera hat. He said it reminded him of ancient times, six months ago, when he had bought it as the exuberant composer of " Hawaiian Moon," the best show Wellington U. Dramatic had ever put on. That was before we four star members of W. U. Mask and Makeup pooled our dough to get ourselves and Lee's piece to Hollywood, where the producers would have a chance to bid on the job-lot. Our success could be gauged by the fact that, so far, Lee's hat was the only thing we hadn't pawned. Yet it sure was a good hat and hadn't leaked so far, although Angel had emptied it twice since she got in from making her round of the studios. Angel had not only been voted the prettiest girl in Wellington's class of '35 but she'd sung the lead in Lee's show and had talent—plenty.

As for me, I was excess baggage. Quite a baggage and about eight pounds excess. I'd been most of the chorus in the show and came along before they'd noticed I was on the train. Just a dumbster.

Our fourth member was Gavin Merrill. He'd married Angel on the day after commencement which made them chaperones. Gavin had written Lee's lyrics. Right now he was being lyrical about the rent.

" Why should we wear ourselves out worrying about it ? " he asked, stepping over a puddle in the parlour. " Let the landlord do that."

" Our landlord," Angel commented, " has the class of intellect which thinks the Bridge of Sighs is a dental structure.

the Golden Egg

but a bit of a Professional, quartette in Hollywood, and

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

By the way, what on earth are we going to have for supper ? "

" Spaghetti would be awfully filling," I remarked, " if we had some spaghetti ! "

" Maybe the Professor will bring home something besides a pair of wet feet," Angel suggested.

Even as she was speaking we heard Lee at the door, and he had brought quite a choice selection of bad language, which he was offering to some unseen person.

" Get out of here, you blankety-so-and-so ! " he was sputtering. " Shoo ! Scram ! Quit following me or I'll call the cops ! "

The Professor's voice had a very peculiar note in it, and the three of us stared at each other in alarm.

" It's the landlord ! " whispered Angel.

" It's the instalment on the furniture ! " breathed Gavin.

" It's the finance company to take the flivver ! " I sighed.

" Well," said Gavin, squaring his shoulders bravely, " even if it's the man to turn off the gas, the least we can do is help the Professor to face it." We girls nodded, and the three of us advanced boldly to the door. Gavin opened it with a flourish.

There on the rain-sopped porch stood the Professor at bay. He had been backed into one corner and was rapidly opening and shutting his umbrella at his opponent, who merely wiggled his rear-end and shook himself joyously at every fresh assault. And believe it or not, the guy the Professor had been talking to was a duck ! It was one of the biggest ducks I'd ever seen and it was actually smiling. My heart went out to the poor animal.

" The darn brute followed me all the way from Vine Street," the Professor moaned.

" Kick it out," said Angel. " The nasty, muddy thing ! "

" How do you roast a duck ? " asked Gavin eagerly.

" Roast, nothing ! " snapped the Professor. " This bird is too athletic to stew. Let me in, I've caught a terrible cold."

" I'll cure that for you ! " said Gavin promptly.

" Quack ! " said the duck contemptuously.

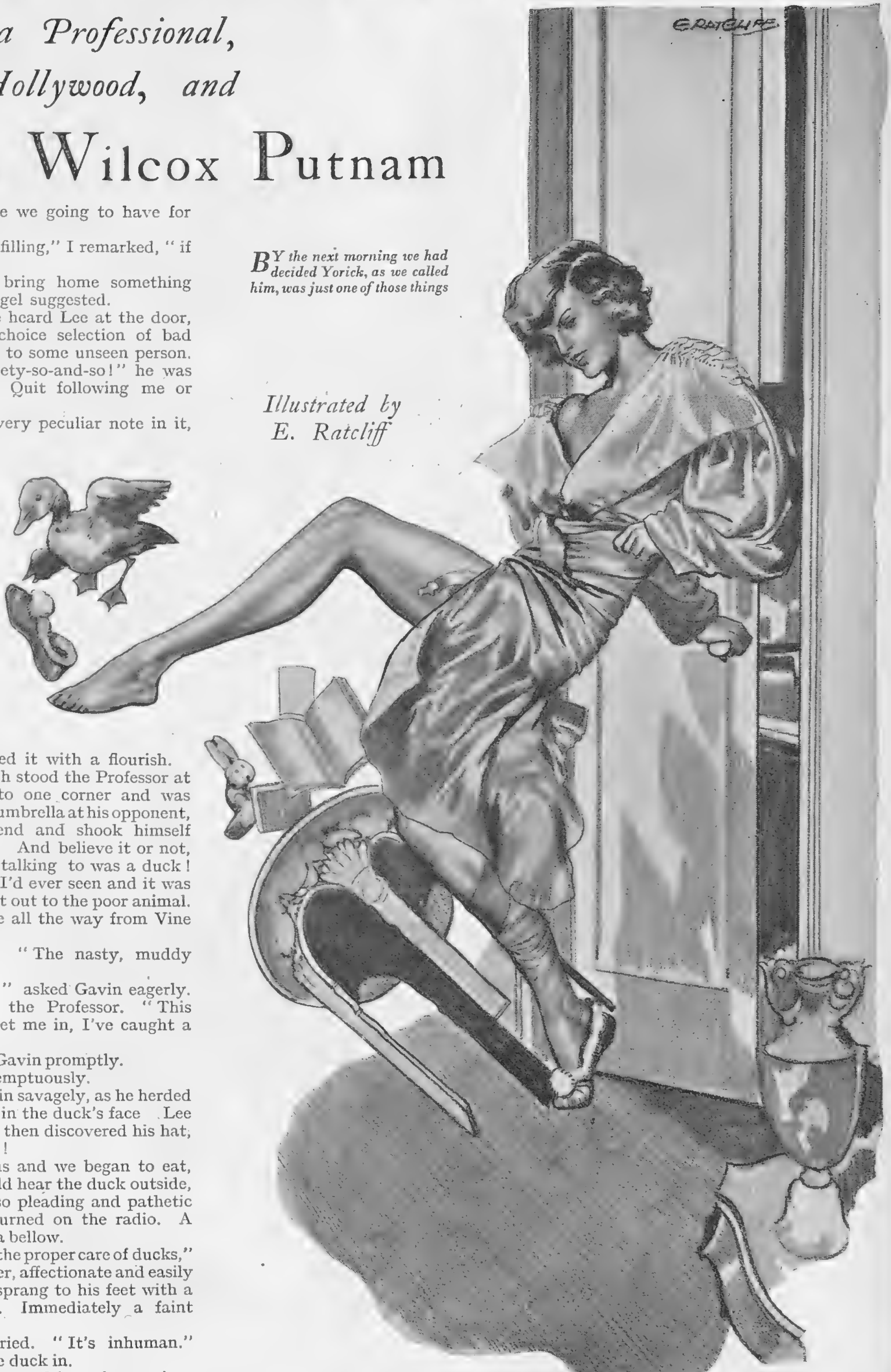
" Insulting beast ! " said Gavin savagely, as he herded us inside and slammed the door in the duck's face . Lee produced two cans of beans and then discovered his hat, and what he said—oh, mydy-my !

Angel did things to the beans and we began to eat, but all through the meal we could hear the duck outside, quacking. His voice sounded so pleading and pathetic that I couldn't stand it and turned on the radio. A man's voice filled the room with a bellow.

" Very few people understand the proper care of ducks," said the radio. " They are clever, affectionate and easily trained . . . . " The Professor sprang to his feet with a howl and shut the voice off. Immediately a faint " quack " came from the porch.

" I can't stand this," I cried. " It's inhuman." Then I jumped up and asked the duck in.

He entered like a prima donna and bowed to us in a



BY the next morning we had decided Yorick, as we called him, was just one of those things

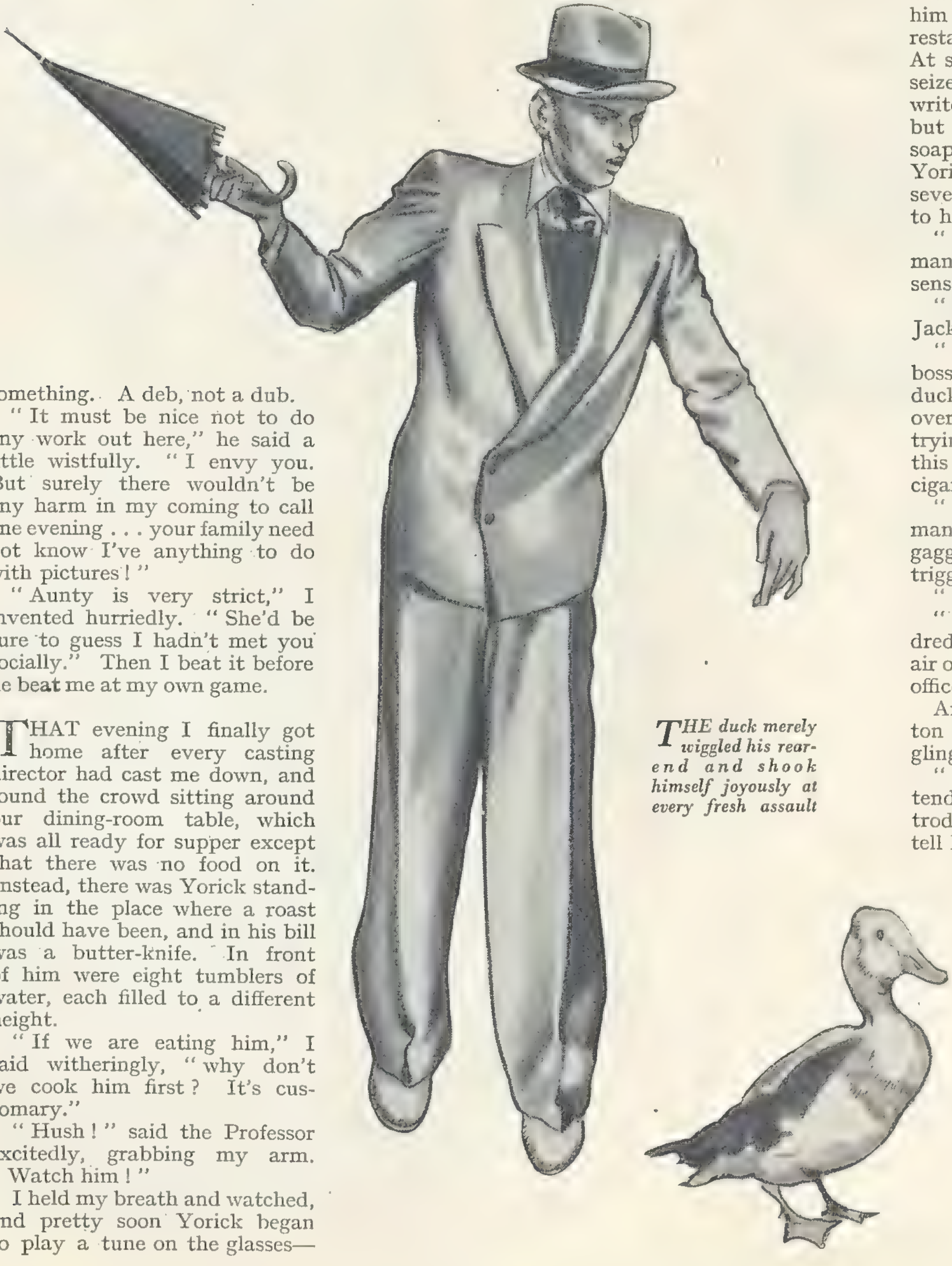
Illustrated by E. Ratcliff

gracious, aloof manner, smiling in a rather vague, patronising way. Anybody would have thought he owned the place. He ate up my share of the beans while I wasn't looking, and when Angel ran a bath for herself there was the duck, swimming around and biting pieces out of her sponge, by the time she got her clothes off. He slept all night on the foot of Gavin's bed, and by the next morning we had decided Yorick, as we called him, was just one of those things.

Well, after a breakfast consisting of three courses of coffee, I started for Hawley Bros.' Studios. Not because I wanted to see if that young extra fellow would be there again, but because Hawley's was the place we all wanted to crash. And I, as usual, did not see Mr. Hawley, but did see that good-looking young extra fellow. He was tall and slim, and oh, mydy-my! what a smile!

" When do we have that luncheon date ? " he asked for the hundredth time.

" When my family goes East," I replied in my best society manner. Because this was a terribly nice man, and I so wanted him to think I was something. A deb, not a dub.



THE duck merely wiggled his rear-end and shook himself joyously at every fresh assault

" It must be nice not to do any work out here," he said a little wistfully. " I envy you. But surely there wouldn't be any harm in my coming to call one evening . . . your family need not know I've anything to do with pictures ! "

" Aunty is very strict," I invented hurriedly. " She'd be sure to guess I hadn't met you socially." Then I beat it before he beat me at my own game.

THAT evening I finally got home after every casting director had cast me down, and found the crowd sitting around our dining-room table, which was all ready for supper except that there was no food on it. Instead, there was Yorick standing in the place where a roast should have been, and in his bill was a butter-knife. In front of him were eight tumblers of water, each filled to a different height.

" If we are eating him," I said witheringly, " why don't we cook him first ? It's customary."

" Hush ! " said the Professor excitedly, grabbing my arm. " Watch him ! "

I held my breath and watched, and pretty soon Yorick began to play a tune on the glasses—a kind of hesitant tune, but a tune all right. I applauded so loud that he gave a quack and flew off in a fright.

" Peggy, you haven't seen from nothing ! " Lee yelled at me. " He brought in the newspaper off the lawn of his own accord ! He can waltz—he can count—he'll make us. . . ."

" Trouble ! " said I. " Someone owns him ! "

" After the years and years I've spent training that bird, as you will all witness," said Gavin grimly, " I'd just like to see some liar claim him ! "

" So what ? " said I.

" I'm taking him over to the Brown Derby," Gavin announced, " and have him do his stuff in front of the door as the picture people come out. You, Peggy, can pass the hat ! Angel, you stand in the crowd and applaud. While the Professor here can bring along his piccolo and furnish music while I play trainer."

" Nuts ! " said Lee.

" Absurd ! " cried Angel.

" You're goofy ! " I announced.

" Goofy with hunger ! " thundered America's coming librettist, coming to the point. " We're flat broke, and here a trained duck comes to us out of a clear sky. . ."

" It was pouring rain ! " Angel put in witheringly.

" A good thing it wasn't raining cats and dogs ! " I grumbled.

" Come along, all of you ! " commanded Gavin. " Take along your opera hat, Professor, and," he added, turning to me, " if you don't fill it with dough you can expect to have it jammed down over your ears ! "

Outside the Brown Derby it was again evident that there was something in Yorick's personality which commanded attention right away. His smile was so winning, his air so pert, and he had such a grand sense of humour . . . well, anyway, not only did the autograph-hunters and fans applaud, but the stars all stopped to watch, and, thank heavens, to give. They threw dollar bills into the Professor's hat like nothing at all. One even gave a twenty, but he was a little tight ; the tighter the looser, you know.

Personally I was a little nervous for fear that young extra fellow would come along and catch me passing the hat, and I was anxiously scanning the crowd for him when who should come out of the restaurant but Mr. Hawley himself! At sight of Yorick he stopped short and seized the arm of Jack Reuben, the writer who used to be in the soap business, but who now used his knowledge of soft soap on Mr. Hawley. They watched Yorick's performance breathlessly for several moments and then Hawley turned to his companion, all ablaze.

" How's about it, Jack ? " he demanded. " Is this an original idea—a sensation ? Write him into the story ! "

" But the story calls for a lion ! " Jack protested waveringly.

" What do I care ? " bellowed his boss. " Take out the lion and write in a duck ! " Then the great producer strode over to poor Gavin who had been vainly trying to get himself an interview with this boomster. Hawley removed the cigar from his mouth.

" What salary does it get ? " he demanded, pointing to the bird. Gavin gagged, but the Professor was quick on the trigger.

" Five hundred a week," he replied.

" I won't pay a cent over three hundred," retorted the producer with an air of finality. " Report to Mr. Goldman's office in the morning ! "

And with that he plopped into his fourton limousine. Gavin clasped the wiggling Yorick to his bosom.

" Oh, glorious beast ! " he murmured tenderly. " Oh, swan in disguise ! Introduce me to that guy, will you, and tell him what kind of an author I am ? "

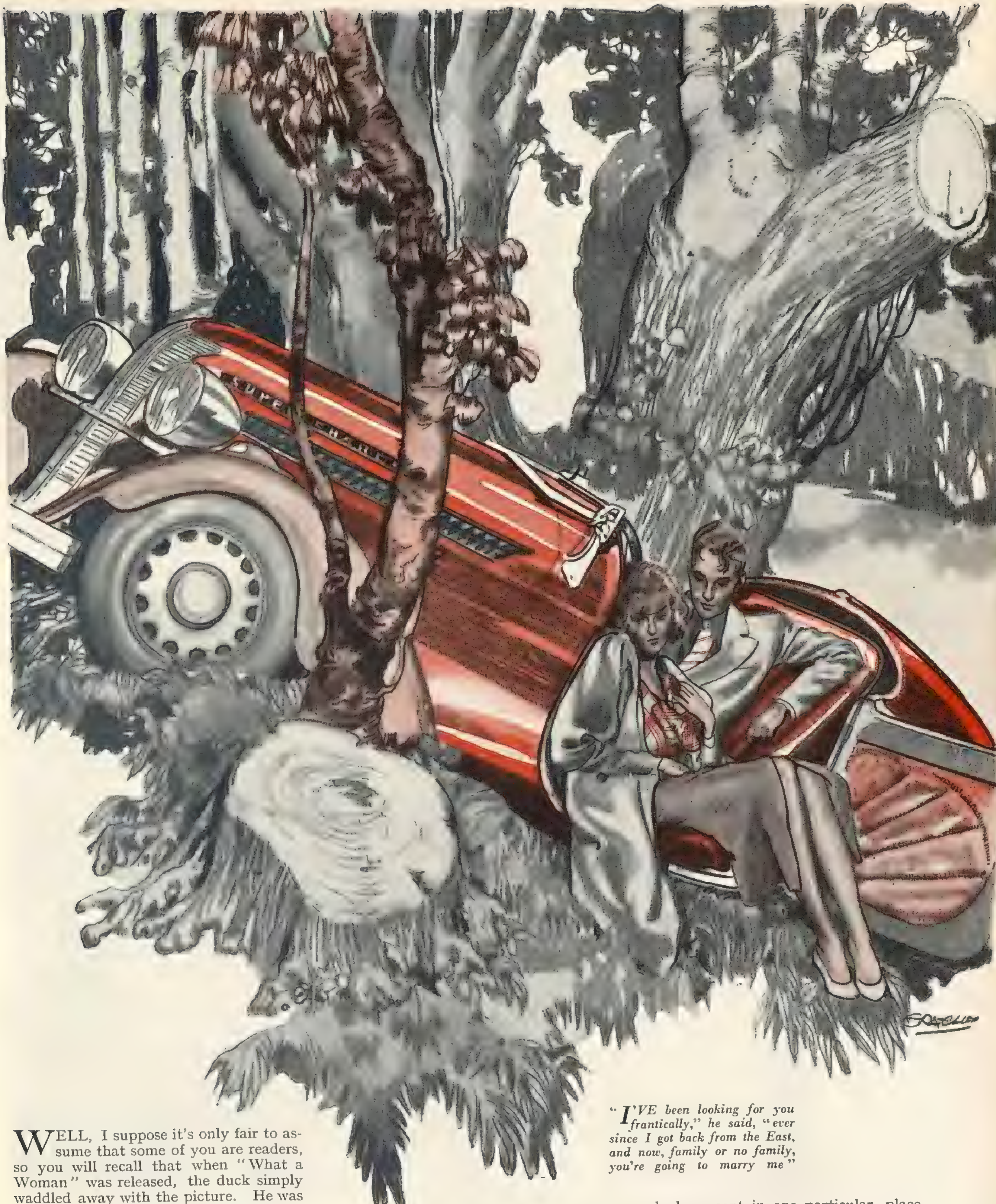
" Quack ! " said Yorick promptly.

Once back at the bungalow, the Professor presented Yorick with his opera hat for a nest ; Angel gave him her good feather boa to line it with, while Gavin bought Yorick bath-salts with some of the money we'd collected.

" Sweetums-weetums ! " the Professor murmured over it.

" Hey, don't kiss the poor thing ! " yelled Gavin. " It might catch your cold ! "

" Poor duckums ! " hovered Angel. " I always thought you were a precious ! "



"I'VE been looking for you frantically," he said, "ever since I got back from the East, and now, family or no family, you're going to marry me"

WELL, I suppose it's only fair to assume that some of you are readers, so you will recall that when "What a Woman" was released, the duck simply waddled away with the picture. He was a sensation. The raves that Yorick drew!

Yorick got over three hundred fan letters a day, and all the studios were after him in no time, but Hawley wouldn't let him go. However, when Lee tried to use Yorick's influence to make Hawley listen to "Hawaiian Moon," Hawley shut him up faster than a streamline train.

"Every office boy in Hollywood thinks he has a swell story," said Mr. Hawley contemptuously, "so why not a duck-trainer?"

And that was all the further Lee got. Both he and Gavin were present at the contract-signing, and they had a hard time getting anything on the dotted line, because it developed that up to now Mr. Hawley had not thought much of ducks except in one particular place—to wit, the oven.

"Ah!" said he rapturously. "A roast duck, with oranges and onions and some celery, cooked slow. My, such a smell! When I think of it, it reminds me of my dear, dead wife. No one could cook a duck like her! I get real sentimental thinking of that smell! Come, gentlemen, let's (*Continued on page* 110)

Dramas *of* Lighthouse *and* Lightship

By Trevor Allen

AT the quayside. A Trinity House boat loading food and stores for the Eddystone Lighthouse

A WILD, wintry day early in 1934. On the Dubh Artach rock, fifteen miles south-west of Iona, on the rugged west coast of Scotland, the three light-keepers are striving to rig up a derrick to take in supplies from the relief ship *Hesperus*.

It is no easy job even in fair weather. Now a devil sea is raging, and a gale howls and lashes the lonely figures on the rock. Even if they succeed in their task it is doubtful if the small motor-boat from the *Hesperus* can reach them. Still, they badly need supplies. It is worth trying. . . .

Suddenly the men are swept by a huge sea. Thompson manages to cling for life to the derrick. Thomas Budge is flung into the surging cauldron, but is saved from drowning—though his ankle is shattered—by a rope which becomes entangled round his legs. Alexander Munro, the third, is slightly hurt. He and Thompson, scrambling for foothold, haul up the injured Budge to safety and carry him up a long, steep stairway to his bunk.

The crew of the *Hesperus*, who have watched the drama, impotent to help, return to port and a doctor advises treatment by radio from Erraid—that solitary outpost of lighthouse folk where David Balfour was marooned in Robert Louis Stevenson's romantic story *Kidnapped*. There is now only one uninjured man to maintain the light off that most perilous coast in treacherous weather which may send some ship to its doom.

Five times in the following six days the *Hesperus* tries to reach the rock with assistance, but the seas make it impossible. It is two weeks before she succeeds; but the light goes on steadfastly burning, a beacon of safety in a chaos of storm. Whatever happens, the light must never fail.

The annals of the keepers of the coasts abound with ordeals of the kind, from the time when Eddystone, one of the earliest British lighthouses, on a rock fourteen miles from

RELIEVING the Longships Lighthouse. It often takes days to make a successful contact with this lighthouse. At times the sea is so violent that the slightest error of judgment would result in the boat being smashed to matchwood against the stonework

Left:

TAKING off an injured lighthouse-keeper. The motor-boat of the S.S. "Hesperus" taking Thomas Budge on board. He had his ankle shattered when the relief boat attempted to land supplies. It was two weeks afterwards before it was possible to effect his rescue

Stories of the Men who never go on Strike

A SENTINEL of light. The wild seas of winter pound against the Eddystone Lighthouse. A remarkable aerial view of this famous lighthouse

Plymouth, was destroyed by a violent storm in 1703. In 1755 its successor, built by Rudyerd in 1708, met a similar fate by fire; but throughout the eighteenth, nineteenth and present centuries further lighthouses were built at all danger-points round the coast. Shipping was safeguarded by a service, now organised partly from Trinity House and the Board of Trade, conspicuous for its bravery, hardihood, and resource under the most trying conditions.

To-day there are 190 lighthouses and lightships round the British coast; 433 lighthouse keepers. They have to keep the huge lenses clean, maintain the lamp, and oil the " clock," as the machinery is called. Often, to do this, they must climb into hazardous positions exposed to gales which howl round them, tearing at their foothold.

In wild weather they may have to rely on their limited resources, living on preserved foods, for weeks at a stretch. It is probably the most solitary job in the world—and psychologically the most trying, for men cooped up together in cramped isolation for long periods are liable to get on each other's nerves and magnify the most trivial troubles.

It is their strict sense of duty which pulls them through. They have a highly responsible job, and know that human lives depend on their vigilance. This makes them a splendid body of men who will go to any lengths rather than fail; to do that would be like deserting to the enemy in action.

Scotland's wild west coast has frequently made lighthouse history. In 1928 Dubh Artach was isolated for twelve weeks by tempestuous weather before the *Hesperus* could launch a boat and reach her. Hyskeir and Skerryvore—twelve miles off the island of Tiree, Argyllshire —were similarly marooned. In this bitter spell, too, the Longships men were marooned for six weeks, making fourteen weeks' continuous vigil in all. When help eventually reached them their food supply was almost exhausted; they were on the brink of starvation.

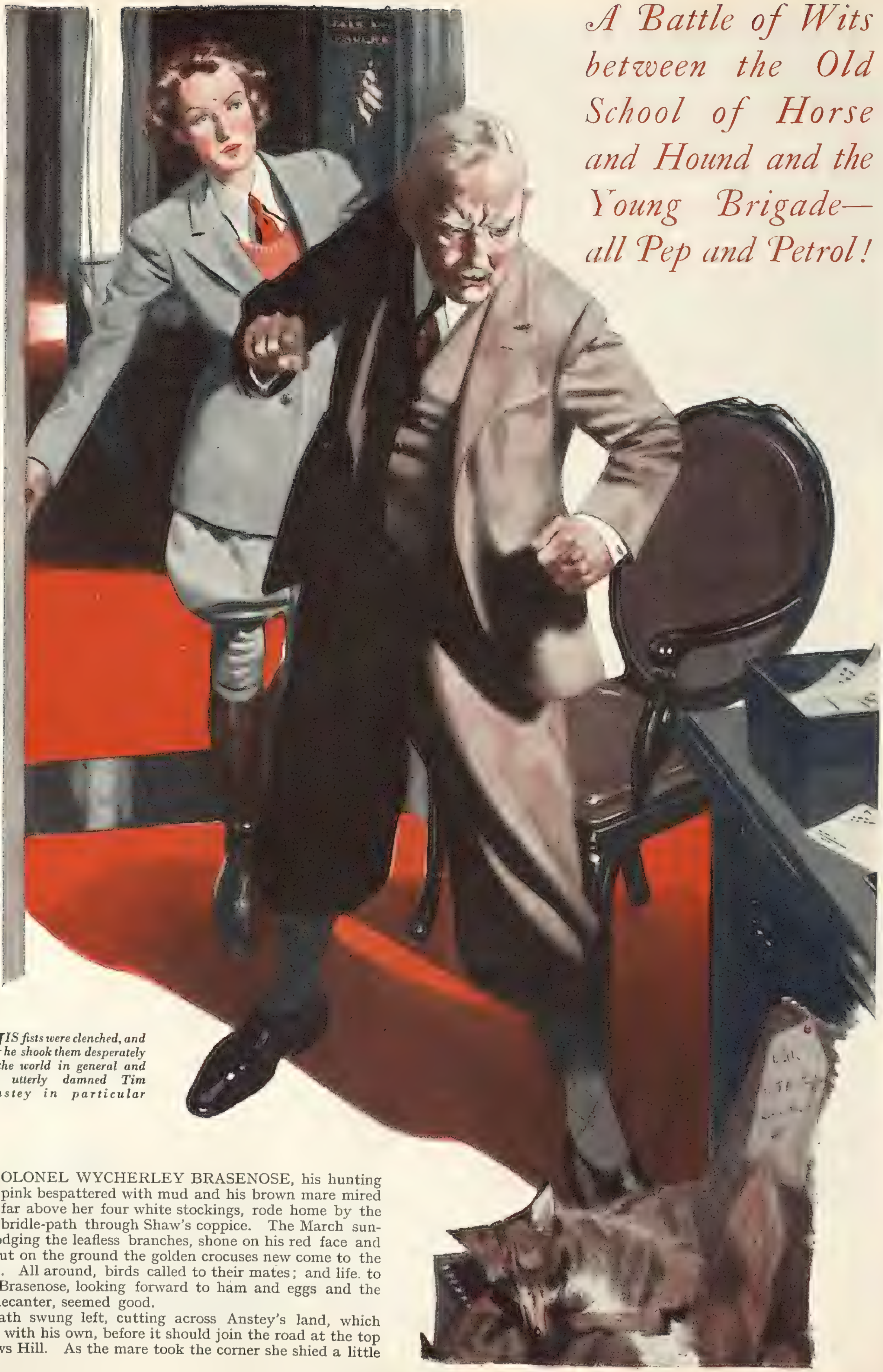
But they had one consolation: from the mainland their wives semaphored the football results and other news by means of flag-signalling! At least they knew what Celtic had done to Partick Thistle and the fate of Glasgow Rangers. . . .

Flagging is sometimes the only link with the outside world. When Robert MacCarthy was principal keeper on Coquet Island off the Northumbrian coast he used to get his wife to " flag-talk " to him from the shore at Amble if the lighthouse was weatherbound. Picture those two solitary figures semaphoring to each other across a sundering sea, and you have a vignette of the lighthouse service.

Sometimes there is ordeal by fire as well as wind and water. Three years ago the lightkeepers on the lone island of Skerries on the east side of Shetland had a terrifying experience. Lightning struck them with

(*Continued on page* 106)

A Battle of Wits between the Old School of Horse and Hound and the Young Brigade—all Pep and Petrol!



HIS fists were clenched, and he shook them desperately at the world in general and the utterly damned Tim Anstey in particular

COLONEL WYCHERLEY BRASENOSE, his hunting pink bespattered with mud and his brown mare mired far above her four white stockings, rode home by the bridle-path through Shaw's coppice. The March sunshine, dodging the leafless branches, shone on his red face and picked out on the ground the golden crocuses new come to the clearings. All around, birds called to their mates; and life. to Colonel Brasenose, looking forward to ham and eggs and the whisky decanter, seemed good.

The path swung left, cutting across Anstey's land, which marched with his own, before it should join the road at the top of Gallows Hill. As the mare took the corner she shied a little

Shooting Foxes

Sport, after all, is Where—and How—you find it

By W. Cooper-Willson

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

and pricked up her ears, and the Colonel swore in a voice which made the birds hush their song. From a hundred yards ahead came blaring jazz from a loud-voiced radio.

Colonel Brasenose's face grew even redder. The great gravel forecourt of Anstey's was crowded with low-built, vicious-looking cars, painted in bright scarlet, greens, and yellows. They were parked at all angles, the stern of one blocking the bridle-path. A clear space had been left in the midst, and this was filled with men in berets and pullovers, men in leather jerkins with leather helmets suspended round their necks, and girls in open jackets, showing jumpers as vivid as the cars. Several couples were dancing to the radio, others sprawled on rugs and ragged each other, while a little group which seemed to draw the eye was centred around a young man who had a champagne bottle in one hand, a glass in the other, and appeared to be in the act of drinking his own health.

He was a tall fellow of perhaps thirty, with lank black hair and a great beak of a nose, and he wore grey flannel trousers and a shammy leather jerkin, open at the neck.

Just as the Colonel, looking for a path around the car park, reined in on the edge of the tumult, this young man shouted:

"George, old boy! Tell the B.B.C. to put a sock in it! I'm going to sing."

There were ironical cheers and catcalls. The radio was switched off and the party converged on the young man with the black hair. There was a little clapping, and one of the men sat astride the bonnet of a car and began strumming out a tune on a banjo. He looked at the singer:

"Ready, Tim?" and in a moment they were off, to a twanging gallop of a rhythm and a song which seemed to go something like this:

When you're nearly in front and your water's aboil
To hell with the fellow that quits!
Your goggles are smeared and bespattered with oil,
And the concrete's been hammered to bits.
But, a kick on the gas and you're chasing his stern;
A flick of the wheel and you're past;
The revs go up and you're nearing the turn,
Where the devil will care for the last.
Brake, change, and you're into the straight.
They're waving like mad from the pits!
Faster, now, faster! To hell with disaster
And the race has been won by your wits!

The banjo thrummed a final crash of emphasis; the man called Tim bowed and began to pour himself another glass of champagne. There were cries of "Jolly good song," "Good old Tim," and somebody switched on the radio again; while Colonel Brasenose, who had looked in vain for a passage round the car which blocked his path, backed the mare preparatory to jumping it. He was making snorting noises through his nose, and kept his eyes steadily turned away from the crowd.

Suddenly there was a cry of

"Angel! You're blocking the traffic!" and a concerted rush of two men and a girl, who shouted: "Sorry! Sorry, sir. Shan't be a tick!"

The girl leapt into the driving seat and pressed the starter-button. There was an ear-splitting roar from the car's exhaust, and the mare, startled, turned right handed, leapt another car, raced across the open and jumped a third car before the Colonel could get her under control. As he landed after the second jump he pulled the mare in just short of a bramble thicket. She danced about a little and he patted her neck and soothed her with muttered imprecations.

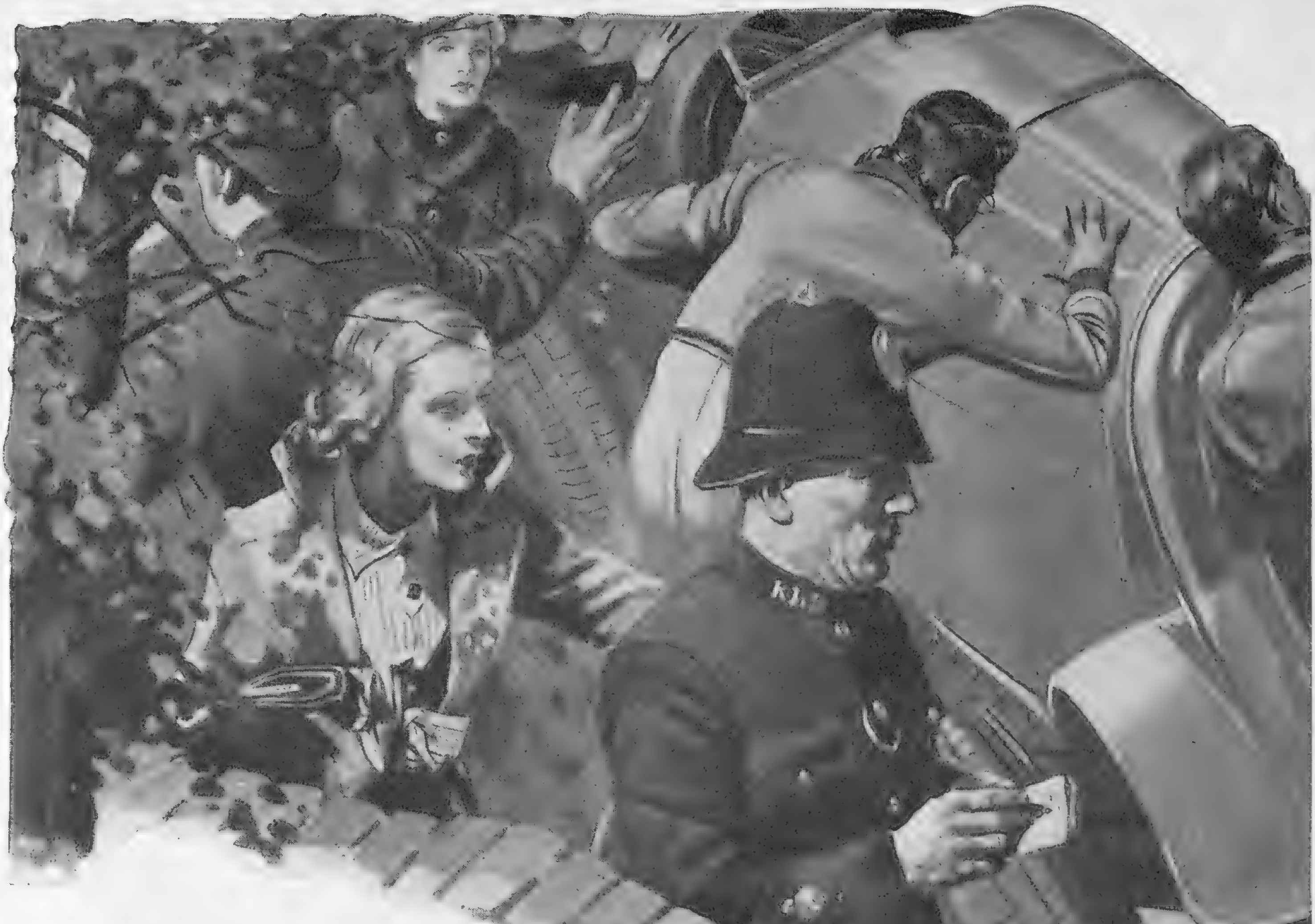
As she danced round, the Colonel came once more to face the parked cars and the crowd. From behind the green car he had recently jumped, a girl rose to her feet, a girl of about twenty, with level grey eyes and chestnut hair. She shook down her brown skirt, then slowly looked up at the Colonel, whose eyes were bulging from his head.

"Did you kill, dad?" she asked.

"What the—blazes are you doing here, Jean?" the Colonel spluttered, choking back each word as if the effort to prevent himself shouting it was nearly superhuman.

"Looking for primroses, darling!" she answered. "You'd better let me push this bus out of the way; then you can get along home. It was the sort of damn fool thing Angel would do to startle Sally like that."

She turned to the car, released the brake and, with one hand on the steering-wheel, pushed it clear.



"NO driving licence; no road fund licence, and exceeding the limit," said the policeman, and shook his head

"There you are!" she said; "toddle along!"

But the Colonel sat his horse, and it almost seemed that he was grinding his teeth. For five seconds he glared at his daughter; then he loosened his reins and kicked the mare in the ribs.

"Speak to you this evening," he growled and passed on his way to Gallows Hill, through groups of young people, who broke out into a chattering the moment he was out of sight, but soon turned restlessly to other diversions. The radio was switched on again and several couples danced. Half a dozen youngsters climbed into their cars, revved up their engines deafeningly for a minute or two and then disappeared into a cloud of blue smoke.

Two girls and two men leaned against two bonnets.

"'Fraid it was all my fault, darling," said Angel, a blue-eyed blonde in a primrose jumper, "but I thought horses were used to cars these days. Why, I let off my klaxon right under the nose of a policeman's horse at the Jubilee, and he never even blinked."

"Doesn't matter," said Jean Brasenose, and rubbed the palm of her hand thoughtfully over a warm silver radiator.

"Yes, it does," said Tim Anstey, of the black hair and the tenor voice. "You shouldn't have been such a fool as to park across the bridle-path, Angel. You'll end up in prison for parking on a Belisha crossing. If I were the Colonel, I'd run you in for not having a proper silencer. He can ride, though; I'll say that! I thought he'd be into the brambles."

"Not on Sally," said Jean. "I believe she knew I was behind that car!" She stepped back and slid over the side, into the passenger seat. "Get in, George, and drive me somewhere!" she cried.

"Jean!" cried Tim, "not on my birthday!"

"Curse your birthday!" said Jean. "Why don't you hunt? Step on it, George!"

GEORGE TRACEY was five feet six, with close-cropped brown hair, a furrowed brow, and tortoiseshell spectacles. Perhaps his age was twenty-seven. He had a funny trick of half-opening his mouth as if about to speak and then saying nothing. He screwed himself into the driving-seat, fiddled with his levers, and the little car shot away into the English countryside, roaring down the tarmac road as if engaged in a race with Death.

"Sorry, Jean," said George. "Will he be mad?"

"He'll cool down," said Jean. "Pity he hates cars so. He looks on Tim as the last degenerate product of a once noble line. Sort of atavism; result of too much in-breeding. He gets quite eloquent on the subject: 'Turned the old man's stables into a row of tin garages! Gad! Believe the feller would shoot a fox. Won't have him in the place. Good job he's not married and you needn't call. By gad! I'd cut you off with a bob if I saw you near the place. Turned Gallows Hill into a something race track. Roaring up and down, scaring the horses, frightening the pheasants. Feller ought to be locked up; ought to be certified, by gad, he ought!' That's the sort of thing."

George laughed and took a twisty *S* bend without slackening speed.

"If a fellow's keen on cars, and he's got the money, why shouldn't he go in for trials?" he asked.

"He ought to take himself a decent distance from Dad before he starts," explained Jean, "and he ought to camouflage his activities by hunting twice a week. I can't even make Tim learn to ride."

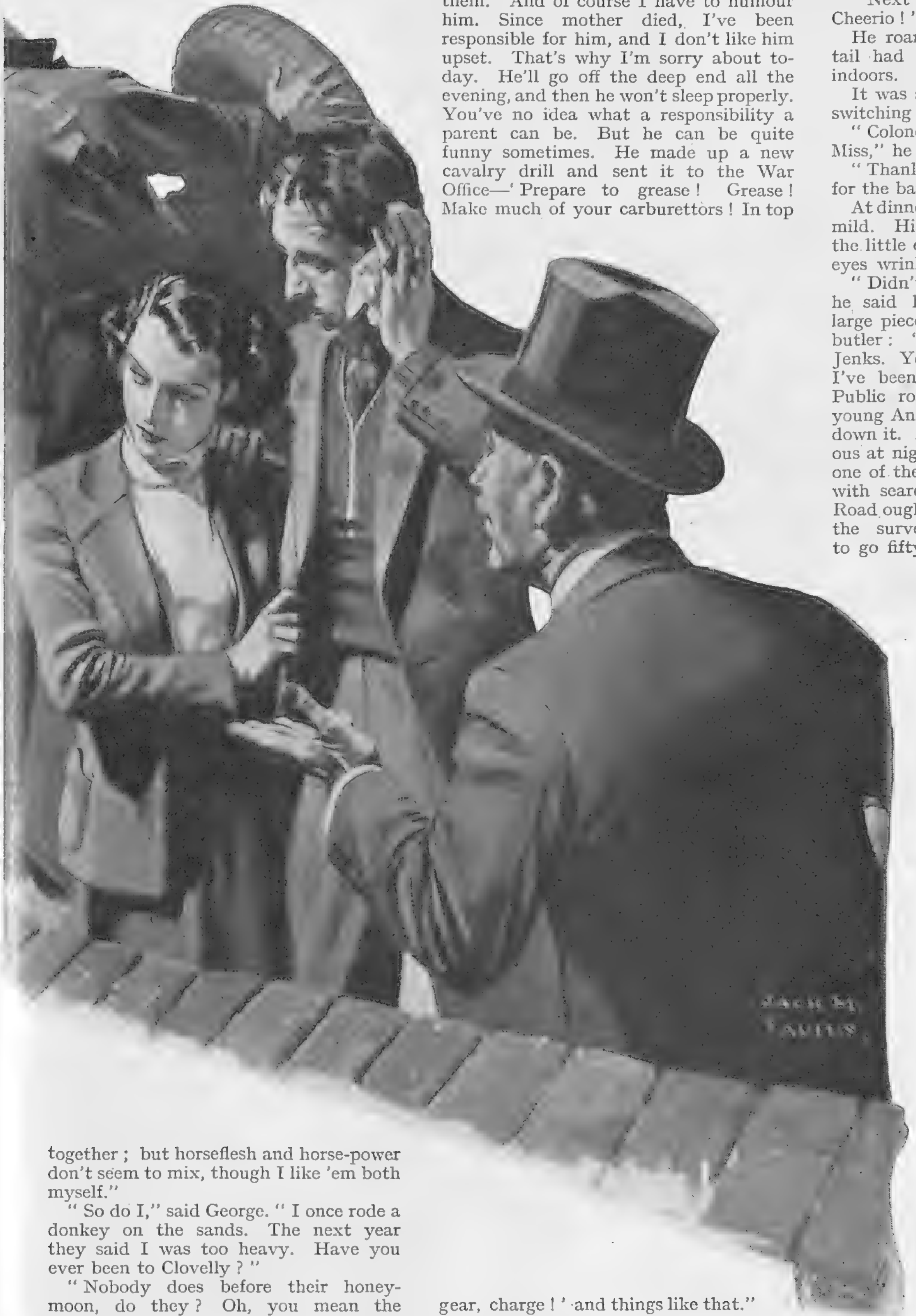
"Rather fond of him, aren't you?" asked George.

"He's a pet," said Jean. "Look out for the cross-roads!"

George took the crossing at sixty miles an hour.

"I rather agree with Segrave," he said. "The faster you take a cross-roads the less time there is for anything to hit you. What do you think ? "

" There's a fallacy somewhere," said Jean. " You can slow down next time. Pity Dad doesn't fish. Tim's rather good with a dry fly, and they might get together ; but horseflesh and horse-power don't seem to mix, though I like 'em both myself."



" So do I," said George. " I once rode a donkey on the sands. The next year they said I was too heavy. Have you ever been to Clovelly ? "

" Nobody does before their honeymoon, do they ? Oh, you mean the donkeys there. Take me home, George. If Dad doesn't get it off his chest, his blood-pressure 'll go up and I shall have him in bed again. Poor old boy ; but what can you expect, when his old regiment's been mechanised ? It'd put the iron into anybody's soul."

" Cavalry, wasn't he ? " asked George.

" 99th Lancers. When the War Office took away their horses and gave them tanks and baby Austins, Dad wept, honestly he did. He sent a wreath to the new C.O. : ' R.I.P. the 99th.' After all, he'd been with them thirty years."

" You can understand it," said George sympathetically.

" He won't even go in a car. Loathes them. And of course I have to humour him. Since mother died, I've been responsible for him, and I don't like him upset. That's why I'm sorry about today. He'll go off the deep end all the evening, and then he won't sleep properly. You've no idea what a responsibility a parent can be. But he can be quite funny sometimes. He made up a new cavalry drill and sent it to the War Office—' Prepare to grease ! Grease ! Make much of your carburettors ! In top gear, charge ! ' and things like that."

" So he doesn't like Tim turning Gallows Hill into a test hill. You can't blame him. Still, one in three, with two hair-pins ; it'd be a sin to waste it." With a warning hoot, he slipped out of a narrow lane on to a main road, " There's your ancestral home. Shall I take you to the door, or would it be more tactful to drop you at the lodge ? "

" Right up, please. I have to humour him, but I can't let him get altogether out of hand. Thanks for bringing me. Are you coming down next week-end ? "

" Try to," said George, " but what with science and big business, I'm rather rushed."

" I ought to ask you in for a drink——"

" Next time. Mustn't be too tactless. Cheerio ! "

He roared away, and Jean, when his tail had disappeared, turned and went indoors.

It was six o'clock, and the butler was switching on the lights.

" Colonel's got a visitor in his study, Miss," he said.

" Thanks, Jenks," said Jean, and made for the bathroom.

At dinner, the Colonel was unexpectedly mild. His cheeks were merely pink and the little crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes wrinkled merrily.

" Didn't mean to blow your head off," he said handsomely, cutting himself a large piece of Stilton and turning to the butler : " Put the port on the table, Jenks. You needn't wait. Y'know, Jean, I've been thinkin' about Gallows Hill. Public road and all that. Can't stop young Anstey driving motor-cars up and down it. All the same, it's damn dangerous at night—ridin' down, I mean, when one of these hooligans comes up covered with searchlights. Frightens the horse. Road ought to be lighted. Been talkin' to the surveyor. Sensible chap. Offered to go fifty-fifty ; put in lights from beyond Anstey's, down the hill and along as far as our lodge. Says he can get current from these pylons. First time I knew they were any use. Must move with the times. What ? "

After which long speech he poured himself a glass of port.

" The loving couples from the village won't like it," said Jean. " Gallows Hill's generally thick with them from April on."

" Save 'em getting run over," said the Colonel. " Ought to be grateful," and he lifted the decanter again.

" Only half a glass more, darling," said Jean.

" Oh, curse ! " said the Colonel, and obeyed.

For the next month, traffic on Gallows Hill was impeded by workmen, who dug a trench for their cables and who halted lorries on the steepest gradients, carefully concealing them round blind corners. Tim Anstey continued to keep open house for his friends every week-end and, while acknowledging that it was temporarily impossible to break the record for the hill, said that the obstructions now made the climb very sporting.

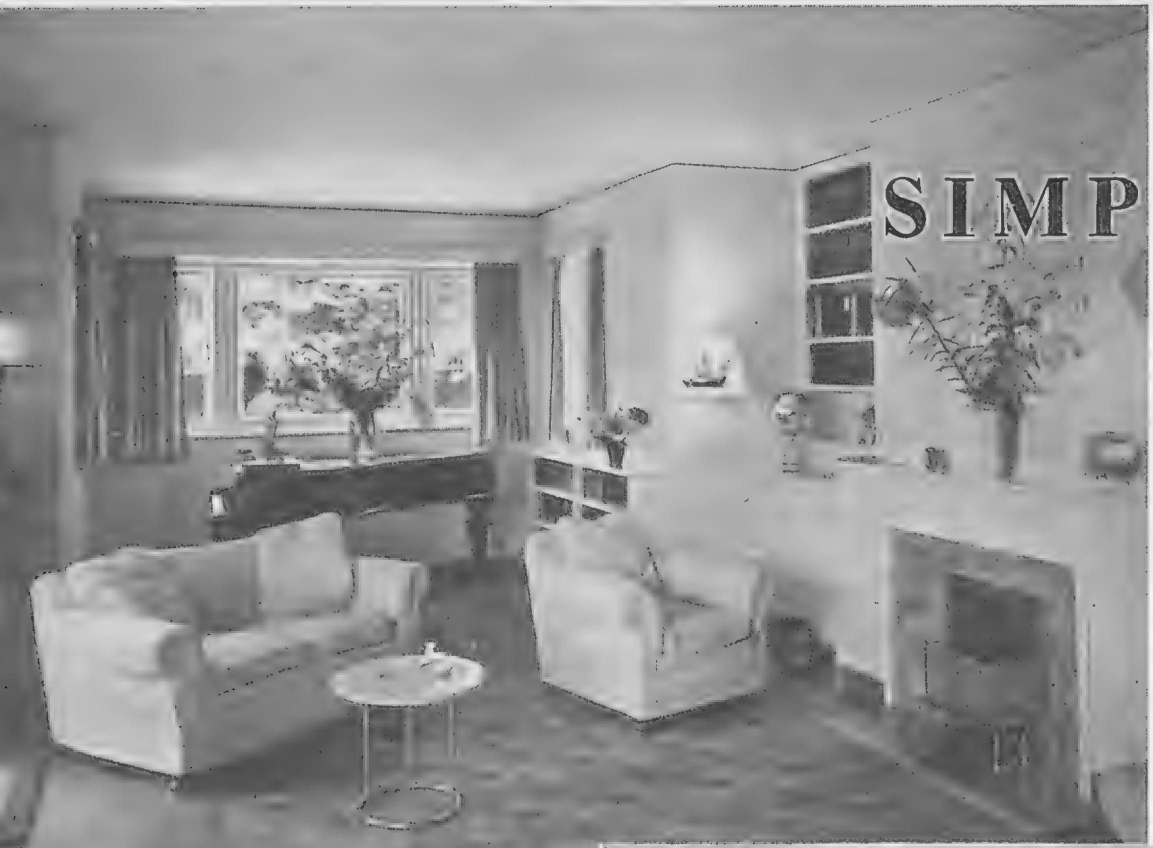
Jean would walk her pony up the hill and, mounting at the top, ride a little and turn in at Anstey's, to be greeted loudly and playfully.

" Darling," Angel would cry, " when the lighting's finished we're going to put up a new record for doing the climb after midnight without headlights."

" I shall not be there," said George. " I like my bed."

(*Continued on page* 118)

SIMPLICITY



ASK any interior decorator which is the most difficult type of scheme to create. The answer will probably be, " the simplest one."

Ask a dress designer which clothes demand the highest standard of perfection in their conception and finish. The simplest, again.

Simplicity isn't so simple after all. It is the failure to realise this fact that leads to so many bleak and monotonous effects in interior decoration.

It is not at all an easy thing to take a few simple items of furniture and to display them against a simple background and, in doing so, to achieve an effective character. Studied simplicity is an art in itself.

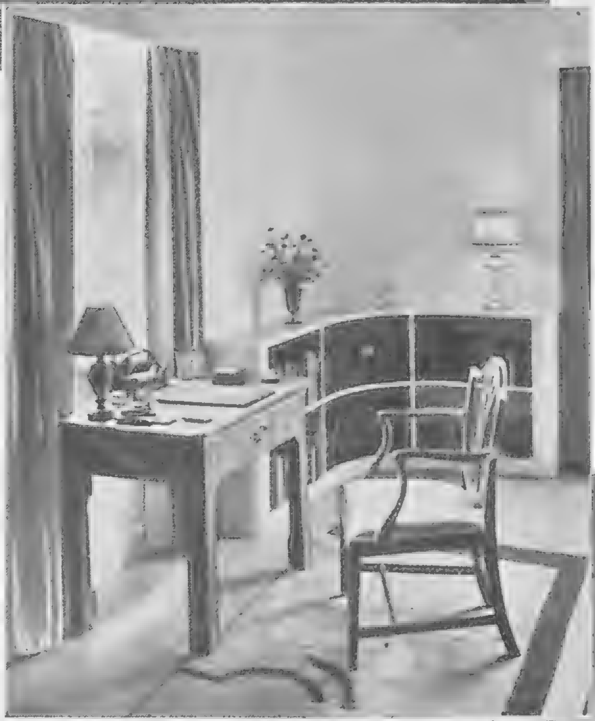
A plain wall, a small table, a colourful picture are sufficient for a charming and artistic group if colours, contours and arrangement are skilfully united. But the same group of objects can be infinitely dull if simply *thrown* together.

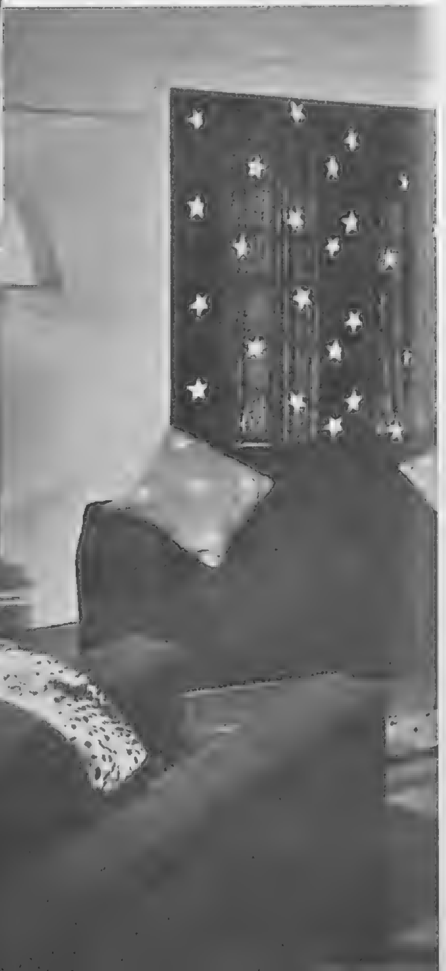
So many modern rooms fall into this category of dullness. Square, squat furniture, plain fabrics and plain colours, though excellent in themselves, need skilful handling if any sort of artistic combination is to be achieved.

Modern architecture has so little ornamentation that character depends mainly upon the furnishings used. Uncompromising severity of background is, however, an excellent thing, as it allows of so many variations in the choice of character to be imposed upon it.

How, then, is one to compromise between cold severity and the simplicity which still has sufficient character to make its charm endure?

Colour combination is one of the most important things. The plainest furnishing scheme can be given originality and spirit by an unusual combination of colour.





At the top of the page a sitting-room of infinite simplicity shows itself to have character and charm. This is achieved mainly by a carefully balanced arrangement of furniture and an unusual colour scheme. The walls and woodwork are faint primrose, the chair covers plain golden rust, and the neat curtains are leaf-green. Below this a corner of a sitting-room in a London flat is shown. The graceful simplicity of the curved bookshelves and the austere but charming treatment of the window express the best in modern decoration. On the right is a scheme by Julie Jacob, with white walls and polished birch furniture. The upholstery is navy blue and silver kid stars are spattered upon the navy blue curtains and the scarlet cushions.

ITSELF

And this is where the use of *three* colours is so important.

Whereas the average amateur is content to confine decorative schemes to the use of two colours, the more experienced decorator will more often use three.

Take a scheme of ivory and black, for instance. This is a very modern choice, and possibly a little eccentric for the average taste, but it illustrates my point.

Strong in character though these two colours may be, the use of them without some contrast is bound to be monotonous, so green is introduced in two shades.

To give further subtlety to the effect, the ivory is used in three tints, the wall being shaded from deep ivory at the skirting to the palest cream overhead.

So, you see, a little experimentation with colour can go a long way towards giving interest to the plainest scheme.

One of the most effective combinations I have seen in a small and severely simple bedroom is scarlet and white with a touch of dark brown to give weight to the effect.

In this case the walls are simply whitewashed and the woodwork done in matt white paint. With such a severely surgical background some care is needed to avoid the bleakness already referred to, but it can be done, and with very good effect. A fitted carpet, or matting, of rich dark brown gives a solid base to the scheme. Curtains should have an off-white background with a delicate patterning of scarlet.

A white tufted bedspread is rescued from monotony by a plain red glazed chintz eiderdown, quilted in white. The furniture in the room is of simple modern design in light oak.

Here, then, is the bare outline of the scheme. Left just like this it is attractive, perhaps, but coldly severe and very monotonous, so we set to work to introduce those touches which make it interesting.

In the first place, each piece of furniture, however simple in itself, is chosen in careful relation to its surroundings, and shapes are carefully mingled to give an effect of grace and balance to the room.

(*Continued on page* 145)

By WINIFRED LEWIS

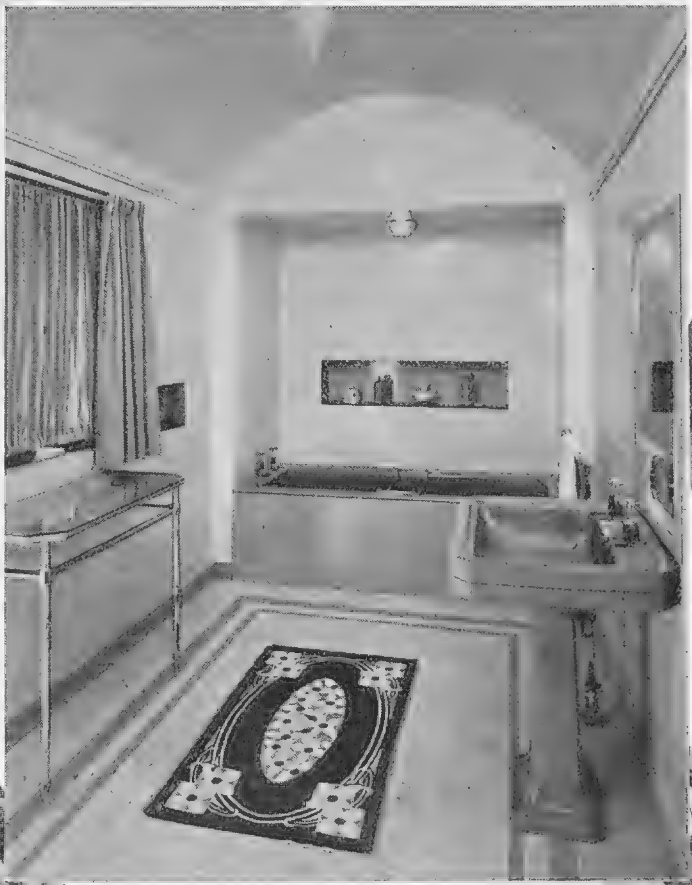
The corner shown at the top of this page is a study in the art of simple arrangement. By clever grouping and the correct choice of accessories Mrs. Howard Robertson, the decorator, has given interest to a perfectly simple table, a plain chair and a flat background. In the centre of the page another corner is shown. This time mirror glass is used to break up the severity of plain wall space, and concealed lighting is freely used to enhance architectural features of interest.

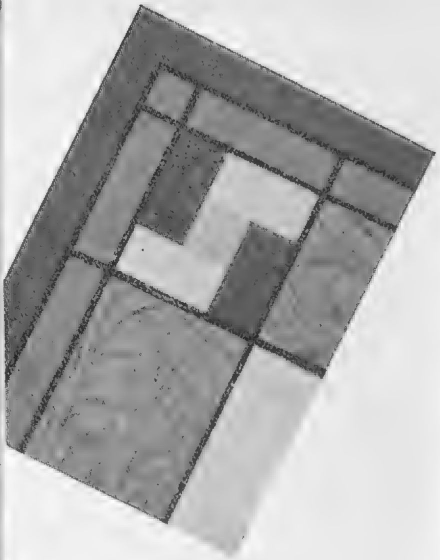
IN STEP WITH TO-DAY

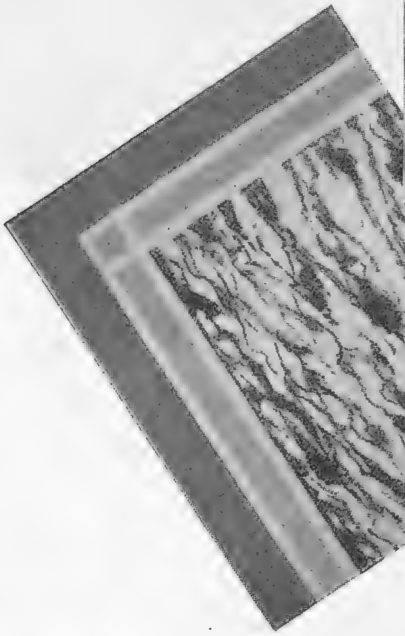
FASHIONS in floor coverings change slowly. Except that we now understand the importance of making floor coverings an integral part of a furnishing scheme, materials show little fundamental change.

Where carpet is thought to be impracticable, linoleum is still a favourite choice, but the sprawling patterns once associated with the name have given place to plain surfaces and effects of better balance and much greater charm.

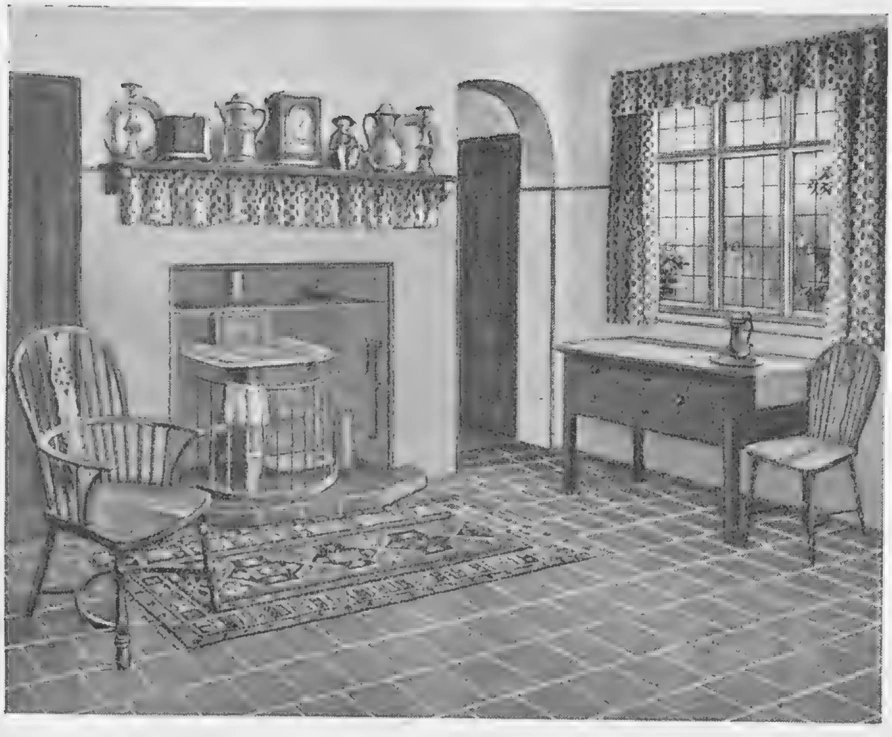
In a kitchen, plain linoleum in two colours is sometimes laid so that the centre of the floor is, say, deep cream or buff, surrounded with a wide margin of a contrasting colour—green, mottled blue or whatever best suits the decorative scheme. Other interesting effects are obtained by inserting medallions of a different colour at well-balanced intervals. Such effects as this can be worked out to suit individual schemes and offer no difficulty to an expert fitter.







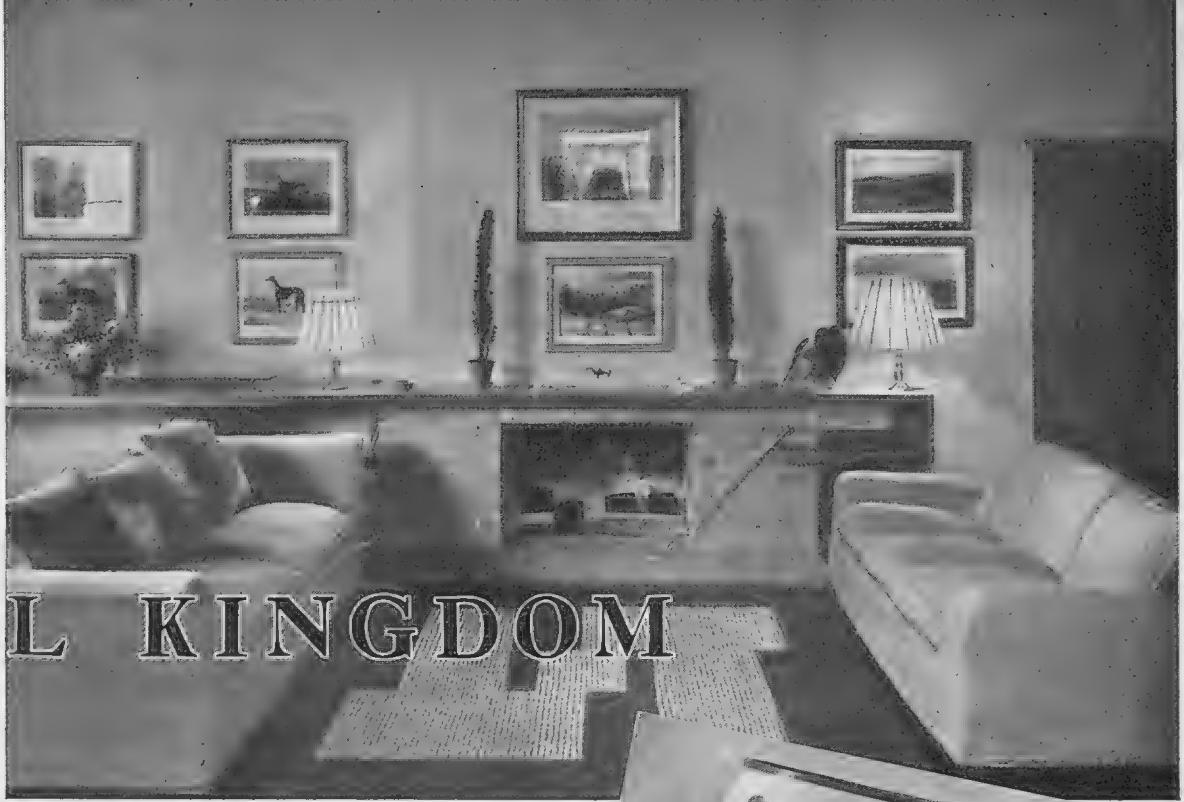
The many colourings in which rubber flooring is available make it possible to match any decorative scheme. At the top of the page is a bathroom treated with rubber flooring in plain cream with banding of scarlet. On either side are decorative examples of Dunlop rubber flooring. This floor covering is hygienic, silent, and easily washable. Below is a kitchen floor treated with Tiloleum, a covering which gives the effect of an old-world red-tiled floor at far less cost. A close-up of Tiloleum is shown at right. (Libertys.)



Rubber flooring is growing very popular for use where practical qualities are required to combine with decorative ones.

Being also colourful and adaptable in its effect, this floor covering is silent, clean, soft to the tread and very durable. Two-colour effects are obtainable, as in the illustration at the top of the page, and the full range is so varied that colour combinations can be had to match almost any given scheme.

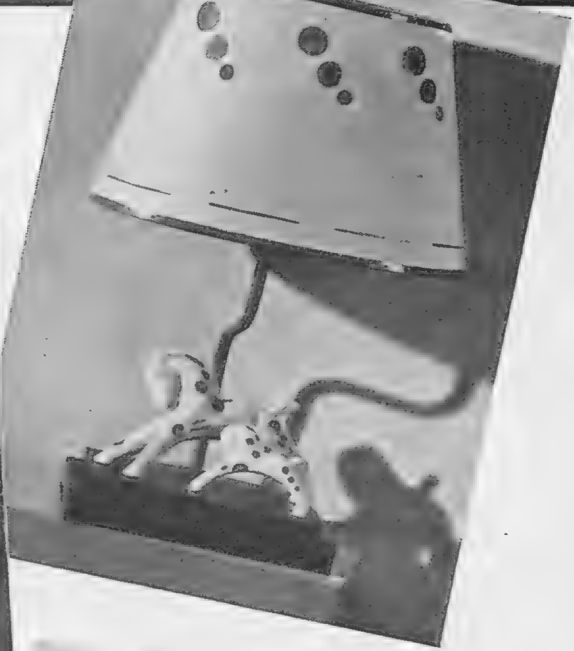
The picture at the foot of the page shows a kitchen fitted with Tiloleum. This floor covering is a faithful reproduction of the red tiling associated with country kitchens. In a dining-room where old oak furniture is used it imparts the final touch of "atmosphere," and has, also, the practical qualities of a modern material which is easily cleaned.

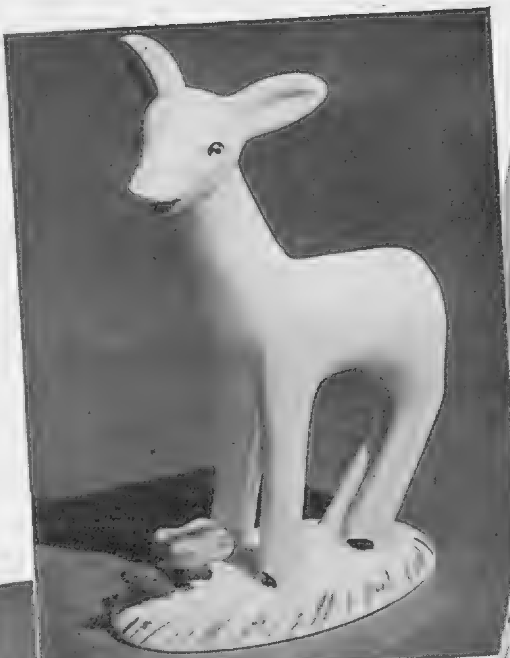


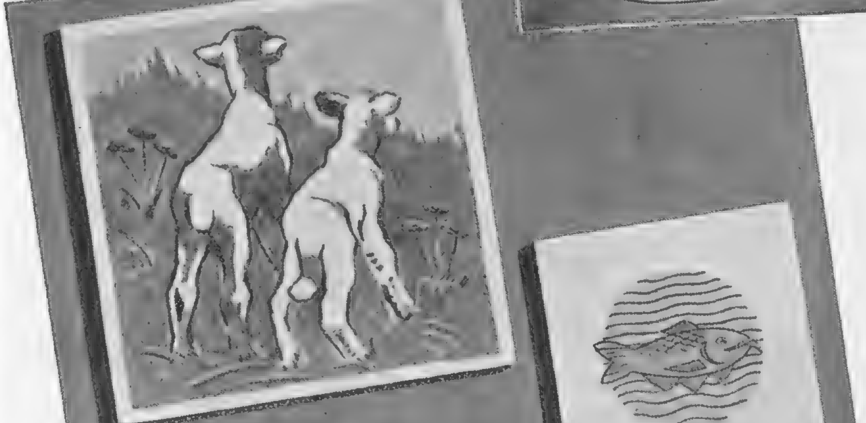
ANIMAL KINGDOM

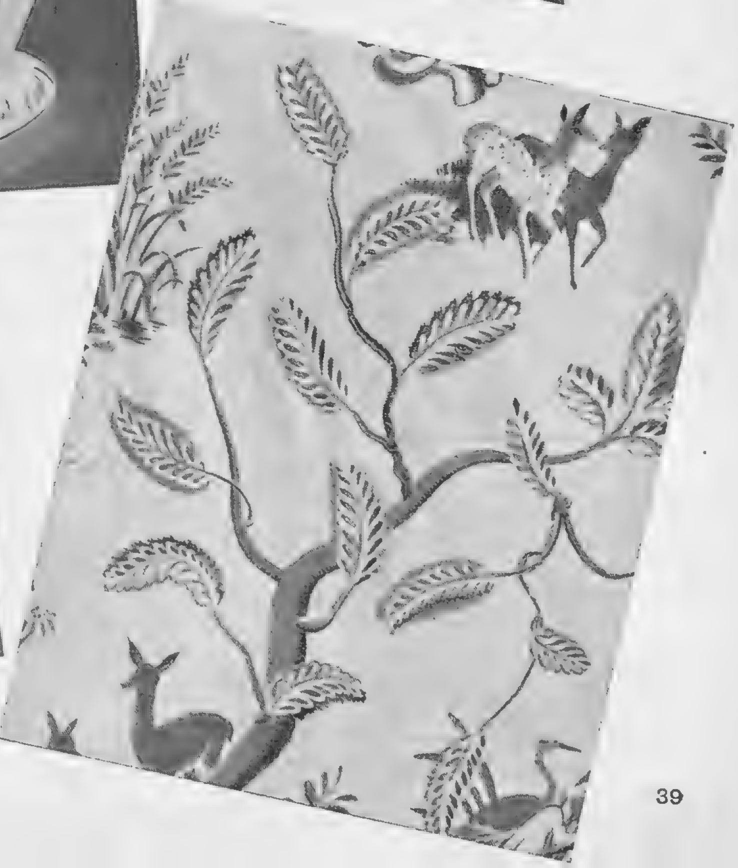
IN decoration, for the moment, the animal motif is the thing. Animals wander across our walls and pose in china dignity wherever ornamentation is required.

In the picture at the top of the page a charming interior, designed by Doris Howard Robertson, shows the effective use of animal colour prints in a setting which blends a discreet modernism with some of the traditions of the past. Below, on the right, is a lamp at the base of which stand two white pottery horses. The spots, which are repeated on the shade, can be done in colour to match a given scheme. Price 27s. 6d. In the centre of the page is "Larry the Lamb," a simple creature in white pottery, costing 2s. 5d. in the first size. Below are decorative tiles with cork backs for use as table mats. The large tile with the lamb design costs 4s., and the smaller one 3s. The chintz at the foot of the page shows a design of deer and storks in refreshing colours on a white ground. A Rosebank fabric, price 6/11 yard.





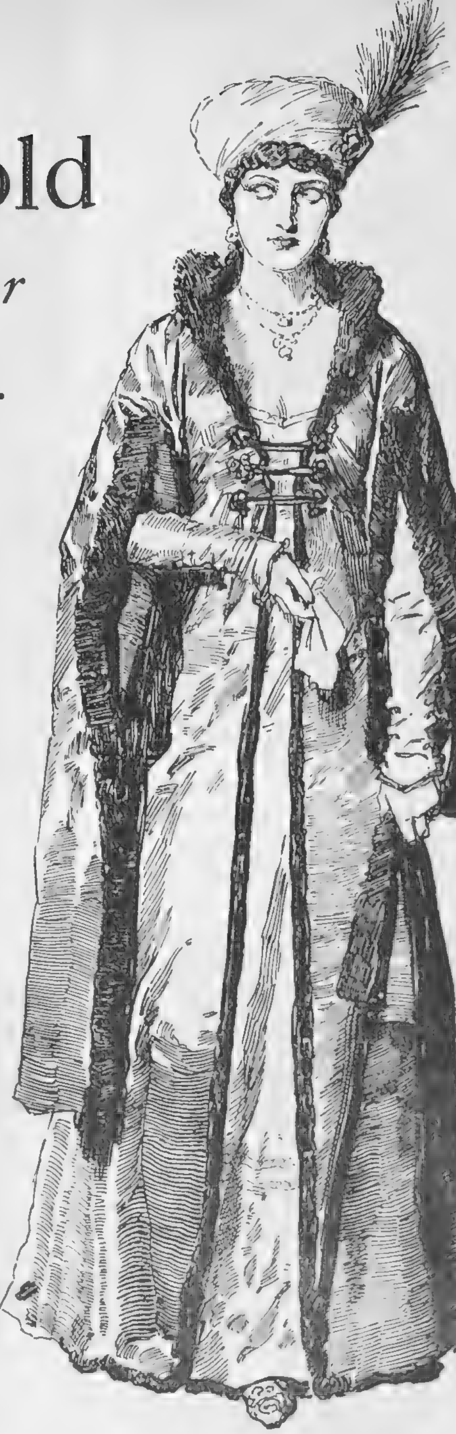




Old Tales Re-told

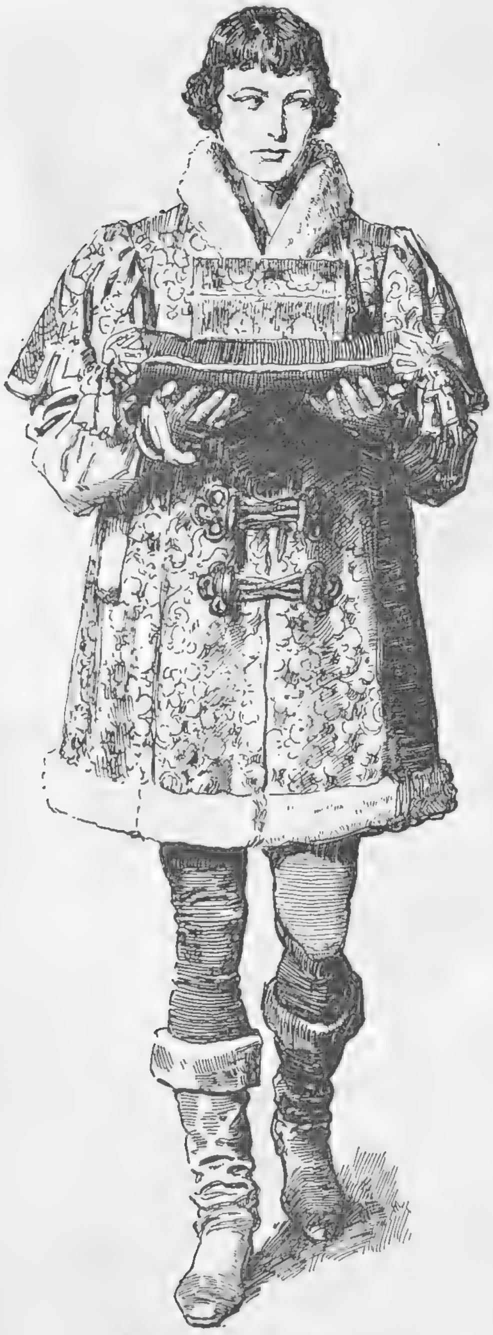
Mazeppa: Lover, Prince and Traitor

Written and Illustrated by **F. Matania, R.I.**



THE beautiful Countess Palatine, who became the lover of Mazeppa

THE reign of King Casimir V of Poland was remarkable chiefly for the new standards of luxury and refinement which he introduced into his court. Before he succeeded his brother in the latter part of the seventeenth century he had led a varied and adventurous life, fighting at one time for the Spanish against the French, then being captured when his ships were driven by contrary winds on to the Provençal coast, and imprisoned for two years by Cardinal Richelieu; then subsequently establishing himself at Rome, where he was admitted to the papal court and actually became a cardinal. He had a great predilection for poetry and the arts and in Rome he was able for the first time fully to indulge his taste for everything sumptuous and cultivate those extravagant habits with which he was afterwards to astonish the Poles.



MAZEPPA as a page at the Court of King Casimir V

Amongst the many young men chosen for their good birth and good looks to attend the new king as pages was one who stood out from all the rest, on account of his physical prowess, his extremely handsome appearance and his rare personal charm. All these qualities, combined with the fact that he came of a noble house, more than compensated Mazeppa, as he was called, for his lack of means, and he rapidly became one of the most popular members of a court that lived in a constant atmosphere of romance and gallantry.

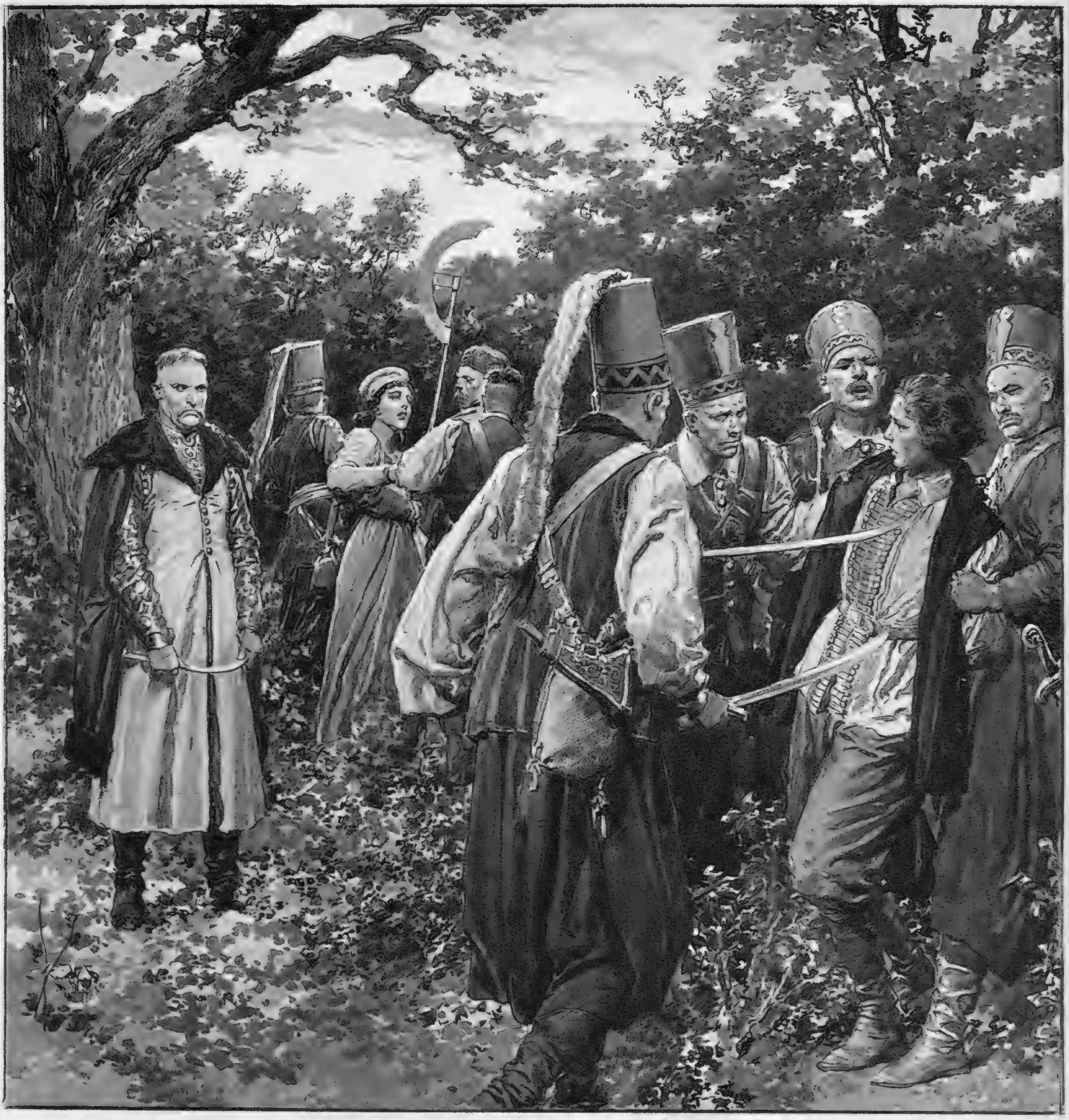
FOR a time he led a pleasant and easy existence, passing lightly from one flirtation to another. Then he fell seriously in love. It was one of those loves, passionate and inevitable, by which a man's life may be made or marred, but little did he realise how strangely it was to determine the course of his. She was married. She was the wife of a nobleman, the Count Palatine, thirty years her senior, but, like Mazeppa, herself only in the early twenties. Every glance of her dark, oriental eyes told him the silent story of her daily sacrifice, and the thought of what they might be to each other tortured both of them to distraction. A young man who finds himself in a position like that generally ends by believing, quite sincerely, that he has a just and noble mission to perform. The law of Nature speaks louder to him than the law of moral conventions. Every obstacle that hinders the fulfilment of his desire appears to him in the light of a flimsy superstition, if not simply of a wanton injustice that it is his duty to remedy. And so it was with Mazeppa and the lady he loved. So much they wanted each other, these two, that the mere fact of meeting seemed to throw a veil over all their reasoning faculties. Those banquets and receptions which in the early days of their acquaintance had been the source of greatest pleasure to each of them now became an almost unbearable agony, because of the distance that their respective stations fixed between them.

Now it was the custom of the Countess to spend long periods at one of her husband's castles a few miles away from the capital. It was easier there to escape from inquisitive eyes, and often through the peaceful forests could be heard the galloping hoofs of the horse that brought Mazeppa, an impatient Romeo, right to the very walls of his Juliet's dwelling place.

Then there came a night when Mazeppa, with fast-beating heart, stood waiting in the shadow of a bush for the light step of his beloved. The little door of the outer wall held his eyes, turned gently on its well-oiled hinges, and a few moments later she was clasped in his arms. After a quick embrace they disappeared into the darkness of the forest. They were alone with Nature. They heard nothing of the myriad sounds of life stirring all about them. They lived only for each other's kisses, and when the faint blue-grey light of dawn began to steal through the trees it seemed to them that they had not been together more than a few brief moments.

Reluctantly they retraced their steps along the path by which they had come, and the knowledge that they must soon part drew them closer than ever together. Every now and then, where the thorns and bushes were too thick for the voluminous skirts of the Countess, Mazeppa would pick her up in his strong arms and lift her gently over them.

They were still some distance away



With lightning rapidity they seized and bound him hand and foot, and it was only when this had been done that he realised it was the Count Palatine himself who was directing the operations of his men

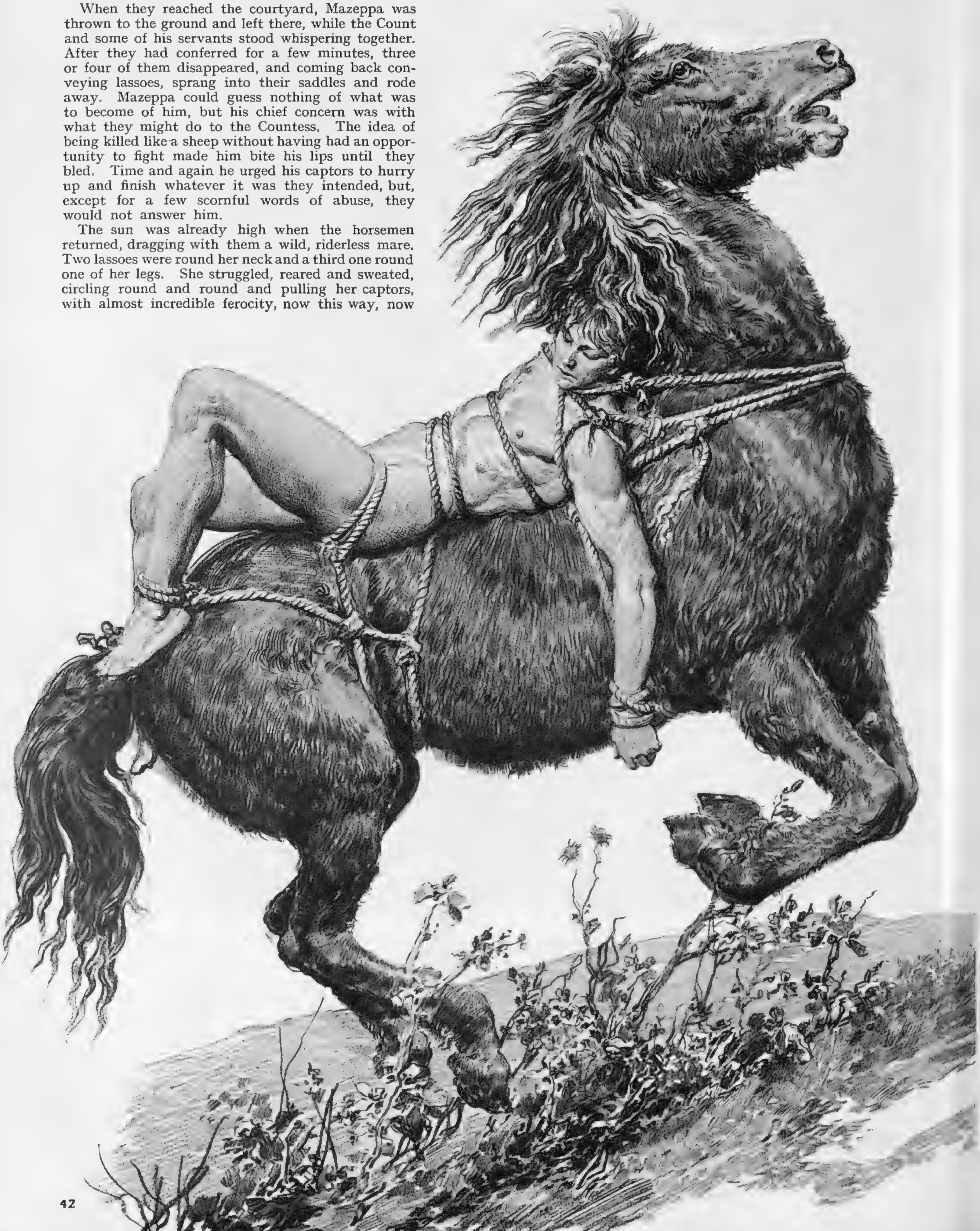
from the little door which had purposely been left ajar, when an odd noise struck their ears. Perhaps it was just a frightened animal scuttling away into the undergrowth . . . and yet . . . there was something metallic about it, something that made them stand still and hold their breath. Then all was still again, and as they saw it growing lighter with each minute, they realised that there was no time to be lost, and went on once more, though not without a certain amount of trepidation. But they had only proceeded a few paces when the frightened girl stopped abruptly, and, bereft of all power of speech, pointed silently to a large oak-tree near by.

Before Mazeppa had time to grasp the situation, a man stepped out from behind it. Another rose from the ground, and they advanced, sword in hand. The young lover, thinking that he had to deal only with these two, placed himself before the woman who, for the sake of his love, had risked her all. Instinctively his hand went to his belt, but he was unarmed. A piercing scream made him turn and he saw they were completely surrounded. There was an armed man behind every bush. It was a perfectly planned ambuscade, and they had walked right into it. With sword-blades pointed at him, Mazeppa had to endure the torture of seeing his beloved snatched away, without even being given the chance to defend her. With lightning speed they seized and bound him hand and foot, and it was only when this had been done that he realised it was the Count

Palatine himself who was directing the operations of his men. His face, unusually pale with emotion, nevertheless betrayed the mingled wrath and satisfaction of the triumphant captor. And he did not seem to mind that brutal, mercenary hands should be laid on his wife, dragging her away to the castle; nor was he concerned that all his servants should be there to witness her shame.

When they reached the courtyard, Mazeppa was thrown to the ground and left there, while the Count and some of his servants stood whispering together. After they had conferred for a few minutes, three or four of them disappeared, and coming back conveying lassoes, sprang into their saddles and rode away. Mazeppa could guess nothing of what was to become of him, but his chief concern was with what they might do to the Countess. The idea of being killed like a sheep without having had an opportunity to fight made him bite his lips until they bled. Time and again he urged his captors to hurry up and finish whatever it was they intended, but, except for a few scornful words of abuse, they would not answer him.

The sun was already high when the horsemen returned, dragging with them a wild, riderless mare. Two lassoes were round her neck and a third one round one of her legs. She struggled, reared and sweated, circling round and round and pulling her captors, with almost incredible ferocity, now this way, now that. She was a splendid beast, and it took many more hands and several additional ropes before she could be subdued and forced against the wall, where they tethered her to some strong iron rings. Then they approached Mazeppa, stripped him of all his clothes, and, lifting him up, began to tie him to the mare's back. A rope fastened to his wrists was passed under



her belly, so that his arms were firmly pinned down. Other ropes held him by the waist and others by the ankles, and, finally, one that bound him round the neck kept his head pressed close against her mane.

Because of the extreme restlessness of the mare, these horrible preparations took a considerable time. With satanic satisfaction the Count directed and supervised every detail, and when at last all was ready he shouted: "Let her go!" At those words the men stepped back and loosened the ropes by which she was tethered. Feeling her freedom, the mare stood for the moment undecided and throbbing, then, as she became aware of the burden fixed to her back, she started bucking and rearing to try and rid herself of it. The violence of her movements put everyone to flight in whichever direction she hurled herself, and at each jump her back seemed to curve into an impossible angle. She had not caught sight of the open gate when some of the men, armed with whips, approached as near as they dared and slashed at her with all their force. Only then, maddened with pain and rage, did she at last glimpse the open country and charge through the gate like a flash of lightning.

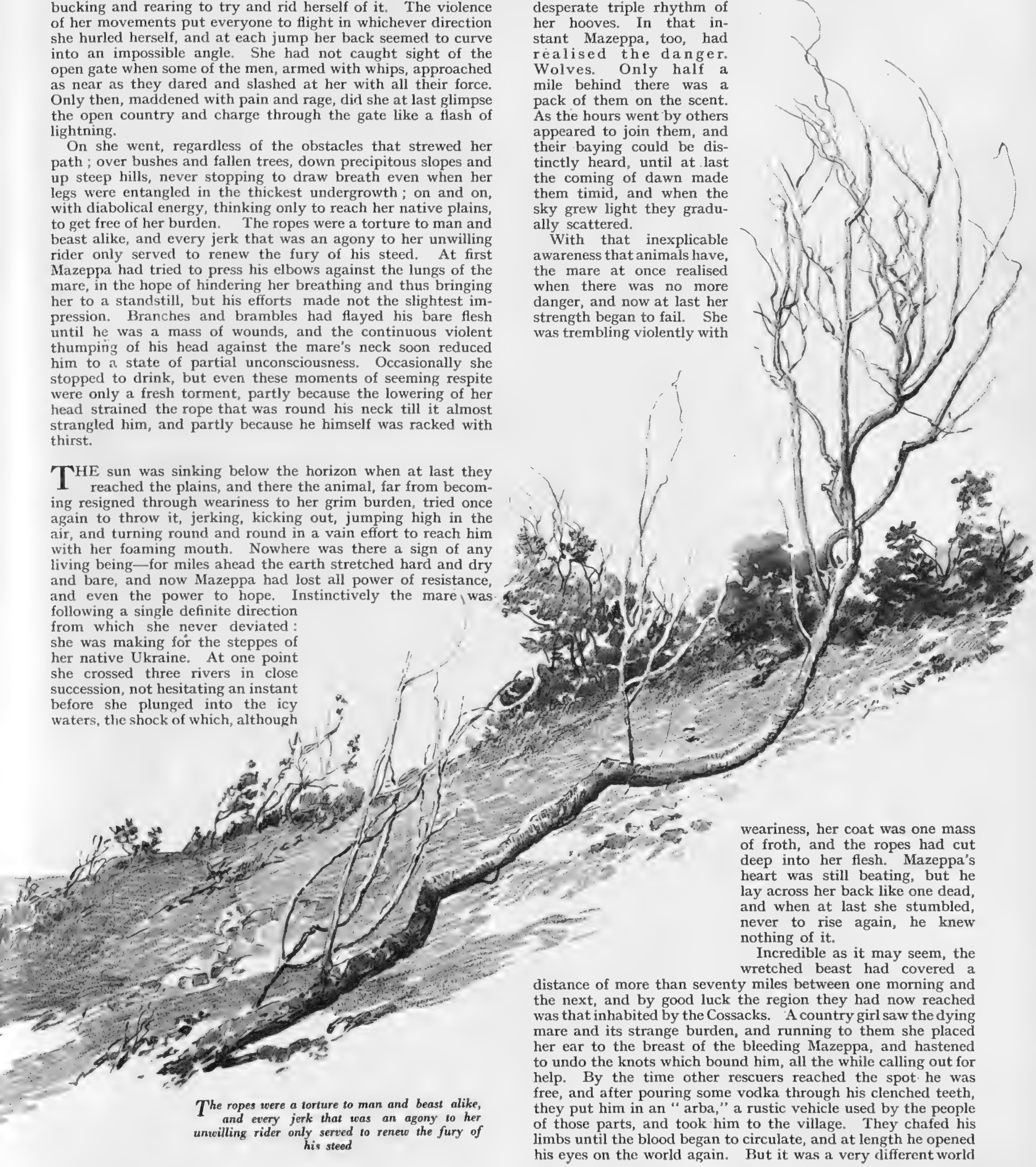
On she went, regardless of the obstacles that strewed her path; over bushes and fallen trees, down precipitous slopes and up steep hills, never stopping to draw breath even when her legs were entangled in the thickest undergrowth; on and on, with diabolical energy, thinking only to reach her native plains, to get free of her burden. The ropes were a torture to man and beast alike, and every jerk that was an agony to her unwilling rider only served to renew the fury of his steed. At first Mazeppa had tried to press his elbows against the lungs of the mare, in the hope of hindering her breathing and thus bringing her to a standstill, but his efforts made not the slightest impression. Branches and brambles had flayed his bare flesh until he was a mass of wounds, and the continuous violent thumping of his head against the mare's neck soon reduced him to a state of partial unconsciousness. Occasionally she stopped to drink, but even these moments of seeming respite were only a fresh torment, partly because the lowering of her head strained the rope that was round his neck till it almost strangled him, and partly because he himself was racked with thirst.

THE sun was sinking below the horizon when at last they reached the plains, and there the animal, far from becoming resigned through weariness to her grim burden, tried once again to throw it, jerking, kicking out, jumping high in the air, and turning round and round in a vain effort to reach him with her foaming mouth. Nowhere was there a sign of any living being—for miles ahead the earth stretched hard and dry and bare, and now Mazeppa had lost all power of resistance, and even the power to hope. Instinctively the mare was following a single definite direction from which she never deviated: she was making for the steppes of her native Ukraine. At one point she crossed three rivers in close succession, not hesitating an instant before she plunged into the icy waters, the shock of which, although it froze Mazeppa, at least did something to bring him back to life and enabled him momentarily to slake his thirst.

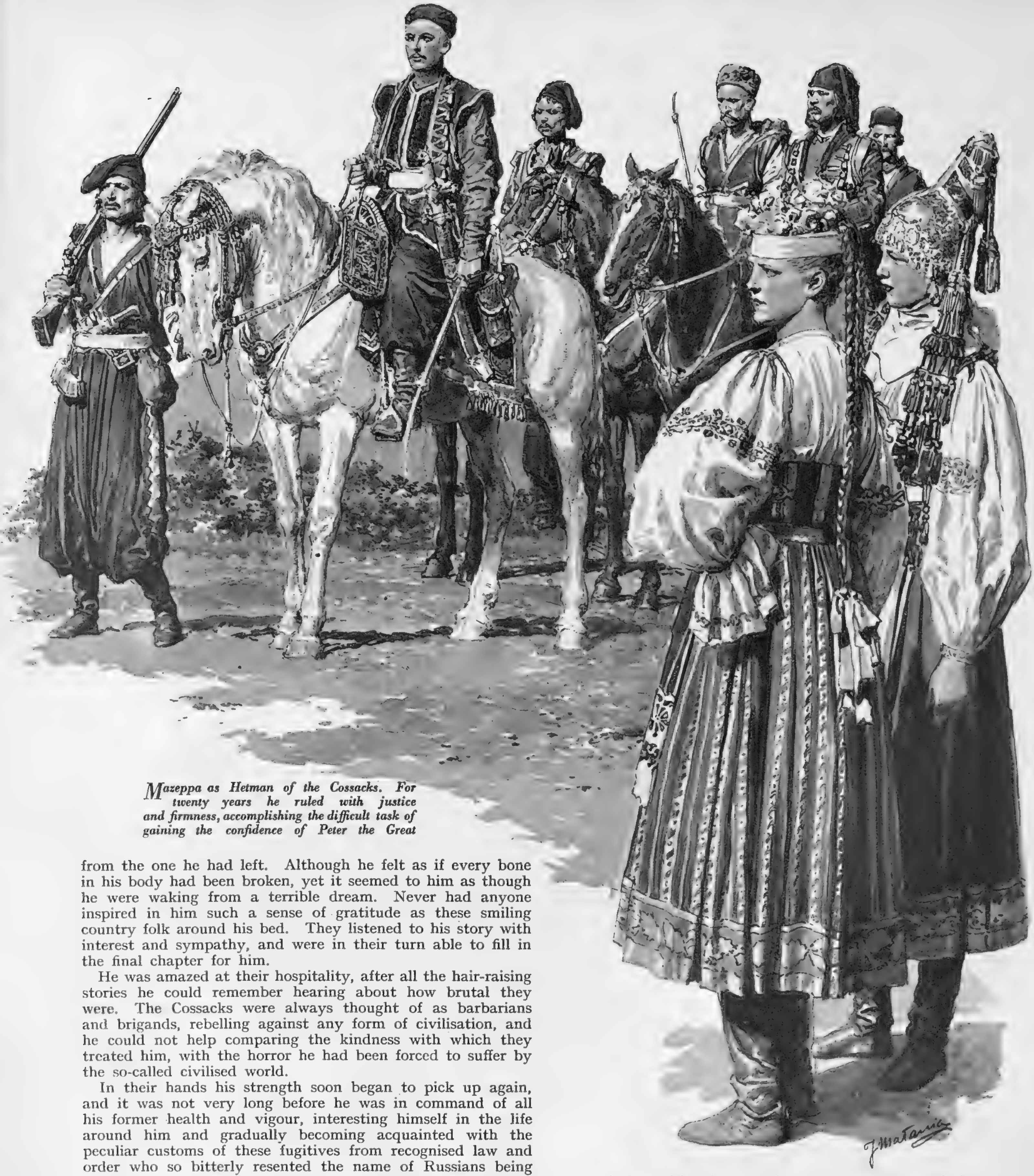
It was June, but a bleak Siberian wind swept across the steppes—and still the mare galloped on. Only after many hours did her pace begin to slacken, and at last she stopped to search for fodder. It seemed as if the wild ride were almost at an end when, suddenly, up went her head again, and with pricked ears and dilated nostrils she stood quite still, trying to catch the sense of some hidden danger. Then she quivered violently, and in an instant was off again, tearing through the black night, and making the hard earth echo with the desperate triple rhythm of her hooves. In that instant Mazeppa, too, had realised the danger. Wolves. Only half a mile behind there was a pack of them on the scent. As the hours went by others appeared to join them, and their baying could be distinctly heard, until at last the coming of dawn made them timid, and when the sky grew light they gradually scattered.

With that inexplicable awareness that animals have, the mare at once realised when there was no more danger, and now at last her strength began to fail. She was trembling violently with weariness, her coat was one mass of froth, and the ropes had cut deep into her flesh. Mazeppa's heart was still beating, but he lay across her back like one dead, and when at last she stumbled, never to rise again, he knew nothing of it.

Incredible as it may seem, the wretched beast had covered a distance of more than seventy miles between one morning and the next, and by good luck the region they had now reached was that inhabited by the Cossacks. A country girl saw the dying mare and its strange burden, and running to them she placed her ear to the breast of the bleeding Mazeppa, and hastened to undo the knots which bound him, all the while calling out for help. By the time other rescuers reached the spot he was free, and after pouring some vodka through his clenched teeth, they put him in an "arba," a rustic vehicle used by the people of those parts, and took him to the village. They chafed his limbs until the blood began to circulate, and at length he opened his eyes on the world again. But it was a very different world



The ropes were a torture to man and beast alike, and every jerk that was an agony to her unwilling rider only served to renew the fury of his steed



Mazeppa as Hetman of the Cossacks. For twenty years he ruled with justice and firmness, accomplishing the difficult task of gaining the confidence of Peter the Great

from the one he had left. Although he felt as if every bone in his body had been broken, yet it seemed to him as though he were waking from a terrible dream. Never had anyone inspired in him such a sense of gratitude as these smiling country folk around his bed. They listened to his story with interest and sympathy, and were in their turn able to fill in the final chapter for him.

He was amazed at their hospitality, after all the hair-raising stories he could remember hearing about how brutal they were. The Cossacks were always thought of as barbarians and brigands, rebelling against any form of civilisation, and he could not help comparing the kindness with which they treated him, with the horror he had been forced to suffer by the so-called civilised world.

In their hands his strength soon began to pick up again, and it was not very long before he was in command of all his former health and vigour, interesting himself in the life around him and gradually becoming acquainted with the peculiar customs of these fugitives from recognised law and order who so bitterly resented the name of Russians being applied to them. He conceived a tremendous admiration for them, as a brave race defending its freedom, and soon, in addition, he began to share their taste for war, for sport and hunting.

Although the manner of their lives was primitive, these Cossacks had a true sense of aristocracy amongst themselves, and they were united in their hatred of the Russian soldiers who were sent to keep order in their tribe. They felt an almost equal hatred for the genuine Russian country people, but they would warmly accept as a friend anyone who was ready to respect their customs and conform to their mode of life, with which they would brook no outside interference. Their villages, neatly and solidly built, were quite different from those of the surrounding country. There was, for instance, at the entrance to each of them a notice which stated how many houses it contained and the size of the population. The houses themselves, constructed in every case three feet above the ground, had large windows and balconies and were generally adorned with climbing plants and sunflowers. They were always kept spotlessly tidy by the women, who were very strongly developed physically and on whom the burden of all the heavy work fell. And yet the women, far from being in the position of slaves, actually dominated their households and to a great extent their husbands.

MAZEPPA soon learnt that his good looks appealed to the girls, who, until the time of their marriage, were allowed singular freedom in their relations with men. And they, in their picturesque and richly embroidered costumes, had just that vitality and grace which was needed to make him throw himself with ardour into a new life and forget about the old. He found, moreover, that the companionship of his new men friends was entirely to his liking, and he loved to join them in their occupations. Always on the move with them, always ready for some fresh military venture, never at home during the day, he came to share their pride in maintaining the smartness of their picturesque native dress and to imitate them in the trouble they went to in keeping their Circassian weapons bright and burnished. It was from the Circassians, also, that they used to get (not always by the most honest means) the best of their horses.

He came to like their home-made wine and to accept the Cossack view that intoxication, which in Poland had been regarded as a vice, was, in fact, an altogether normal and proper state in which to finish the evening. Before long he had assumed just that air of swagger and bravado that was characteristic of them, and urged on by their example, began to distinguish himself in any enterprise that he undertook. Moreover, his better education and a terrific fund of natural energy, placed him well above the ordinary man, so that after a time it seemed quite reasonable that Saimlovitz, the hetman of the tribe, should choose him as his lieutenant. Everything was left in Mazeppa's hands, the hetman hoping that this young man, by his knowledge and experience, would succeed in reinstating him in the good opinion of the Regent Sophia of Russia.

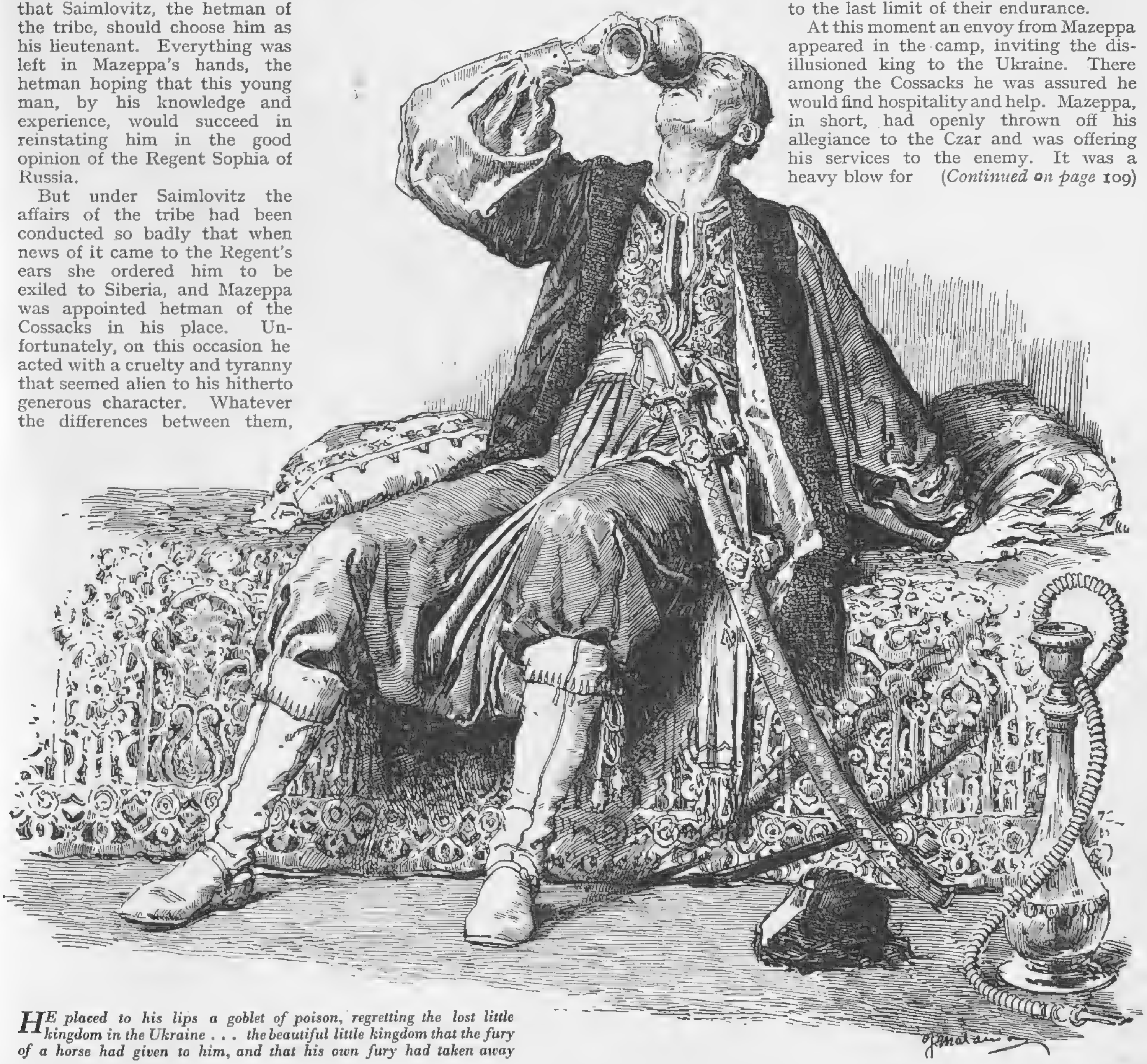
But under Saimlovitz the affairs of the tribe had been conducted so badly that when news of it came to the Regent's ears she ordered him to be exiled to Siberia, and Mazeppa was appointed hetman of the Cossacks in his place. Unfortunately, on this occasion he acted with a cruelty and tyranny that seemed alien to his hitherto generous character. Whatever the differences between them, Saimlovitz had been his benefactor, yet when he fell into disgrace Mazeppa did not lift a finger to help him, and even sacrificed his two sons. This action greatly diminished his popularity and brought it home to him that, for all their apparent wildness and unruliness, the Cossacks had a strong sense of justice, and from then on he made it his object to rule them by inspiring their affection and respect rather than by making them obedient to him through fear.

Once firmly established as hetman, he kept this position for twenty years, and during that time accomplished the difficult task of gaining the confidence of Russia's most famous Emperor, Peter the Great, despite the traditional hostility that existed between the Czar and the untamed Cossack tribes. The shrewd Peter knew very well that only through their hetman could he exercise any degree of control over these supposedly uncontrollable people; and when, calling on the Cossacks to assist him at the Battle of Azoff, they fought like heroes and its capture was effected, his confidence in Mazeppa's faithfulness knew no bounds. At the same time he tried to make use of that faithfulness to enforce various reforms among the Cossacks that were utterly distasteful to them, and Mazeppa openly resisted this pressure. At length Peter lost patience and replied to the hetman with a diplomatic affront that wounded him deeply, and although at the time he swallowed his pride and gave no sign, yet secretly he swore that sooner or later he would avenge the insult.

It was in the spring of 1708 that his opportunity to do so came. King Charles XII of Sweden had won a great victory over Russia at Golowstchen, defeating an army of twenty thousand men, and intoxicated by his success had refused Peter's offer of peace, with the proud boast that only within the walls of Moscow would he be prepared to discuss the terms of a settlement. Upon this he crossed the frontier and started to advance towards the capital. But Peter had been too quick for him, and he found the roads blown up with gunpowder and the surrounding country laid entirely waste. The advance of the Swedish army was arrested; their guns were sinking in the mud, their horses dying of starvation and the men were exhausted to the last limit of their endurance.

At this moment an envoy from Mazeppa appeared in the camp, inviting the disillusioned king to the Ukraine. There among the Cossacks he was assured he would find hospitality and help. Mazeppa, in short, had openly thrown off his allegiance to the Czar and was offering his services to the enemy. It was a heavy blow for

(*Continued on page* 109)



HE placed to his lips a goblet of poison, regretting the lost little kingdom in the Ukraine . . . the beautiful little kingdom that the fury of a horse had given to him, and that his own fury had taken away

Queenless Europe

A Queenless Kingdom is hardly more to be commended than an Adamless Eden

By Ferdinand Tuohy

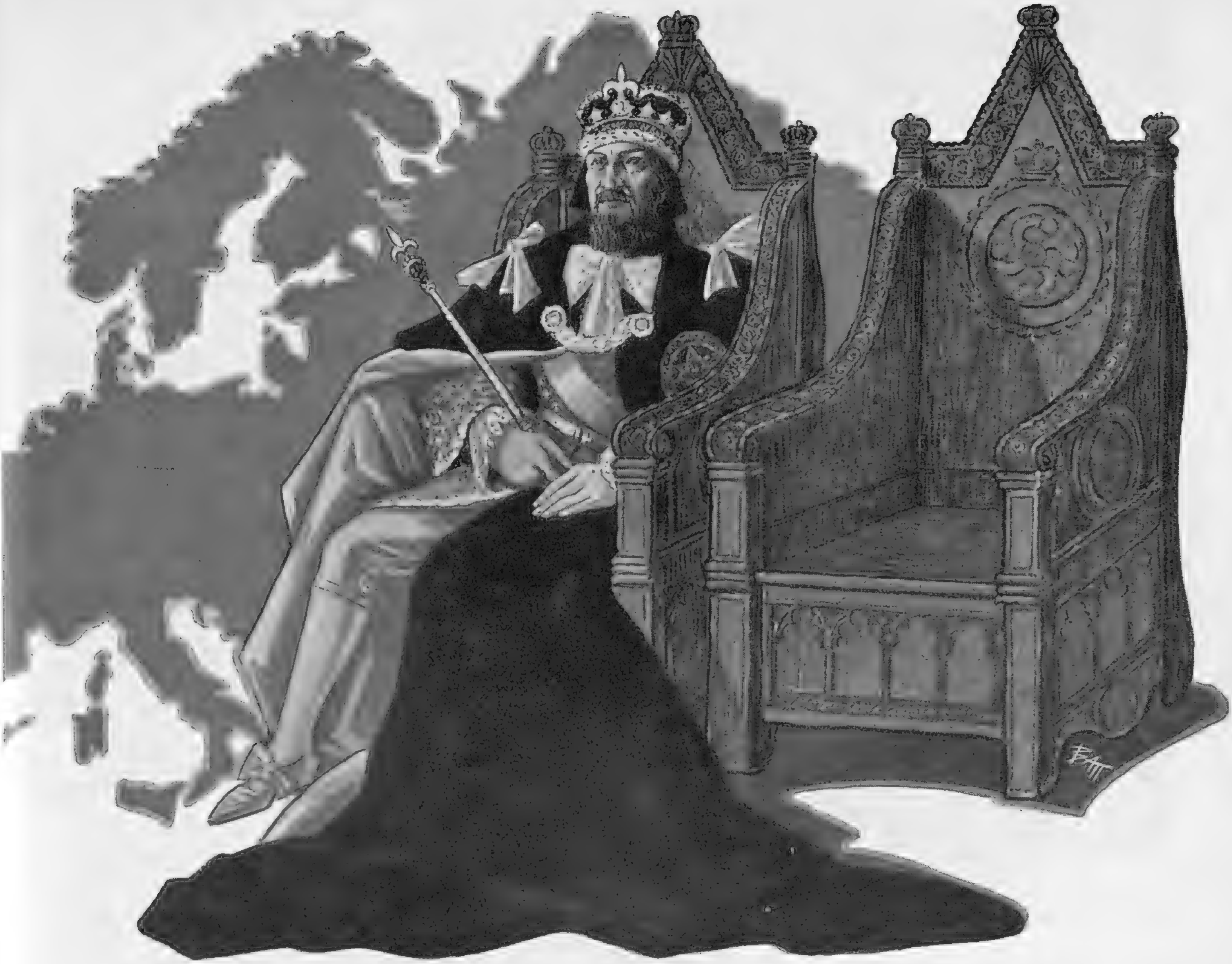
THE absence of a queen to be crowned in the Abbey next May (unless, of course, there should be a last-moment royal marriage) serves as a reminder of the unexampled eclipse of queenship that has become associated with contemporary Europe.

Steadily, relentlessly, from this cause and that, death, violence, divorce, separation, dethronement, reigning feminine sovereignty has dwindled and diminished in the post-war years until where formerly were a dozen or more enthroned queens or empresses, to-day but five survive, and but one of these a woman of any personality.

May there exist some connection, however slight, between this fading-out of womanly influence in or adjacent to the seats of the mighty and the grim condition into which Europe has fallen, as a whole? It is more than likely, as an instance, that did the former Empress Zita come to prevail anywhere in the vicinity of a revived Hapsburg regime, her influence would be cast wholly and practically on the side of peace, as it was in 1917. Nor is this the only example one could cite in support of the argument. A dethroned Queen of Spain is spoken of as being extensively missed. While as for an Astrid. . . .

Looking at it in another way, those men whose hectic advent meant the departure of more than one queen, the dictators . . . the dictators prefer what? Delicate question, aside from blondes and brunettes! It can be safely hazarded that the four most dynamic of their number have shown little respect for feminine counsel or gifts. Exclu-

EUROPE'S five reigning Queens. (Left in circle) Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria. (Top left) Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. (Top right) Queen Elena of Italy. (Left) The Queen of Denmark and (right) The Queen of Norway



sively a male job (they reason) running Europe. Mussolini's consort, Dona Rachel, inhabits a backwater whence she was lately extracted in order to put up a show of war work. The only woman to be linked intellectually with the Duce's name has been the sculptress, Signora Sarfatti, who has acted as liaison with distinguished visitors and done Fascist literary work, yet it seems probable that the most influential representative of her sex with the Roman Dictator is his married daughter, Edda, who is not adored or listened to the less for her standing up to Poppa, and even ragging him.

Edda's position obviously enhances the future chances of her husband, the young Count Ciano, Minister of Propaganda and leader of the "Disparata" squadron in Ethiopia. A Ciano as Duce some day would be keeping it in the family.

In Hitler's case the obliteration of the deadlier of the species is even more pronounced. The Führer does not dislike women, but he avoids them, it being considered unlikely that he has ever—well, had an "affaire" in his life. There have been names and names, this actress, that member of the intelligentsia, yet only two women seem to have got at all near to the handsome Adolf (as he used to be called), and one of these recently departed to get married late in life, the sister who kept house for the lonely bachelor Führer up at Berchtesgaden, in the Bavarian Alps. The other is Leni Riefenstahl, the film star and producer.

How watchful Hitler is in this realm may be guessed from the seizure "by request" of the weekly edition of the Paris *Journal* which had begun printing a highly-coloured serial based on his alleged amours, leading off with the startling assertion that the only one he ever loved (besides his mother) was his niece, and that in 1930 she killed herself!

DID more than a mere joke pervade the remark addressed by a Labour M.P. to Mr. Eden, to the effect that the Foreign Secretary might devote some of his time and energy to finding Hitler a wife "and then we'd all have a little peace"?

Atta Turk Kemal's attitude towards the sex is well known. He likes it. But not around his business premises; preferably late into the night, when strong waters flow and the creator of modern Turkey is wont to make merry with his tough cronies who are also his bodyguard. Ten years ago Kemal divorced a young wife who had grown too intellectual and interfering. Among other things, she wanted the vote. In course of time Kemal went far towards emancipating Turkish women, to become what he still is, their hero, but he rid himself of that too-interfering consort.

Coming to Stalin, for four years he has been without his young wife. The grandiose obsequies he decreed for her will not be forgotten. What a painting it would have made! The all-red hearse drawn by six jet-black horses over the white mantle of a Moscow winter, and the great of godless Russia trudging behind the coffin five miles out to a suburban cemetery. . . .

Stalin's wife had always been the young "comrade" and at her death was working in a State factory. Stalin keeps his two children, a boy and a girl, with him in his modest Kremlin apartment, but there is no sign of a successor to the heroine of that famous funeral. One can at least begin to understand his disinclination to tolerate feminine influence if only for the memorable page contributed by the Tsarina and her Rasputin. Two other queenly casualties of the War, Sophie of Greece and Zita of Hapsburg, earned only lesser criticism. Yet was it strictly deserved? Sophie played the game for her brother, the Kaiser, and what more natural, even if it did lead to her spying on the Allies, installed in her husband's capital? As for proud Zita, she sinned chiefly in lack of judgment with the weak Karl, spurring him on to hopeless attempts to retrieve his crown as, in passing, she

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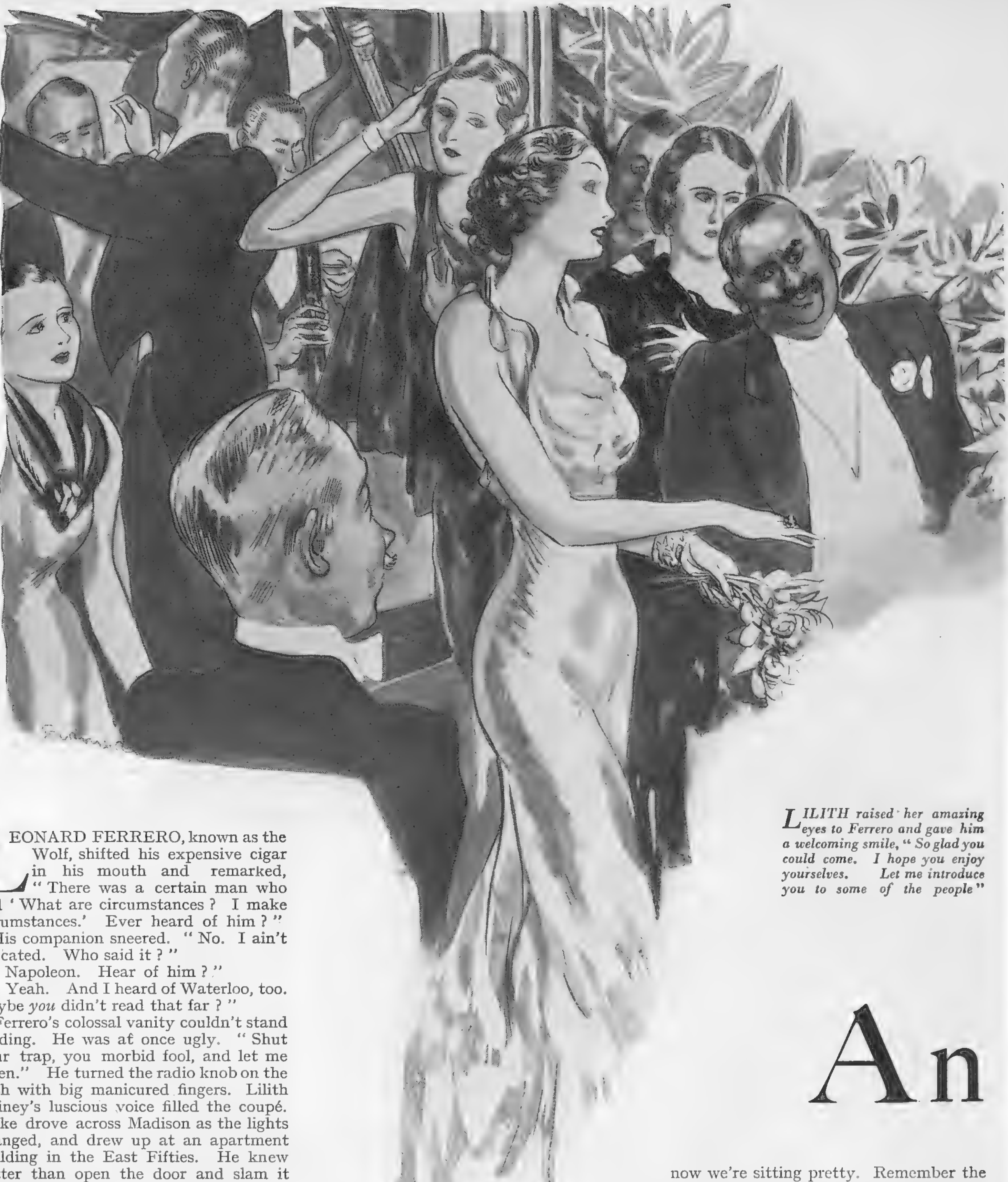


LILITH raised her amazing eyes to Ferrero and gave him a welcoming smile, " So glad you could come. I hope you enjoy yourselves. Let me introduce you to some of the people "

An

LEONARD FERRERO, known as the Wolf, shifted his expensive cigar in his mouth and remarked, " There was a certain man who said ' What are circumstances ? I make circumstances.' Ever heard of him ? "

His companion sneered. " No. I ain't educated. Who said it ? "

" Napoleon. Hear of him ? "

" Yeah. And I heard of Waterloo, too. Maybe *you* didn't read that far ? "

Ferrero's colossal vanity couldn't stand kidding. He was at once ugly. " Shut your trap, you morbid fool, and let me listen." He turned the radio knob on the dash with big manicured fingers. Lilith Rainey's luscious voice filled the coupé. Spike drove across Madison as the lights changed, and drew up at an apartment building in the East Fifties. He knew better than open the door and slam it while the English singer was on the air. He talked back to the Wolf as none of the others dared, but he also was afraid of the cold-hearted savage.

Lilith Rainey hadn't an opera voice, but there was a dark sweetness in it that fired the senses. She was the undisputed success of the season. Ferrero listened avidly as if her love song were for him, and thought of her romantic beauty with mounting desire. He wasn't the only man Lilith's success affected this way, but he was the only one who could stick at nothing to get what he wanted.

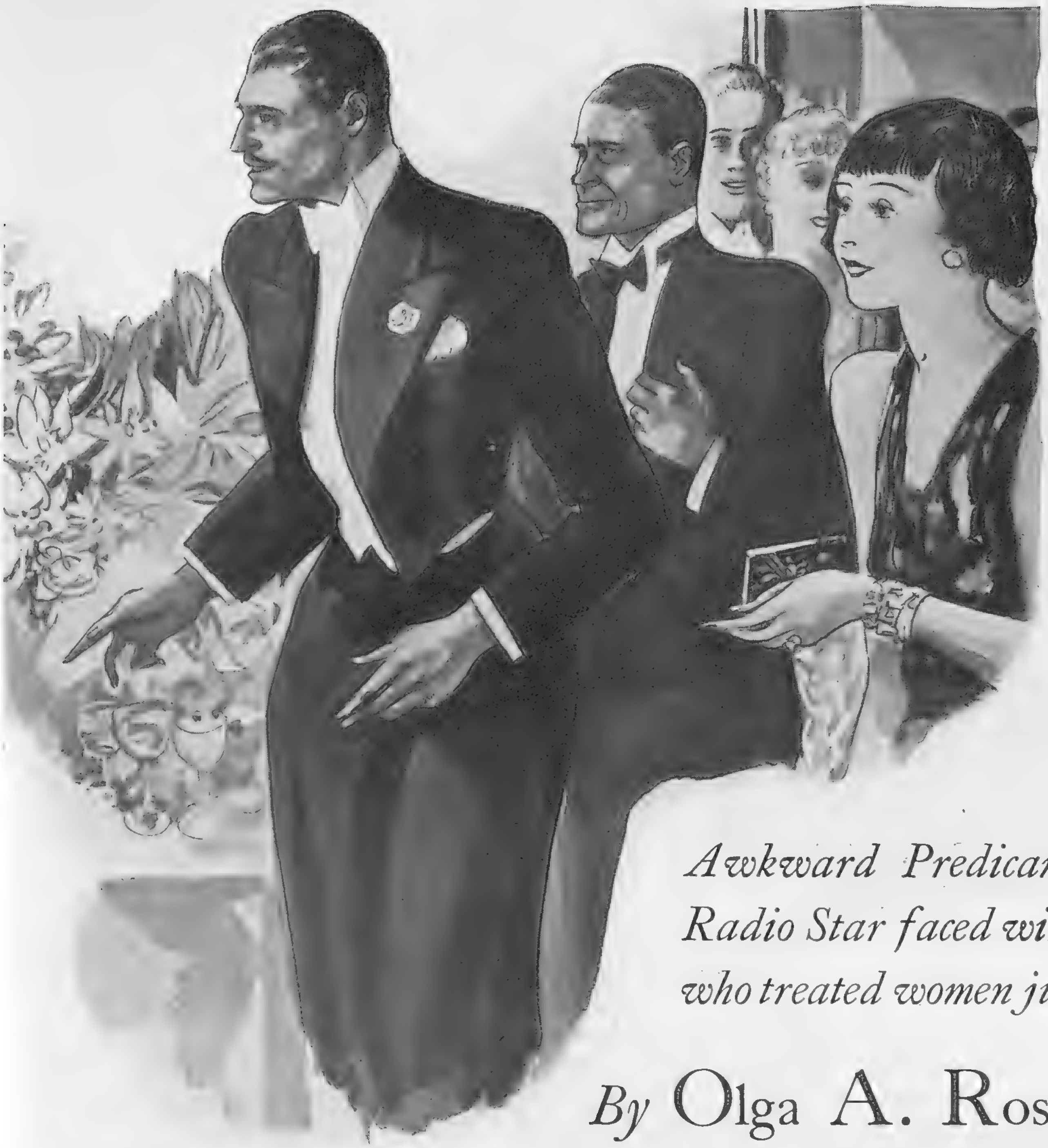
The little English girl had come to New York to try her luck. Now as a radio star she was singing the hit which had trebled her fan mail in one week. " I've his heart, and I'm not lonely," crooned her passionate voice in the darkness of the car, " I'm waiting till my love comes home."

Ferrero switched off before the announcer should break the spell. His palms were sweating. Hell, how that girl's voice got under his hide. " Now," he said, " what did you fix for us ? "

Spike tried again. " A dame like that in tow will be the ruin of us. You couldn't hide her. She's public property. Look—now we're sitting pretty. Remember the Carden dame——"

Ferrero could put an edge on his voice that felt like a knife at a bare throat. " Can I believe my ears ? " he enquired. It was enough. " All right—all right. Let's go to the devil if you say so. I called on Popolo about the party to-night. He said come—we'd be welcome."

Ferrero laughed shortly. Popolo was a Greek night-club proprietor who would be putting it away if his contribution to the Wolf's living expenses wasn't sapping the life-blood out of his business. Spike was still troubled. The Carden dame had squealed so much that Ferrero had shot her, and he, Spike, had had a hell of a time driving round in the dark trying to dispose



Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

Awkward Predicament of a Radio Star faced with a Thug who treated women just anyhow

By Olga A. Rosmanith

Affair *of the* Heart

of her body. He said, " I suppose you know why they're throwing the party ? It's to announce her engagement to the fellow who leads the Greek Club band. Pete Sullivan, the name."

" Gone on him ? "

" And *how*—they say."

" Fine. You can take care of him."

" You get the honeymoon—and I get the dirty work."

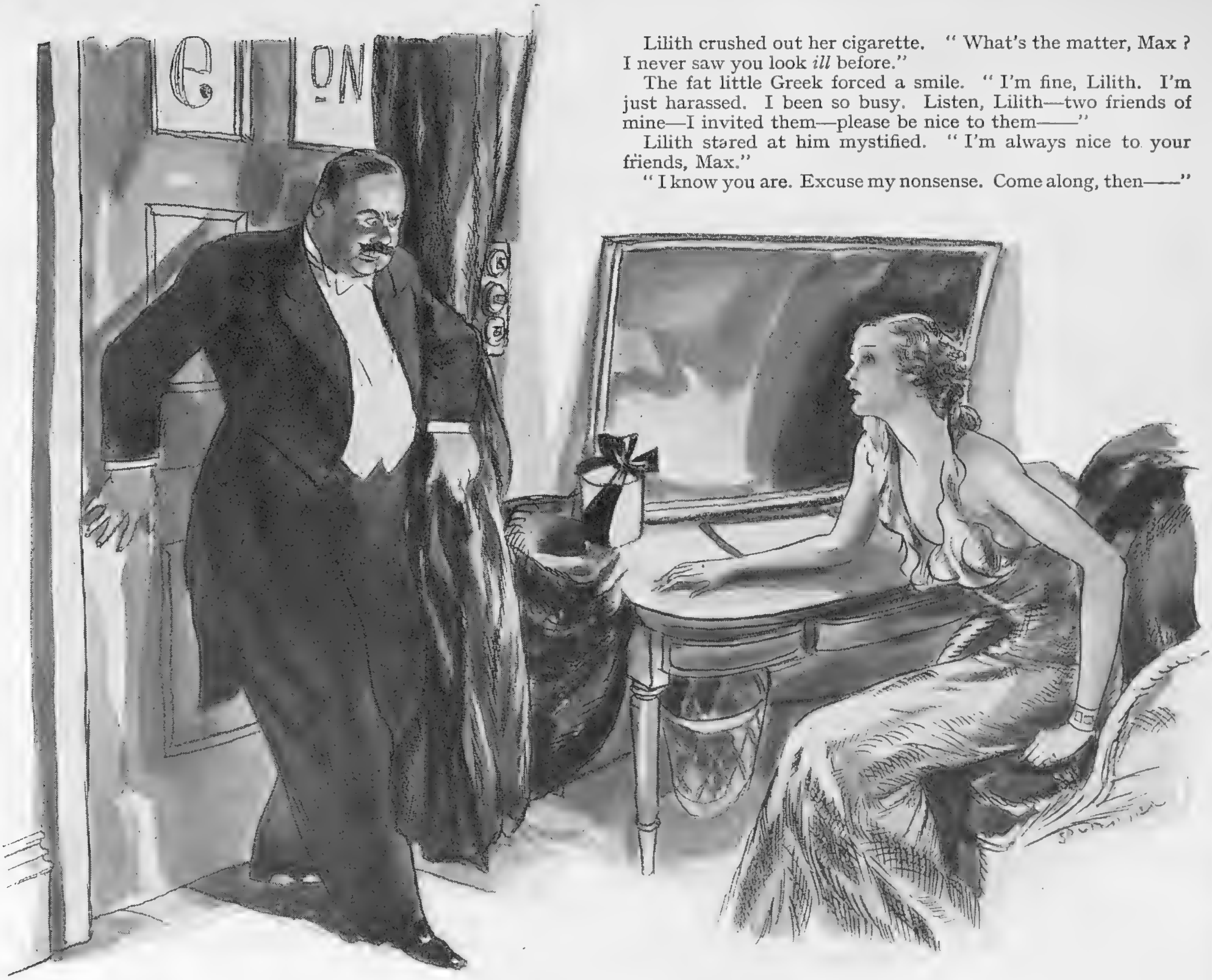
The Wolf did not answer. He opened the coupé door and stepped out, whistling softly. Up in his apartment he made ready for Lilith's engagement party. He tied his white tie with an expert hand, stepped back from the glass and appraised himself with satisfaction. He was tall and coarsely handsome, thick, dark hair springing strongly from his skull in a debonair wave, dark bushy brows, a shallow sloping forehead, a strong flaring nose, a jaw like the prow of a battleship, a sensual mouth and uncannily light ice-blue eyes. He found nothing repellent in his eyes. He liked himself.

WHILE Ferrero poured himself a drink, Lilith stood in her step-ins, and looked over her dresses. She loved the good things of life and she revelled in her fantastic success. She lived in a new ultra-modern ultra-luxurious hotel with its feet near Central Park and its spire scraping heaven. A Roman emperor would have felt very much at home in the bathroom and dressing-room of her cloud-level apartment. She slid the great doors of the wardrobe back and forth while her coloured maid took things out and put them back. She decided at last on the clinging gold that gave her the lure of a Cleopatra and was decidedly frank about her figure.

" Miss Lilith," Rosy crooned in her lilting voice, " you sho' look lovely."

" For life's greatest moment, Rosy—I sho' ought to."

The maid laughed affectionately. Everybody loved Lilith. Success hadn't spoiled her. She was as generous as she was extravagant, and as courageous as she was clever. The telephone rang and Rosy answered it. " That's Mr. Sullivan waiting downstairs, Miss Lilith. You'll



POPOLO leaped to the door and stood with his back to it. " No you don't, Lilith "

sho' have to hurry." Lilith pinned an oval cabochon ruby rimmed with diamonds in the gold V at her bosom, and took her chinchilla coat from Rosy. " Don't bother to wait for me," she said, " I'll be late. Go and have a good time and come back in the morning."

Pete Sullivan waited for her in the gold and vermillion entrance hall. He was slim and blond like a young Viking, a perfect foil for her passionate colour scheme of bronze and jewel blue and faintly warm ivory. They went out to his car, got in and he took her into his arms. " I'm so terribly in love with you, Lilith—doesn't seem possible I could love you any more—but I do—every day—every hour—every minute."

" Too good to be true," sighed the girl, " having everything. I wake up and think it's all a dream. Then I see you again—and you're more wonderful than you were yesterday—everything's more wonderful——"

She stopped breathless. Pete kissed her again, and all the magic love had distilled through the ages beat anew in their young bodies. " Marry me soon, darling, or I'll go crazy——"

" We've nothing to wait for, Pete." The low, marvellous laughter that millions idolised on the air. " Any time you like—yesterday—to-day—to-morrow——"

" To-morrow it is, then ? "

" To-morrow—— "

He pressed the starter, slid into gear, and turned west towards Broadway. The Greek Club was in a little alley not a hundred yards from Times Square. Lilith went into her old dressing-room, rearranged her bronze curls and smoked a cigarette slowly while Pete went out and warmed up the band. Her image in the old glass brought memories of the days when Pete had first tried her out. What dizzy heights she had climbed somehow since then !

Max Popolo came knocking at the door. " Well, well," he said, " dreaming here ! Don't you care the people are all arriving for your party ? "

Lilith crushed out her cigarette. " What's the matter, Max ? I never saw you look *ill* before."

The fat little Greek forced a smile. " I'm fine, Lilith. I'm just harassed. I been so busy. Listen, Lilith—two friends of mine—I invited them—please be nice to them——"

Lilith stared at him mystified. " I'm always nice to your friends, Max."

" I know you are. Excuse my nonsense. Come along, then——"

Ferrero was standing by the immense flower-decorated table when Lilith entered the club. Her eyes were radiant with excitement, as stunningly blue as gentians in the snow. Her face had all the capacity of her voice to express the joy and adventure of loving. He clenched his fists as she approached, that he should not reach out and put his hands on her. Her waist was so small in the gold of her frock, her white neck so delicate. Popolo said, " Look, Lilith, two friends that want to know you. Mr. Denis and Mr. Leonard."

Lilith raised her amazing eyes to Ferrero and gave him a welcoming smile. " So glad you could come. I hope you enjoy yourselves. Let me introduce you to some of the people."

Pete lifted his baton, and the orchestra burst into dance rhythm. Lilith did not like the look of Ferrero's light animal eyes, but Max had made a point of asking her to be nice to him. He was standing ready. She nodded and was at once seized in his powerful arms. Her intuitive dislike surged up in her. There was something unforgivably intimate, even savage, in the way he was holding her. " I've had a hard day to-day," she told him, " rehearsing new numbers. I'm too tired to dance well to-night."

" You're doing fine," he told her, a hot whiff of liquor and tobacco touching her cheek. " Lean on me." And he tightened his greedy hold on her till she felt the damp heat of his arms through their thin black cloth. Lilith sickened. " Let me go," she said, halting. " I tell you I've had enough. I'm too tired to be on my feet."

But he swept her on as helpless in his iron grip as an india-rubber doll. He laughed, showing dazzling white teeth. " You don't like me, do you ? " He seemed rather pleased about it. " Well, you're going to. There's going to be plenty dancing for you and me from now on."

Lilith moved in step with him while she considered her predicament. The Greek was evidently afraid of him. He was probably tight, and would on the slightest provocation make a scene, a thing to be avoided at all costs at her engagement party. No breath of scandal had ever touched her. "I shall look forward to that," she replied politely, "but another time I'll feel good and I'll be dancing better."

His hot fingers moved on her ribs. "You dance like an angel—and you feel like one. I knew you would." The music ended on a sudden wail and Lilith escaped. Popolo found her taking refuge in the little old dressing-room. "Lilith," he entreated, "won't you please come? Mr. Leonard is asking for you."

She pushed home the bolt. "I'm surprised at you, Max. Tell him I'm sick. You know what to-night means."

"I got something to tell you, Lilith. Open the door for me." There was a desperate note in his voice and Lilith responded. He walked in, face white as chalk and perspiration gleaming at his hairline. "That's Leonard Ferrero, known as the Wolf. Women are his weakness. He says he never failed with one. If *you* give him the air, he'll start in and ruin me—"

"As if he could!" said Lilith disdainfully. "I never heard of the animal."

"You've heard of the Mayor, haven't you? That's the fellow that runs the other half of Manhattan."

"Easy, Max, if all the people he drops in on are all that afraid of him."

"I ain't afraid to die," said the Greek. "I just don't want to."

Lilith's eyes opened wide. "You mean he'd *kill* anyone?"

"Sure. I told the man Denis to lay off acting the dope round my club and he digs me in the ribs and says 'Ever hear what happened to old man Silver?' Old Silver acted independent when they hung around his club trying to collect, so they lay for him and took him for a ride."

"You mean the man I danced with is a *murderer*?"

"I suspect, Lilith. Him or his pals. And I hate to ask you, but I want you to go out and dance with him again and get him out of the place quietly with no bad feeling."

Lilith sat back in her chair and looked at Popolo, her attitude bristling with her young defiance. "You must be mad. I'm going into your office right now to call the police. He's there for the taking. A child could think of it——"

Popolo leaped to the door and stood with his back to it. "No you don't, Lilith—and you young and happy and getting married. They don't work alone and they're as vindictive as the devil. They'd lay for you both the rest of your lives—"

A rap at the door. Popolo moved aside and opened it. The head waiter stood there looking worried. "I'm sorry, sir. I wish you'd come. Mr. Leonard's cutting up about Miss Rainey going away. Says he's coming out back to look for her."

Lilith shrugged her shoulders. "Go and tell him I'm just coming."

"Thank you, my dear," said Popolo wanly.

Lilith laughed. "You're Greek, poor Max, and that's too bad for you. I'm British and I'll deal with this person." She walked out with her gold dress swinging round her slender ankles and her head very high on her slim little neck. Ferrero rose from the table buttoning his coat. "Gee, you look lovely," he said in his thick voice. "I knew you'd get to like me. Your heart's all steamed up. I can feel it hitting on my arm. Didn't figure I was going to enjoy myself so much this evening."

Lilith followed his expert manœuvres. There was a lithe animal quality in his dancing. "It's a very nice club," she said. "It has an atmosphere, hasn't it?"

"It's you I like, Lilith. I've been planning meeting you ever since I first heard you on the air." How she hated the feel of his arm tightening round her. "No dame ever got me like you got me." If she was going to be firm, the moment was now. She looked up at him with her lovely dimpled smile. His light feline eyes made her feel cold. "Alas," she said, "that you are just a day too late."

His arm pressed still tighter. "It's never too late while a woman's free. I want you, and I'm a man that gets what he wants."

Lilith laughed outright. "This time you don't," she said. "I'm getting married to-morrow."

"Honest?" he asked.

"Honest!" He was quiet then, and moved her swiftly. If he had not been who he was, it would have been a joy to dance with him, so sure, expert and graceful was he. He said, when the music stopped, "I think I'll go. I've had enough. I hope you'll be happy."

So this was the Wolf who got what he wanted. Murderer? Not he. Lilith said wickedly: "Thank you. Too bad I didn't see you first."

The atmosphere lightened when the intruders had gone. One of the saxophonists took Pete's baton and he took his place by Lilith at the supper table. The party lingered till the small hours, dancing and flirting, laughing and talking. Lilith couldn't resist teasing Popolo when she looked into his office to bid him good-night. "Look what little Lilith did to your devouring wolf! Just opened her mouth and blew him away."

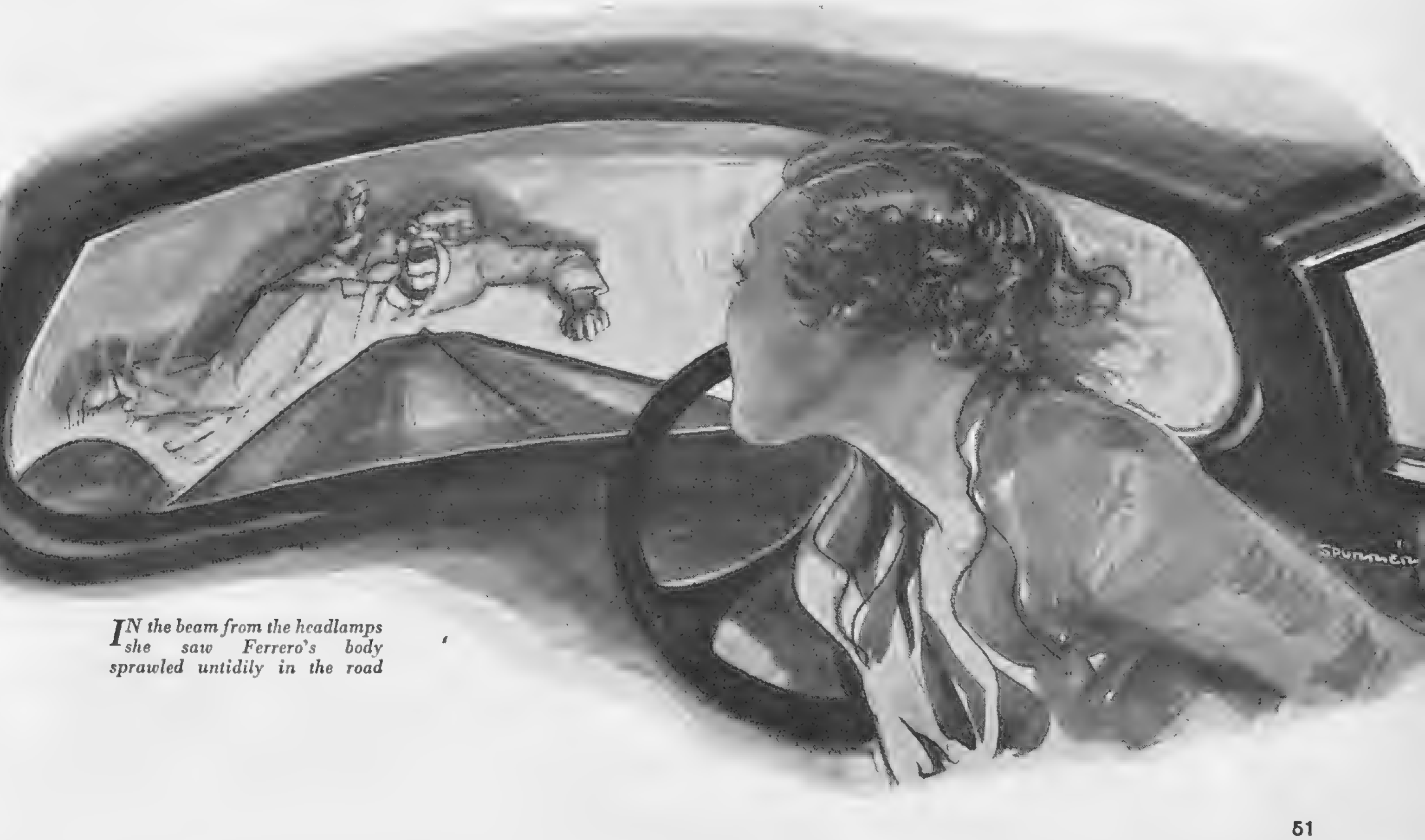
Popolo said, unsmiling, "How safe is your hotel apartment?"

"Safe as a bank, dear. Only a fly could crawl to my windows and they call me on the telephone before they send visitors to my door." He opened a drawer in his desk, took out an automatic, slipped it into her glittering bag. "Don't tell Pete you had any bother. He's impulsive and headstrong. They'll rub him out if he looks for trouble. When do you marry?"

Lilith picked up her bag, heavy with the weapon. "Thanks, Max, I'll take it. To-morrow."

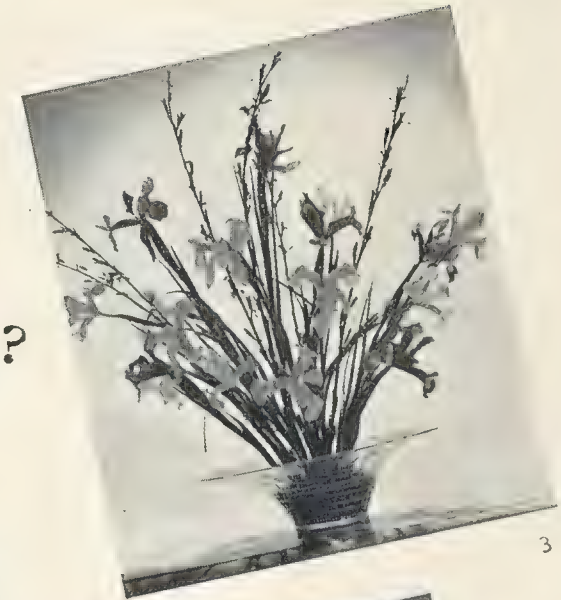
Popolo smiled.

(*Continued on page* 123)



In the beam from the headlamps she saw Ferrero's body sprawled untidily in the road

WHAT SHALL WE GIVE THEM?



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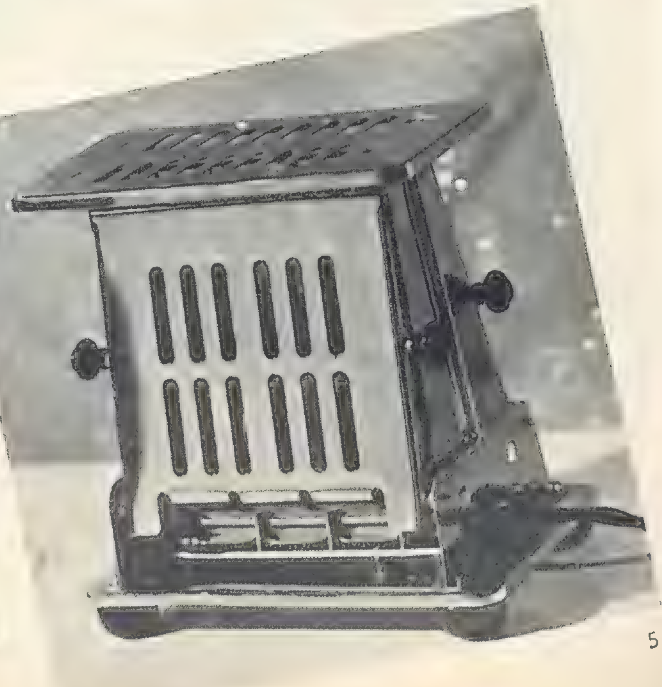

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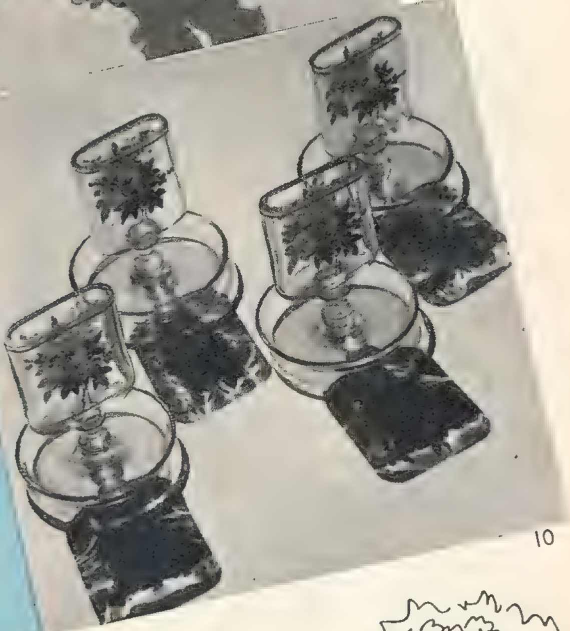

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JUNE WEDDING

For them, bride and groom, the romance of the present, the happiness and responsibilities of the future. For you, friend and relative, the fun of toasting them and the practical business of giving something they will like and use, not for prominent display only when you come to dinner.

So, to save you trouble, we scouted round the town looking for ten good-looking wedding presents . . . and found them. Here they are, ranging in price from 17/6 to £1 10/-.

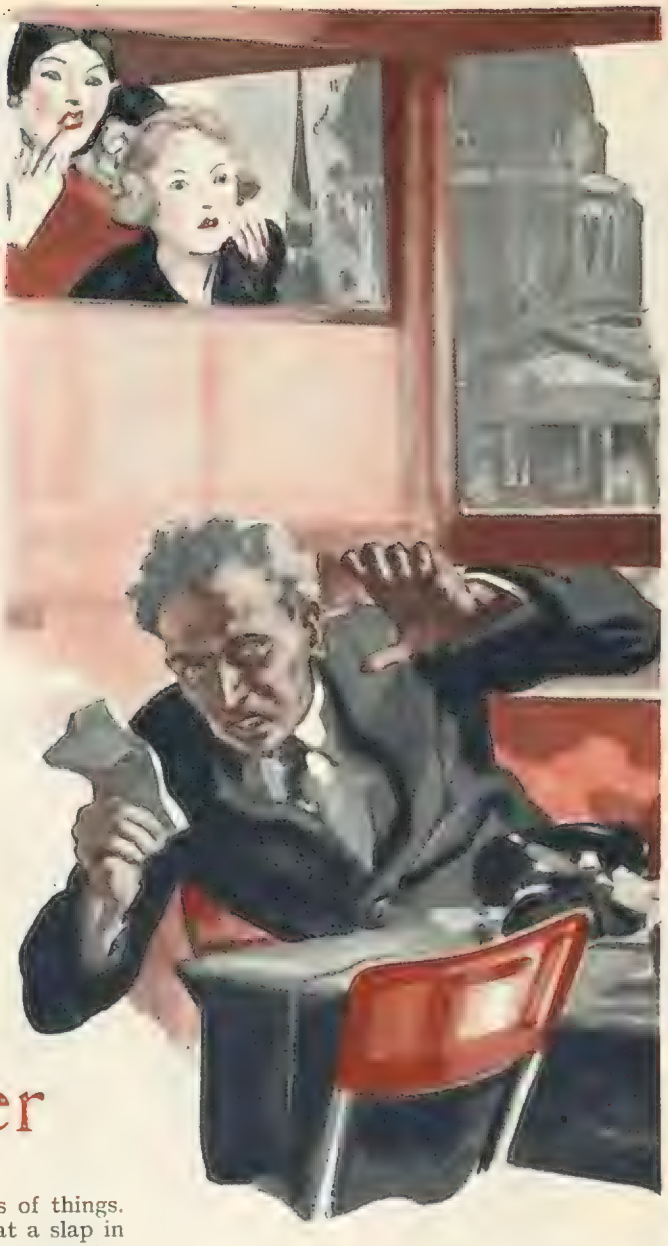
1. Glass coffee cups and saucers with painted dots, silver bands round the edges, 3/11 each. Mirror tray with chromium surround 7/9
2. Set of six afternoon tea knives with saw-edged bread and cake knives, all stainless blades, in case - - - - - - 18/6
3. Powell's Whitefriar glass bowl vase with white stripes - 22/6
4. Glazed pottery lamp with cord bound buckram shade, in green or cream - - - - - - - - - - - 20/-
5. Magnet Electric Toaster - - - - - - - - 17/6
6. Pewter teapot, sugar-bowl and cream-jug - - - - 30/-
7. Walnut-wood salad-bowl, 16/6. Servers - - - - 3/9
8. Seventeen-piece set in embroidered organdie, obtainable in green, yellow and cream - - - - - - - - 27/6
9. Royal Staffordshire china flower centre piece 13/6, six place card holders 2/9 each, six finger bowl flowers - - 1/9 each
10. Painted glass cigarette and ashtray stands for the dinner-table 8/6 each

Write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing stamped envelope, for the addresses from which these presents may be obtained.

Never tell the Truth

A Painful Warning to Ambitious Dramatic Critics

By Hannen Swaffer



A GREAT wave of excitement had gone, that year, right across the world of Criticism.

One dramatic critic had dared to print a few words of Truth. Bubble reputations were pricked. People who were used to riding a high horse found themselves unseated and compelled to walk. One actress who, for forty years, had played juvenile parts actually talked—for a whole week—of retiring.

" The bowling is better than the batting this year," said one manager, in despair.

For years, dull critics had written essays on the Theatre, columns in length, especially when it did not matter. They were as long as Clement Scott, and nearly as dead. The more they had been bored at a theatre, the more they bored their readers with milk-and-water descriptions of it.

And then there arrived, suddenly, a Very Wicked Man who, in a few short paragraphs, dared to say a bit of what he thought. Several theatres were barred to him. Leading actors and actresses plotted for his dismissal.

And then, one very exciting day, a leading lady who could otherwise call no attention to herself smacked the wicked critic's face in a smart restaurant when it was crowded, and thought herself a sort of Joan of Arc.

She hoped it would ruin the wicked critic, who had said something cynical about her voice. Actually he got the publicity—and she went back to obscurity in the United States.

Well, out of that arose lots of things. Other critics who thought that a slap in the face would be cheap at an extra £1,000 a year strove to be daring, also.

One, having seen how the Very Wicked Critic had mocked at Shaw, derided Pirandello, but then, unable to defend himself from the bombardment of his readers, ran away. Another laughed at Galsworthy, and apologised very quickly. One sneered at Shakespeare, not knowing that Shaw had done that years ago.

But no one took any notice of any of them until Wilfrid Murdock arose. Wilfrid Murdock outsmarted Smartie.

" A slap in the face wouldn't frighten me," he said. " I'd stand a sock on the jaw to make the front page."

For a whole week, he assailed the reputations of stage favourites. Indeed, he even said, one day, mocking at all the young playwrights of the Cocktail Set, " In these days, every man is a Coward to his valet."

Then, too, he remarked, of a prima donna, " She wants a nice pull-up for Carmen."

" They may throw me out of a theatre," he wrote once, " but the devils can't throw me in." And when, walking home at night, he passed a playhouse from which he was barred, he would raise his hat to the name of the play, bow politely, and say, " Thank heavens I haven't got to see you to-night."

A few words of truth may do a lot of things. Wilfrid Murdock found himself mentioned by comedians on the wireless. He was burlesqued in revues, and his fierceness became the theme of topical songs.

He even thought, one day, of letting his hair grow.

But trouble soon loomed ahead of him. He could not guess what kind. . . .

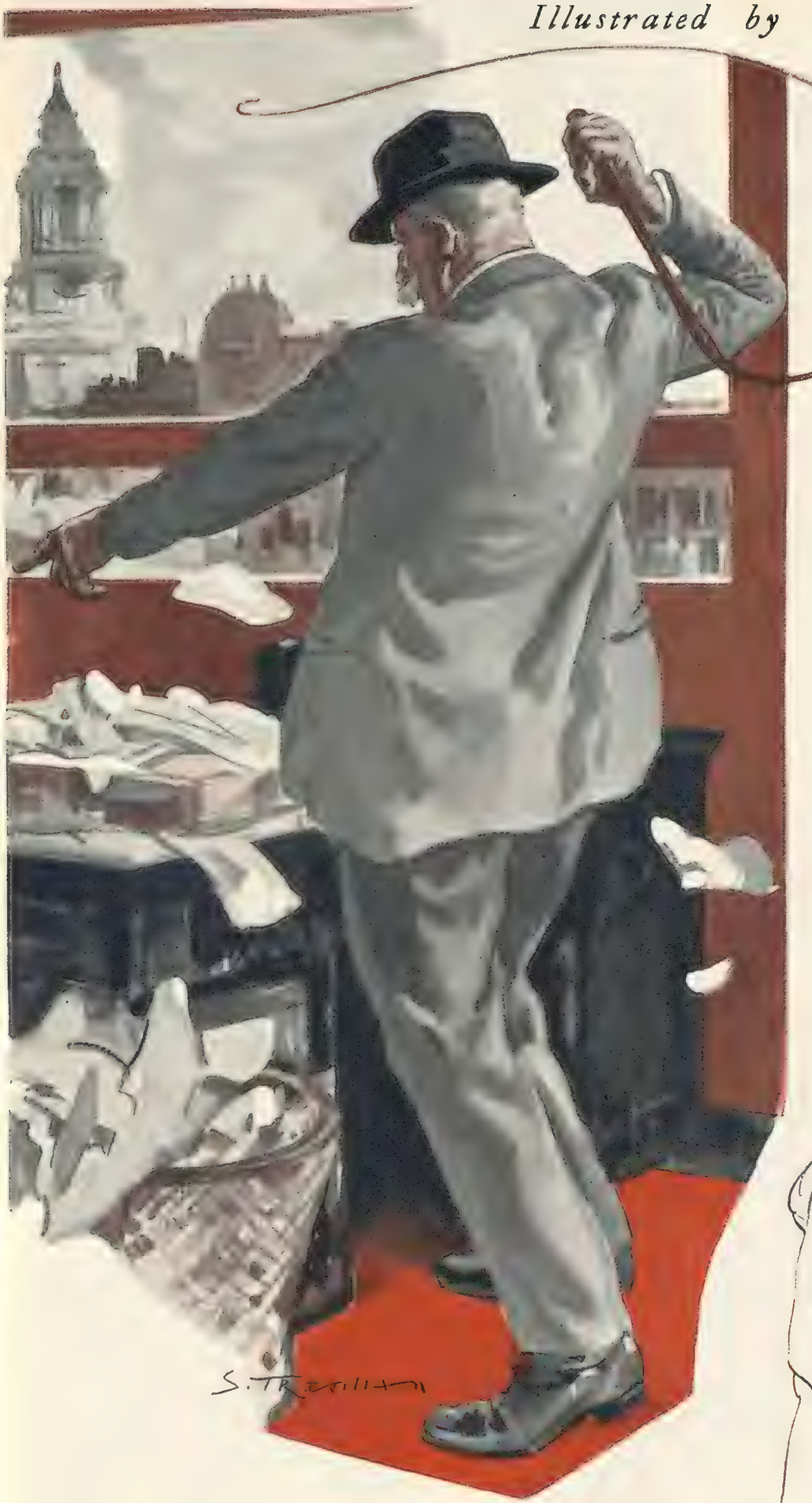
YOU all know, of course, the office of the *Daily Scream*. Magnum, the millionaire newspaper proprietor, who built it, meant it to be his monument.

" I don't care if they laugh," he said. " When driving west, after visiting the Tower of London where Sir Walter Raleigh lost his head, I want people to look at my building and say, ' That's where Magnum lost his.' It's when they talk that they buy."

Awed by its modernity, the young staff, when they go in, try to look like Robots, not knowing that is what they are. There was only one Magnum ; they were only of the half-pint measure.

The *Daily Scream* office looks like a little bit of " Metropolis," dumped down near St. Paul's. The reflections of the motor buses going by look like television come true. Indeed H. G. Wells, they say, while going past during an interval of making " Things To Come," remarked, " My picture at least will stop any more of that."

Illustrated by S. Tresilian



"*DON'T talk to me, Sir,*" *yelled Major Domo.* "*I've come to teach you that you cannot break up homes*"

It was high up on the top floor that Wilfrid Murdock had an office. He saw his name, and the word "Private," painted in large letters on the door. Few knew that he had had them painted there himself.

Not that, in the *Daily Scream* office, you had to ensure privacy that way. Fierce-looking commissionaires kept away madmen—and also people who brought in real news. There were forms to fill up, papers to sign, and questions to answer, and if you put "Private" after the words, "State Business," you were told, "No business is private here, except ours."

"I didn't know it was a public house," remarked one man, just before they threw him down the stairs.

So how it happened that Major Domo found his way, no one will ever know. Perhaps his fierceness frightened even that of the commissionaire who must have seen him. Perhaps, having asked his way somewhere outside, he had run boldly up the stairs faster than even pursuit could follow. Or he may have got in by a subterfuge, and then searched the building.

Anyway, suddenly one morning, the door that bore the words, "Mr. Wilfrid Murdock—Private" was suddenly invaded. And, with Major Domo, there entered all the terrors of modern war, and, worse than that, a dog whip.

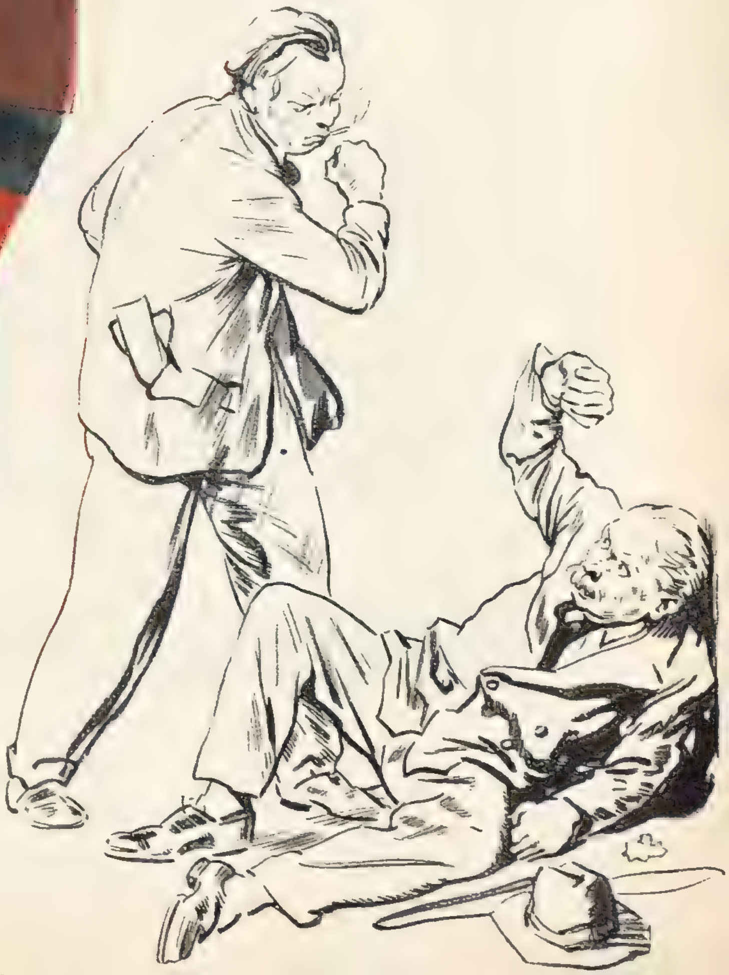
Inside, he locked the door. Then straight across the room he strode, and faced the man seated at a desk.

"Wilfrid Murdock," he shouted, "I am going to give you a damned good hiding!"

And the whip descended with the fury of a demon on the shoulders of the man seated at a desk.

A scream came, and then a broken expostulation.

(*Continued on page* 102)



FOOT EASE

LUNCHING at some crowded fashionable restaurant on summer days, has your glance ever dropped and strayed *underneath the table?*

If so, you must have been tickled to see the numberless heels, even the fine, long silk-stockinged toes, playing impudently, quite shamelessly, outside their cast-off and half-cast court shoes there.

Airing the foot-arch this is called. To kick off shoes and be free is the unconscious impulse of every man and woman on reaching the sanctuary of a table. Indeed, the first problem in warm weather is how to keep cool in shoes.

None of us seem to escape having swollen feet and ankles; and haven't we all known nights when our body and mind seems to have become one huge burning foot, after long standing, shopping, or strenuous sets of tennis in the heat.

Yet this last form of frequent and intense foot fatigue is quite unnecessary if you follow the simplest precautions. To omit them is deliberately to deny yourselves cool foot-ease and health.

* * *

At least three foot-baths a day are essential directly the thermometer rises above 70 degrees Fahrenheit. This does not include baths taken after games or walks.

The first, on rising, should be lukewarm, last five minutes, have two handfuls of common salt to every gallon of water.

The second, just before lunch (professional women, don't jib; if you cannot fix it in then, take it as soon as you get home), should be hot, have a level tablespoonful of Lysol to every gallon of water. You won't smell of disinfectant. Lysol unclogs the pores and is the quickest known "aerator" of the foot.

Change stockings after this bath.

The third, or bedtime bath, has Epsom salts, one handful, is lukewarm. Immediately after it, stand in a soup-plate of methylated spirit for three minutes—the methylated spirit counteracts any inclination towards tenderness in the soles. Leave the spirit to dry on after withdrawing the feet.

Exercises are very important. They tone up the foot-muscles which tend to sag in hot weather.

Walk about on the tips of your toes, bare-footed, when dressing after the first bath.

Then get on to the side of your feet, screwing the toes tightly in, as near round as you can to meet the heels. Now walk in this position following a straight line, either along the edge of a floorboard or rug.

A variation of this same movement is to try to hold the towel in the sole of one foot to dry the other after the mid-day bath.

This will pleasantly articulate and free the foot-muscles. It is as necessary now, as in the cold weather, to have your circulation and body currents flowing.

* * *

After the bedtime bath, take each foot in both hands and twist and work the toes violently up and down. Knead between the joints, hard, and press up along the main bone of the foot.

Then push the foot up at the ankle joint to meet the leg. Try to turn the ankle round and round, kneading here again, wherever your fingers can get in. By this means you will break down the formation of any uric acid crystals and impart a wonderful sense of freshness to the feet. No night-ache or burn is possible after this manipulation.

Always change your shoes at least three times a day. Leather soles grown hard with perspiration induce calloused or thick-skinned feet. From calloused feet come corns and every kind of trouble-making disfigurement.

Above all, don't splurge around all the time in canvas shoes and rubber soles, or any other footwear that gives you inadequate support.

* * *

Sixty per cent. of our population suffer from collapsed transverse arches—that is, when the toes overlap, the outer knuckle of the big toe swells and protrudes, and a painful lump appears in the ball of the foot from wearing *too thin summer shoes*.

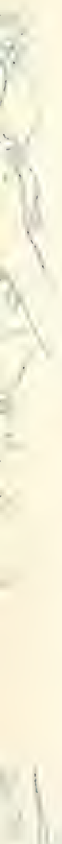
I had to tell you. Forewarned is forearmed. Redouble any attention to foot-weakness now. If you have to stand about much, yet easily grow tired, have your instep "cupped." That is, choose a shoe with a steel arch imbedded in the soles.

This will not add size or weight to the appearance—for the shoe uppers can be cut away just as you like; indeed, you will find such shoes in stock—and it will give you heaven-sent relief from strain.

Have your heels wedged if you tread over to the right or left.

* * *

See that your shoes are long enough and wide enough. This is vital. It is an established medical fact that your mental alertness will (*Continued on page* 126)



BETTER LOOKS THIS SUMMER

By Chrysis

WOMEN are almost everything by turns, in their lives. From June to October they are quick-change artists.

For it's a ceaseless move from scorching tennis courts to artificially lit dance floors; from the racecourse to the opera, from camps and sea bathes to receptions; from gardenings and hosings to garden parties, and from the all-revealing sunlight to glamour-bequeathing limelight.

A skin specialist has just sent me a *passe-partout* make-up, which will bring me through the season's variety turns looking swell on every occasion. It's truth, my daughters have already envied me, may Heaven bless him! So I spread the good news on.

Mind you, I'm not saying these devices will give you a natural peach-blossom complexion, although they will certainly improve your skin (the *Lancet* has approved of them), I'm giving you an infallible pass to looking Venus-Aphrodite under all conditions.

We start with a transformation tonic, the basis of which is undoubtedly almonds, but the remainder works like magic, soothing, healing, bleaching, and softening simultaneously.

It was made for repairing wind or sun-chafed necks, brows, noses, hands, also for removing traces of weariness, owing to the bloom it confers. So it deals equally well with exposure or haggardness.

If you want beauty advice or further details of any of the preparations mentioned in this article, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing stamped envelope.

Shake up the bottle until the liquid becomes thick and milky. Softly work it in until it disappears. Don't overlook rough top arms, scraggy elbows, comic knees. They'll be the better for a little tonic and a gentle massage.

I have often wondered what women would do if they had to go without tea. Now it's—where would I be without this "blemish cure-all"?

Perhaps you are like me and enjoy sneaking off into the garden to do a little rose pruning and nettle-pulling. Next hour you have to step into a garden-party frock.

Well, this elixir is the only thing that will make you, the frock and hat look as though you belonged.

There's a skin-balm—of the same ingredients, I suspect, only slightly stronger—to apply at night to help the good work on. Also a cleansing lotion, I advise you to use, for then your toilet preparations will be in harmony.

Never mix your aids to beauty. Let the complete set come from one firm. Then, if after a few months you feel your face would benefit by a change, treat it to an outfit from a new make entirely.

Of course, the aids I'm recommending are anti-sunburn. The tonic I have been talking about will quite definitely prevent sunburn. But that is because I do not hold with violent V patches on the neck in evening dress, or with ungovernably flushed cheek-bones and fiery nose-tips.

I like the ripe-glowing even sunburn that can be cultivated on a long holiday, which calls for leisure, unsparing attention, oils, until the skin becomes the very simulation of a luscious nectarine.

But here we are discussing how to make the best of yourself in a hurry. In a hurry, avoid sunburn. That is no reason, however, to forgo a reflection of summer's splendour in your face.

This skin man has brought out foundation lotions in eight graded shades, so that at night your cheeks can still resemble the driven snow of April's apple bloom—always the most becoming under electric light—while by day they can adopt every tone from a South Sea island's hibiscus-laden strand.

(*Continued on page* 116)

Notice, in this photograph, the smooth, satin texture of the skin. Reason is that the model used Elizabeth Arden's Screen and Stage Make-up. Though primarily intended for stage and films—all Cochran's "Follow The Sun" people use it—it is grand for being photographed, for fancy-dress balls, amateur theatricals, or when you want a specially glamorous, exotic evening make-up. It gives a youthful lustre to the skin, hides all you want hidden, brings out the best.

AND BEAUTY

(*Right*) *ARTHUR MACHEN, whose latest book, "The Cosy Room," is a collection of nineteen stories*

E. M. FORSTER, author of "Abinger Harvest." A selection of Mr. Forster's reviews and essays written during the past thirty years

ELINOR MORDAUNT, whose new novel, "Prelude to Death," will not fail to satisfy her numerous admirers

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

AMONG the new books is one, a kind of autobiography, which, with its engaging title of *Monogram* (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.) and the name of G. B. Stern beneath it, arouses lively expectations. Miss Stern is not merely a good novelist; she is the kind of good novelist to produce a first-rate volume of observations or confessions, for she seems to write from an overflowing personality. One would never be surprised to learn that her novels, long as they are, exhausted only a fraction of her energy, and that she climbed mountains, composed symphonies and carved statues as well. But before we have read very far in *Monogram* we shall most of us feel, I think, that things are not going quite right. What is the matter? Miss Stern is never, could never be, dull. Her interests are numerous, her intelligence great; and, indeed, her book makes very good reading. But it is always on the verge of being better than it actually is, and gradually one comes to the conclusion that her energy is of the kind which is uneasy when it has not some definite task to perform. In the beginning she admits that she is a little daunted by the boundlessness of her freedom, and though with characteristic courage she puts her fears behind her and rushes into space, she seems to miss the familiar limits. I incline to the belief that she was thankful when she finished what promised to be such an enjoyable holiday, and that she will be glad to be back in the office on Monday.

RETROSPECT of another kind is responsible for *Abinger Harvest* (Arnold, 12s. 6d.) in which Mr. E. M. Forster has collected from the periodicals of the last thirty years such articles, essays and reviews as he wished to preserve. The eagerness with which I open this volume is produced in me only by Mr. Forster and two of his contemporaries; in other words, I believe him to be one of the three best living writers of English. But however familiar a reader may be with his works he will be surprised, I think, at the steadiness of the level of Mr. Forster's latest book. He matured early, but he has never grown overripe, and among these occasional papers it is not easy to guess which are the earliest and which the latest. There is nothing here better than the little group of descriptive articles called "Adrift in India," and they were written in 1914. It fills me with pride to think that, for the first appearance in public of these, I was in a small degree responsible.

It would not be altogether satisfactory to say that Mr. Forster's descriptive articles are the best, for one has to add immediately that his perception of character is acute and delicate in the extreme. But they are, perhaps, the purest examples of his art. Nobody gets more swiftly and surely than he does beneath the skin of his fellow men; but his beautiful detachment is not always as strong as his dislike of certain types. He is sometimes a little less than fair to them. Perhaps, you will say, he does not wish to be otherwise. But when I think of Mr. Forster's novels, I cannot accept that argument. Somewhere, he talks of "the modern novelist, who, while professing to create, is generally cataloguing his personal likes and dislikes." He himself would never yield to his personal dislikes, but is he always proof against his social or his political dislikes? They might claim a loftier origin, but to a novelist they would be none the less unbalancing on that account. But Mr. Forster is here as an essayist, and I doubt if any volume of essays ever written surpasses *Abinger Harvest* in the variety and perfection of its contents.

THE nineteen stories by Mr. Arthur Machen contained in *The Cosy Room* (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.) span a period of forty-five years, long enough for Mr. Machen to make for himself an honoured name in journalistic and literary circles, but not long enough, apparently, for the great public to reach full recognition of his gifts. I frequently meet intelligent men and women who have only a nodding acquaintance with his work; yet it has always been good work, with a distinctive flavour of its own compounded of London smoke, stucco-fronted houses, and a scholarly enjoyment of mystery. Mr. Machen's technique, unlike Mr. Forster's, has notably ripened, and all through this latest collection, the stories, which are arranged in chronological order, show progressively greater mastery. Embedded in some of them, too, especially in one called *The Hidden Mystery*, is much astute criticism of art and letters, though I have to confess that the mystery of this particular story remains hidden from me, and I do not know what it means.

THE name of Anthony Thorne is new to me, and it seems that he has written one novel only previous to *Down Come the Trees* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.); but I fancy that a good many people will hear of him before he has finished. Here is a very unusual story, exciting and well written, and the writing is good not merely for its effectiveness but also for the imaginative quality which constantly lends it beauty (*e.g.*, "No breath came from the sea when he went to the window; it seemed as though the sky itself were a window unopened"). Sometimes his good writing verges on "fine writing," and this danger is actually realised in the over-romanticised ending. But the big scenes of the book, which come earlier, are well handled, and as I have already intimated, there is a touch of distinction in everything this author does. He sees the world through his own eyes, and sets down his thoughts in his own language.

ANTHONY THORNE, author of "Down Come the Trees," a very unusual story, exciting and well written

I. K. SUMMERHAYES, whose historical romance "The Twisted Vine" is a well-studied piece of work, giving a detailed picture of Italian manners in the thirteenth century

The Two Publics

Arnold Palmer

The traces of self-consciousness will probably disappear—at least, I hope so.

THE real nursery of self-consciousness is, for fairly obvious reasons, the historical novel. It is not easy for any writer to use the vocabulary of a past era. At the same time, there are objections (*pace* Mr. Shaw), to forcing our ancestors to employ the language of our day. Miss Jane Lane, in *Prelude to Kingship* (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.), her third novel of the seventeenth century, is still undecided which plan to follow, and slightly archaic expressions like "on a sudden" and modernisms like "wangle" pass her uncertainty on to the reader. That is why the mixture is regrettable, not for academic reasons, but because of its disturbing effect. In spite of her doubts, however, Miss Lane has written a good, vigorous story of the youth of Charles II. Another historical romance is *The Twisted Vine*, by I. K. Summerhayes (Bles, 8s. 6d.), described as "an imaginative reconstruction of the early life of Jacopone da Todi, mystic poet of Umbria." This is a well-studied piece of work, giving a detailed picture of Italian manners in the thirteenth century, though here again the writing shows signs of strain. I can discover no reason why the publishers of these two novels should have added a shilling to the customary price.

Prelude to Death (Secker, 7s. 6d.) is Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's successor to her well-known *Mrs Van Kleek*. It is not a sequel, though Mrs. Van Kleek appears also in the new book, wherein Mrs. Mordaunt, by tracing the life of a woman throughout its whole span, seems to be trying to show that death is part of life. From one point of view, the argument appears dubious; from another, obvious. But Mrs. Mordaunt, however she may rank as a metaphysician, is a competent novelist, and her new novel will not fail to satisfy her numerous admirers. Mr. Louis Hodgkiss, on the other hand, suffers from being a not very competent novelist. His *Deep Shafts* (Denis Archer, 7s. 6d.) is the story of a coal miner. He writes of what he knows, and his book is interesting and, in its sincerity, moving. But fiction is, and obstinately remains, an art; and, that being so, it is impossible to claim that Mr. Hodgkiss has wholly mastered it. This novel well illustrates the tragic *impasse* of contemporary literature. There is a vast, and comparatively new, public which longs for novels dealing imaginatively with the life it knows and understands. The ordinary novelist lives in, and writes about, a world foreign and even irritating to this public; the old favourites, like Dickens, are industrially out of date. From this public there springs, from time to time, a writer with the experience necessary to appeal to it, but without the art; and though he may eventually acquire the art, it will be a slow process, during which he

(*Continued on page 102*)

MARY PICKFORD

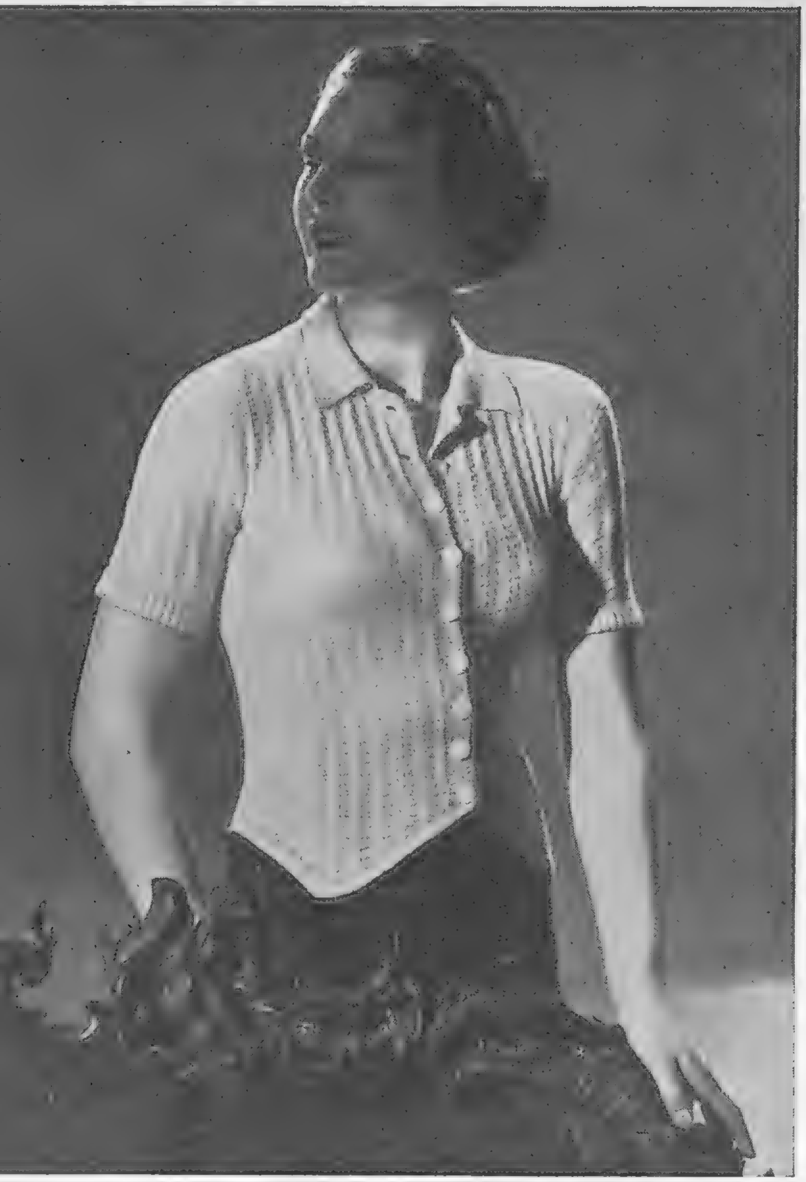
Two American Novels

"The Demi-Widow," by *Mary Pickford*. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

MISS PICKFORD (yes, *the* Mary Pickford) has already written two works of moral uplift, but this is her first novel. It is a very simple story, all about a poor little girl-mother who makes good on the stage. There is an old Italian singing master and a dark-eyed lover from the Argentine and a Russian suitor and several hard-bitten Americans with hearts of gold. Indeed, the tale is of the species known as *Family Herald*, and as such will appeal only to simple readers and to those extreme highbrows who stand disconsolately on the far side of highbrowism. One might dismiss the whole affair as negligible were it not for the light it throws on the famous film actress who is its author. I do not believe for an instant that she cunningly included every kind of popular ingredient in her concoction. On the contrary, I think Miss Pickford sees life in the terms of the sentimental films in which she achieved such a wide success, and I do not see how she could ever have achieved that success unless she were in tune with her rôles. No description of her book would be complete which did not take into account that quality which she possesses in common with all actors and actresses, vitality. It enables her to tell her old-fashioned story with marked liveliness.

"Cell 202," by *Lewis E. Lawes*. (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.

THIS immensely long novel of a quarter of a million words is by the author of 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing*, and it is the sort of work we think of, perhaps unkindly, as typical of the U.S.A.—long-winded and full of vague, elusive, improving optimism. The scheme of the book shows us the careers of the last four occupants of a certain cell in Sing Sing. Their sentences covered a period of 83 years, and through them we see the changes which have taken place in what seem to be the longest 83 years in history. Mr. Lawes is Warden of Sing Sing prison, and no doubt a conscientious one. If, then, by his literary labours the prisoners in his charge have been spared a few hearty, helpful talks, we shall not have suffered in vain.



SUMMER SPORTS JUMPER

YOU WILL REQUIRE: 6 oz. of " Ramada " 2-ply. 1 pr. Double Century Knitting Pins No. 9. 1 pr. Double Century Knitting Pins No. 12. 9 Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: Length from shoulder to point, 22 in. Width across back under arms, 16½ in. Width across half front, 9½ in. Sleeve length from shoulder, 9 in. Tension, 8 sts. to one inch. 10 rows to one inch.

ABBREVIATIONS: K., Knit; P., Purl; St., Stitch; Sts., Stitches; Dec., Decrease; Inc., Increase; Pat., Pattern; Tog., Together; Beg., Beginning; Knit into the backs of all cast-on stitches.

BACK.

With No. 9 pins cast on 120 sts. K. into back of 1st row. Then work 7 rows garter stitch.

1st row. * K. 3, P. 3, repeat from * to end.

2nd row. Purl.

3rd row. K. 1, * P. 3, K. 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts. P. 3, K. 2.

4th row. Purl. These 4 rows form pat. Continue in pat. until work measures 3 in. Change to No. 12 pins. Work for 3 in. Change to No. 9 pins. Work for 7 in. (13 in. in all from start).

SHAPE ARMHOLES.

Keeping in pat. Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cont. on the remaining 96 sts. until armhole measures 7 in.

SHAPE SHOULDER.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining 32 for the back of the neck.

RIGHT FRONT.

With No. 9 pins cast on 35 sts. K. into back of first row.

2nd row. Knit.

3rd row. K. twice into first st. K. to end of row.

4th row. K. to the last st. K. twice into last st. Repeat these last 2 rows twice more (41 sts.).

9th row. K. twice into first st. K. 2, turn.

10th row. K. to the last st. K. twice into last st.

11th row. K. twice into first st. K. 6, turn.

12th row. P. 3, K. to last st. K. twice into last st.

13th row. K. twice into first st. K. 10, turn.

14th row. P. 7, K. to last stitch. K. twice into last st.

15th row. K. twice into first st K. 7, P. 3, K. 3, P. 1, turn.

16th row. P. to the last 5 sts. K. to last st. K. twice into last st., turn. Repeat this for every alternate (even) row, until row 44.

17th row. K. twice into first stitch. K. 7, P. 3, K. 3, P. 3, K. 2, turn.

19th row. K. twice into first st. K. 5 (P. 3, K. 3), twice. P. 3, K. 2, turn.

21st row. K. twice into the first st. K. 5 (P. 3, K. 3), 3 times. P. 3 turn.

23rd row. K. twice into the first st. K. 9 (P. 3, K. 3), 3 times. P. 3, turn.

25th row. K. twice into the first st. K. 9 (P. 3, K. 3), 4 times. P. 1, turn.

27th row. K. twice into first st. K. 7 (P. 3, K. 3), 5 times. P. 1, turn.

29th row. K. twice into the first st. K. 7 (P. 3, K. 3), 5 times. P. 3, K. 2, turn.

31st row. K. twice into first st. K. 7 (P. 3, K. 3), 6 times. P. 3, turn.

33rd row. K. twice into first st. K. 5 (P. 3, K. 3), 6 times. P. 3, K. 2, turn.

35th row. K. twice into first st. K. 5 (P. 3, K. 3), 7 times. P. 3, turn.

37th row. K. twice into first st. K. 9 (P. 3, K. 3), 7 times. P. 3, turn.

39th row. K. twice into first st. K. 9 (P. 3, K. 3), 8 times. P. 1, turn.

41st row. K. twice into first st. K. 7 (P. 3, K. 3), 9 times. P. 1, turn.

43rd row. K. twice into first st. K. 7 (P. 3, K. 3), 9 times. P. 3, K. 2, turn. (75 sts. now on pin.)

Now continue all sts. working in pat. as for the back, keeping 9 sts. at front edge in garter stitch. When front edge measures one inch, make a buttonhole in garter stitch, border by K. 3, cast off 5. K. 1, work to end of row.

Next row work to the last 9 sts., K. 1, cast on 5, K. 3. Make the other 8 buttonholes on every 16th and 17th rows following. When front edge measures 3 in. change to No. 12 pins, work for 3 in. Change to No. 9 pins and work to armhole level (13 in. at side).

SHAPE ARMHOLE.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole ends rows. Continue on the remaining 63 sts. until armhole measures 5 in.

NECK.

Cast off 20 sts. at neck edge. Continue on the remaining 43 sts. for 2 in., decreasing one st. every row at neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row 4 times.

LEFT FRONT.

Work as for the right front, with shaping armhole at opposite edges, omitting buttonholes. Shape edge. Lower edge will be worked thus :—

1st row. Work in pat. to last 5 sts. K. 4, K. twice into next st.

2nd row. K. twice into first stitch. K. 2 turn.

COLLAR.

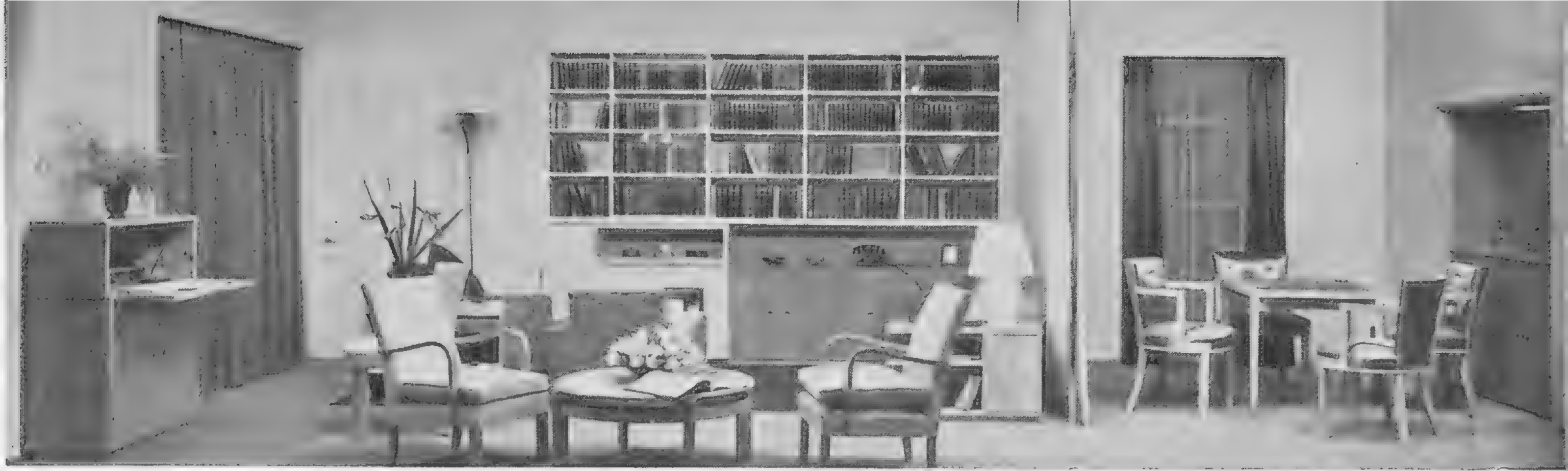
With No. 12 pins, cast on 124 sts. Rib 2½ in. in K. 1, P. 1, increasing at the same time every 4th row. Cast off loosely in rib.

SLEEVES.

With No. 12 pins, cast on 78 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1, rib for 2 in. Change to main pat., No. 9 pins, work for 5 in., increasing one stitch each end of every 6th row until 90 sts. on pin. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP.

Sew up all seams. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar. Work buttonholes. Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew on buttons.



MAKING MUCH OF A SMALL FLAT

By G. Baseden Butt

SOME of the most attractive flats built recently in London comprise a single room. The fact that these modern homes, which are admittedly small, seem neither cramped nor inconvenient, indicates the extremely important part played in the achievement of comfort by the practical, scientific arrangement of furniture and fitments.

Not all flats, of course, are so modest in dimensions, and there are many with from two to five rooms, or even more. But you may be quite sure that in any good modern suite, no matter whether it is small or large, the utmost thought will have been devoted to the planning and arrangement of the various rooms.

Aspect and outlook, sunshine and the surrounding view, will both have been considered. At the same time the arrangement will be compact, labour-saving and convenient, so that you enjoy a home which is both agreeable in appearance and easy to live in.

One arrangement, for example, which works out very well in practice is to have a fairly large entrance hall which may be furnished as an additional lounge. This hall-lounge has doors opening off it, one leading to the sitting-room and dining-room, and the other to the bedroom, dressing-room and bathroom, these several rooms being placed in a row.

With somewhat smaller flats it is often customary to combine the sitting-room and dining-room as a single living-room. And the dressing-room, if not eliminated completely, becomes a corner of the bedroom.

ONE very good way in which these several space economies may be effected is shown by a photograph of an interior by Mr. R. W. Symonds, showing an attractive sitting-room and dining-room. There is no wall to divide the two rooms, which are really parts of a single interior, but their separate identity is preserved by means of long Celanese curtains.

The fact that modern flats are planned and fitted with such practical skill and forethought makes it all the more necessary to see that the movable furniture is itself arranged to give the best results from practical as well as from decorative standpoints.

It is all too easy for the good intentions of the architect to be nullified if the furniture is either unsuitable in itself or badly arranged. It is necessary for the equipment, so far as possible, to complete the decorator's idea, not only by harmonising with its surroundings, but by providing the right kind of practical service exactly where it is most needed.

The pictures of a flat decorated recently by Mr. Howard Robertson are an indication of what is possible in this way, for the furniture is arranged so that a single large room is divided into three portions—sitting-room, study-corner, and dining-room.

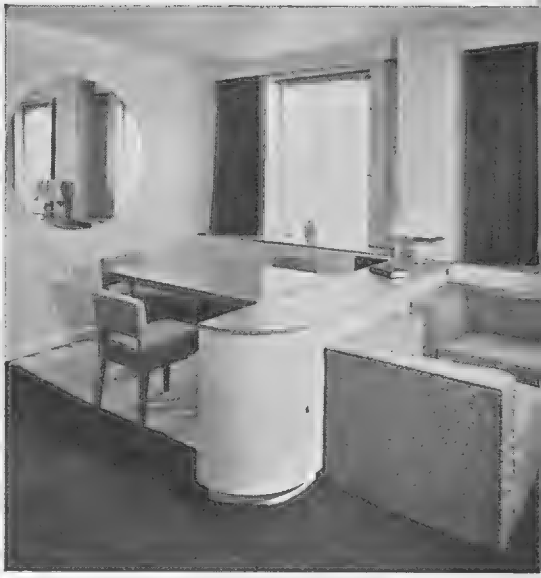
At first glance, you might suppose that most of the equipment in this room was built-in or fixed to the structure, but it is all removable.

IN furnishing a flat, you naturally do not wish to add to the existing built-in fixtures, which are the property of the landlord; but it *is* desirable to make the most of every inch of house room, and to do this the furniture should fit the spaces available as accurately as possible.

This has been done in the living-room illustrated, and for this reason the cupboards and shelves which line the walls look as though they are fixtures when really they are not.

If you move, you take these fitments with you, and as they are made of plywood they could be made to fit their new home just as accurately. If necessary, some of the shelves could be shortened, or the cupboards could be added to.

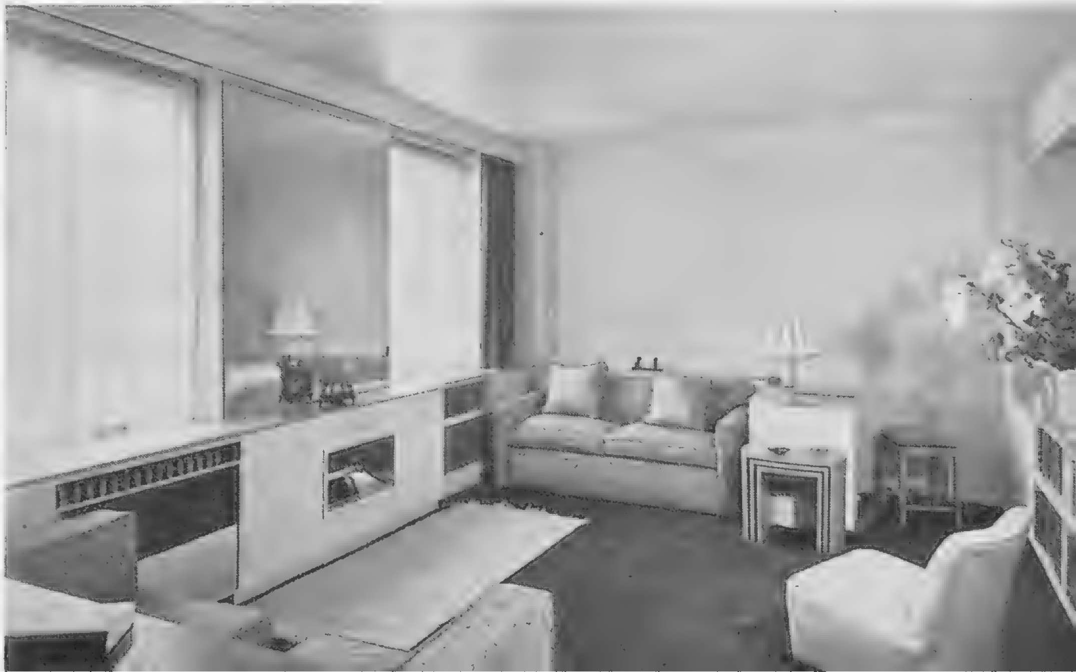
(Continued on page 145)



(Top strip photograph)
A living-room with dining-annexe is screened off with long Celanese curtains. (R. W. Symonds)

(Above)
The dining-corner in this room is divided from the rest of the interior by a movable wooden fitment at right angles to the wall. (Howard Robertson, F.R.I.B.A.)

(Below)
The lounge portion of the room above. Notice the large mirror between the windows. (Howard Robertson, F.R.I.B.A.)



THIS MONTH'S GOOD BUYS . . .

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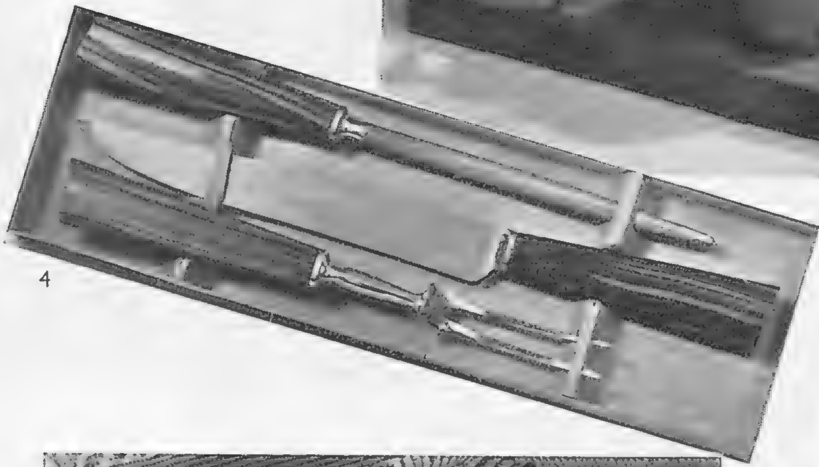

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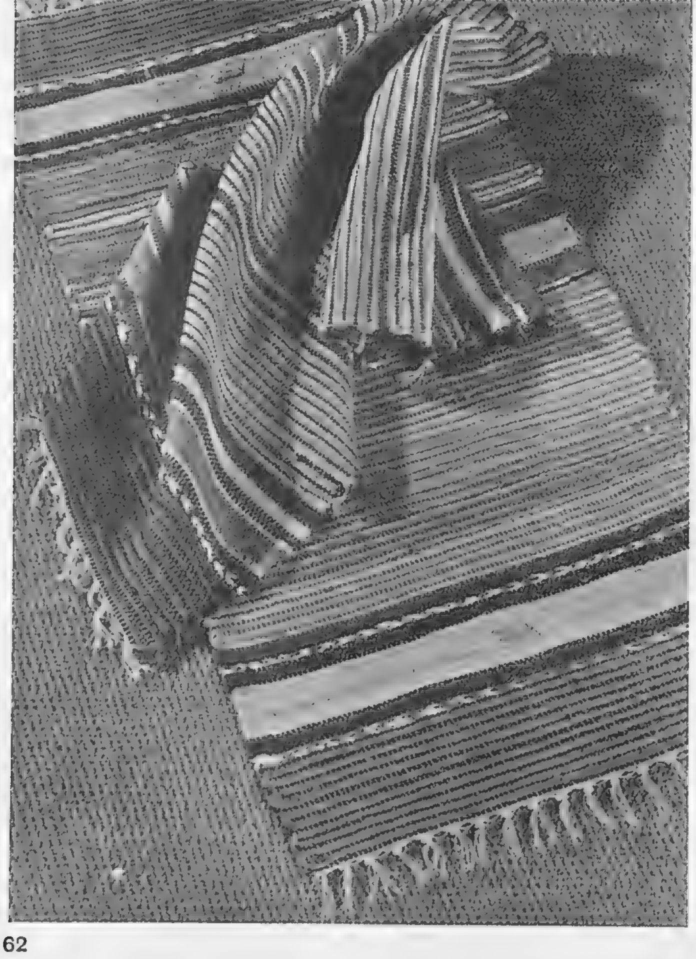

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1. "Carry your tooth-brush?" Donald Duck, Minnie Mouse and the Three Little Pigs combine service with gaiety. Price 1/9 each (postage 6d.)
2. For the guest room, a decorative floral match stand in primrose and green. Price 2/11. (postage 6d.)
3. Novel pencils, useful for parties, bridge, pencil games, with tops made in a variety of Empire woods. Stand with one dozen is 4/6 (postage 6d.). Pencils separately are 3d. each, refills for pencil tops, 1d.
4. A three-piece carving set in macassar ebony represents excellent value at 17/6 (postage 6d.)
5. Light-weight zip-fastening travelling bag, in green, blue or fawn waterproof covert cloth, strapped with leather and fitted with a strong lock. Price 18/11 (postage 9d.)
6. These Japanese hand-woven "Dantsu" peasant rugs, in tones of green and fawn, or natural and rust with touches of brighter colours, measure 4 ft. × 2 ft., and cost 5/11 each (post free)

Write to the Editor, Woman's Department *Britannia and Eve*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy for you, send an *open postal order* (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

ONE FOR EACH DAY OF THIS MONTH

1 Stitch a canvas bag on to a clothes-hanger, put the pegs in it, hang it on the line, and slip it along as you hang the clothes

2 Put your kitchen string into a tin funnel, attach the funnel to the wall and pull string through the small end.

3 Rub over new tin oven-ware with lard and put it in the oven for an hour. It will never rust.

4 Buy a packet of mignonette seed and plant it on the kitchen window sill. You'll love the scent, but flies and wasps will hate it.

5 Sea-water stains on shoes can be cured by dissolving a small lump of washing soda in an eggcupful of hot milk. Rub this into the leather, hard.

6 *Tennis this afternoon. The whitening you treat your tennis shoes with won't rub off if you moisten it with milk instead of water.*

7 *Supposing the fowl you mean to boil threatens to be tough, soak it in water all night previous to boiling, and don't worry.*

8 Laundry again. How about having two laundry bags? One for stuff to go to the laundry and one for things to be washed at home. Saves sorting.

9 That ring that was left after cleaning your best gown with benzine can be removed when the original stain is gone. by covering with a damp cloth and pressing with a hot iron.

10 Hold a small piece of bread in your mouth while preparing onions. It keeps the tears away.

11 If your rugs are looking rusty, boil six ounces of salt in a quart of water. When cool, wring out a cloth in it and rub them well. Finish with a dry cloth and hang to dry.

12 Soak new brushes and brooms in water overnight. This swells the wood around the bristles and prevents moulting.

13 *Picnic to-day. Remember to wrap the sandwiches in a large cabbage-leaf and enclose this in a damp cloth. They'll keep fresh for hours.*

14 *Add two teaspoonfuls of ground rice to the flour before mixing to-day's batter pudding. It makes it lighter.*

15 Surprise the family at breakfast by sprinkling the grapefruit with a little salt. It brings out the flavour as nothing else can.

16 Dip flower stalks in dry starch before arranging them. The blossoms keep fresh much longer.

17 You can prevent the egg from oozing out of a cracked shell while you're boiling it by first rubbing the crack over with butter.

18 Keep a large cork in your workbasket. Put the point of scissors, crochet hooks and knitting pins into it and stop perforating your fingers.

19 Fish for dinner. If you're boiling it, remember to add lemon juice to the water. This helps to keep it whole and preserves flavour and nutriment.

Summer Hints To Hussifs

20 *When you've been doing a bit of painting, remember to pour plain paraffin on the paint that is left in the tin. This prevents it from hardening.*

21 *Don't add salt to soups or stewed meats before they are cooked. It extracts the goodness from them.*

22 Add a little kerosene to the warm water with which you are washing painted furniture.

23 This is the best of all ways to make mint sauce: Pour a very little boiling water on to the chopped mint to which sugar has been added. Cover closely till cool and then add vinegar.

24 For slicing tomatoes very thinly for salads and garnishings use the bread saw.

25 Tie down jampot-covers with wet string. As the string shrinks, it holds the covers in place more securely.

26 Tell your husband to lay his razor blade in a little olive oil after use. This makes it last . . . and last.

27 *Stitch a yellow duster at the back of the new window leather. It prolongs the life of the leather and prevents it from shrinking.*

28 *Sharpen up the blades of the mincing machine by grinding some pieces of bathbrick through it.*

29 Ever thought of lining the larder shelves with sheets of blotting paper? It absorbs damp and keeps cereals and such-like dry.

30 Buy some waxed paper for the kitchen. Wrap left-over celery in it, and cooking apples too (separately). They'll keep for a long, long time.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

BY MARY YOUNG

HAND troubles don't finish with winter weather. Hard water does its fell work all year round, roughening your skin, toughening your cuticles. Read the same in regard to sea water and the chlorinated water of bathing pools.

Use a hand lotion regularly in summer as in winter. I have a honey of a lotion which keeps the hands like satin. You work in a few drops after washing. In a few seconds it disappears, without a trace of the stickiness characteristic of some hand lotions. It's lovely for your feet, too.

And for cuticles, hands and feet, a new remover has arrived which not only melts any ragged cuticles away with wizardry, but is also non-caustic, non-injurious, points to consider. The Royal Institute of Public Health think so well of it they have awarded it a certificate of merit. Shilling a bottle.

THREE things most of us hate about having a perm. One is the tortuous process; two is the time taken; three is the yearly cost. The first two can be minimised, the third almost eliminated if you have electric light in your home and twenty-five shillings to spare in your purse.

This, less than the price of one good permanent wave, will buy you an electric home waver, with which you can give yourself permanent waves, curls and whatnots, right there in your own bedroom chair.

Plug it into any electric light socket, follow the easy directions, and within a short time, voilà, you are permanented. Go to the hairdresser for a set afterwards, if you like. But if you are nimble fingered, you may like to try out a setting at home. Why not?

You don't need skill or training to use this little machine, just common sense.

NO one expects women to be able to fix fuses, but it has to be a very dewy-eyed, baby-talk, helpless girl who can get away with being scared of touching anything electrical, because of getting a shock. Simplified electrical equipment, all around the house, has put an end to that nonsense.

Newest, and most excellent device is a small electrical beauty massage apparatus. As with the hair waver, you plug into your electric light (any voltage) switch on, and give yourself a vibro massage which promotes circulation, stimulates gland action, smoothes away wrinkles.

There's a rubber attachment for light massage, a solid one for heavy massage. A little of this under the second chin for a few nights will work miracles. Fifteen and sixpence.

AFTER all, the phrase has practically got itself into the dictionary, so let us be frank and discuss body odour.

In case you didn't know, ninety per cent. of it comes from under-arm perspiration. And if there's a woman reading this who can vow she never suffers from under-arm perspiration, she's luckier than the rest of us. Sweat glands have to do their job, same as the other glands, and it is their business to carry away impurities. It is too bad that their job is so unpleasant, often so disastrous, for us.

Fortunately, to-day there are deodorants to help us out. Best I know is one in solid form, easy, lightning quick to use. A few touches to the armpits, and you are deodorised for the day. But just in case, you can carry it around with you, it's so compact, and apply it any time. Two and sixpence worth will see you through the hottest summer.

PERHAPS you know Avocado pears as something exotic and original in desserts. But out in the wilds of Mexico and South America, the native girls discovered that the oil extracted from this fruit was a natural skin beautifier.

Chemists and beauty researchers, always lookers out for something new and good, went into the Avocado oil question, discovered it to be rich in vitamin content, and marvellously penetrating.

So they put heads together, worked out a sum or two, produced a formula, and now you can buy a new beauty milk, made from this kindly beneficial oil which makes the cleanest sweep of a dirty face. That penetrating quality I mentioned means it nourishes the skin tissues at the same time. The dry skinned will also find it a good powder foundation. Four and sixpence.

SWIMMING girls look as if they are going to have it all their own way this year. First of all they can get those bathing suits with cunning brassière attachments, of which I wrote a short while ago. And now some genius has produced an absolutely water-tight bathing cap.

I know you'll be sceptical, having been told this before. But this cap, hand on my heart, is water-tight.

It's a neat, nice-looking affair outside. Inside there is an inner flange, which forms an air pocket, which that old devil sea, proud conqueror as he might be, just can't enter.

The times you've had your hair done Saturday morning, gone away for the week end, simply couldn't resist a swim, ruined your hair, and then had to rush off to a local indifferent hairdresser, for a re-set for the evening dance . . . Wear this cap, and there'll be no more of that.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose stamped envelope.

Mary Young

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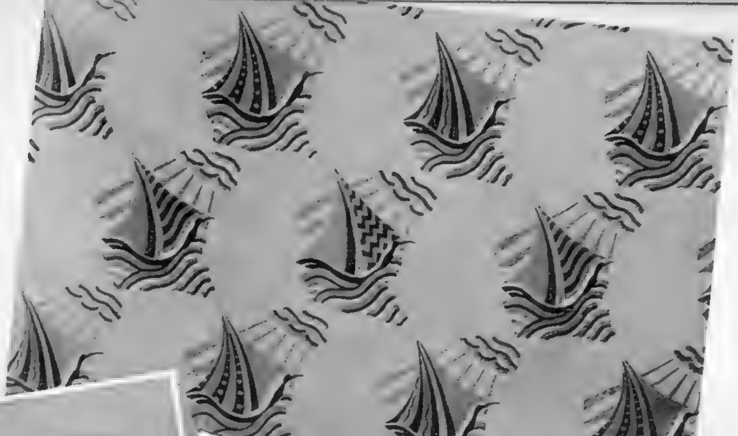
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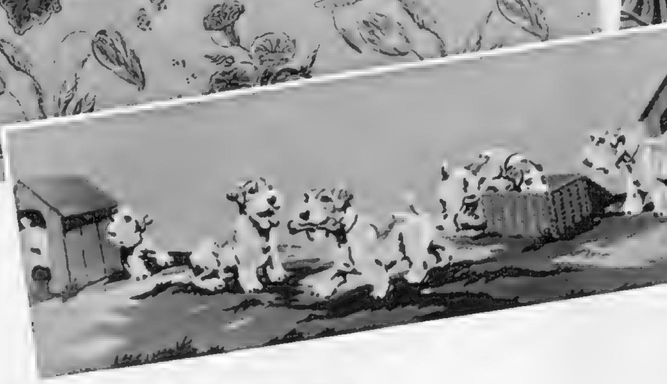
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AS THEY GROW OLDER

WHEN you do over the children's rooms, remember how quickly time passes. Goblins, and fairy themes, glorious and appreciated now, will suddenly seem babyish. Miniature grown-up accessories are interesting to the young, and last longer.

1. Pleasant chintz for a girl's bedroom, in a Rosebank fabric with an interesting and attractive design. 6/11 a yard. 2. Tail-Waggers frieze, in buffs, off-whites, with pale green, more amusing than most nursery decorations. It is 10½" wide and costs 8d. per yard. 3. Curtains for a boy's room. A Rosebank fabric, green ships on a natural ground, costs 5/9 a yard. 4. Schoolroom china. This breakfast set for six is decorated with hunting scenes, reproduced from old prints. £3. 5. 3. You can buy the pieces separately. 5. Corner of a boy's bedroom. The oak and walnut tallboy, with adjustable leaf, can be used as writing-table or dressing-chest, and costs £8. 12. 6. The oak bed is £3. 19. 6, the bedspread 9/6, the pedestal cupboard £3. 15. 0, the lamp 17/6, and the map picture 17/6. 6. A more sophisticated nursery cloth for those children who are bored with fairy fun. Old Bleach Linen, gay motifs on holland ground. Cloth and napkins cost 7/11. 7. Furniture in a girl's room which will see her through her growing years. The dressing-table with separate mirror converts into a writing-desk and costs £7. 2. 6. The triple mirror is £1. 17. 6, the pictures 6/- each, and oak and walnut wardrobe £6. 12. 6.

For further details write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing stamped envelope.

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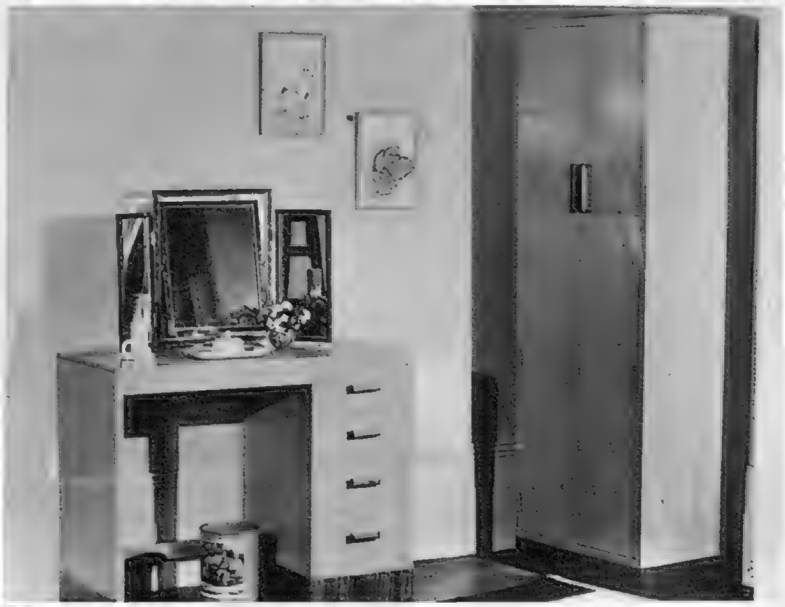

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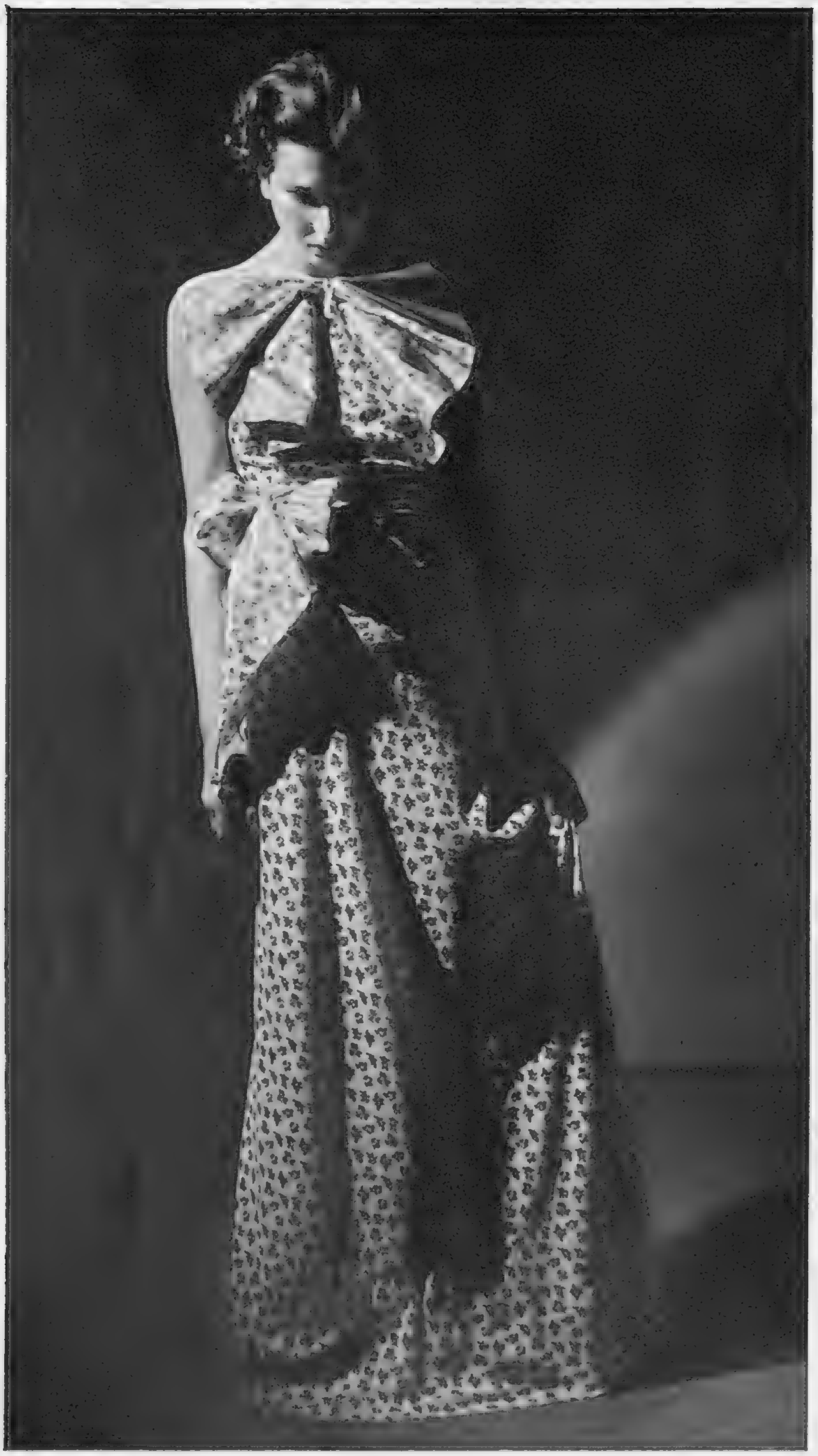
Elsie Collins

FASHIONS

BY JEAN BURNUP

EDITOR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT



Houston Rogers

This is the sort of evening gown that makes a young girl look a little sophisticated, and a sophisticated woman look a little like a young girl. Which means it is about perfect for any age. It is made of a crinkly evenly patterned crêpe. The sash and jabot-like wings which spring from the bodice are lamé, of the same pattern as the dress, but silvered. The line is fine, throat-high, backless, tight to waist, then swinging full. *Victor Stiebel.*

DETAILS

Flowers making hat posies, garlands, entire hats, entire jabot fronts . . . bunched on tailored lapels, at neck, throat and waist of plain dark afternoon frocks . . . flower evening headdresses (real, whenever possible), flower bracelets, flower-edged hems . . . Victor Stiebel places two large real flowers on brims of enormous flat Ascot hats, and puts the same in corselet belt of full-skirted organdie dress. . . .

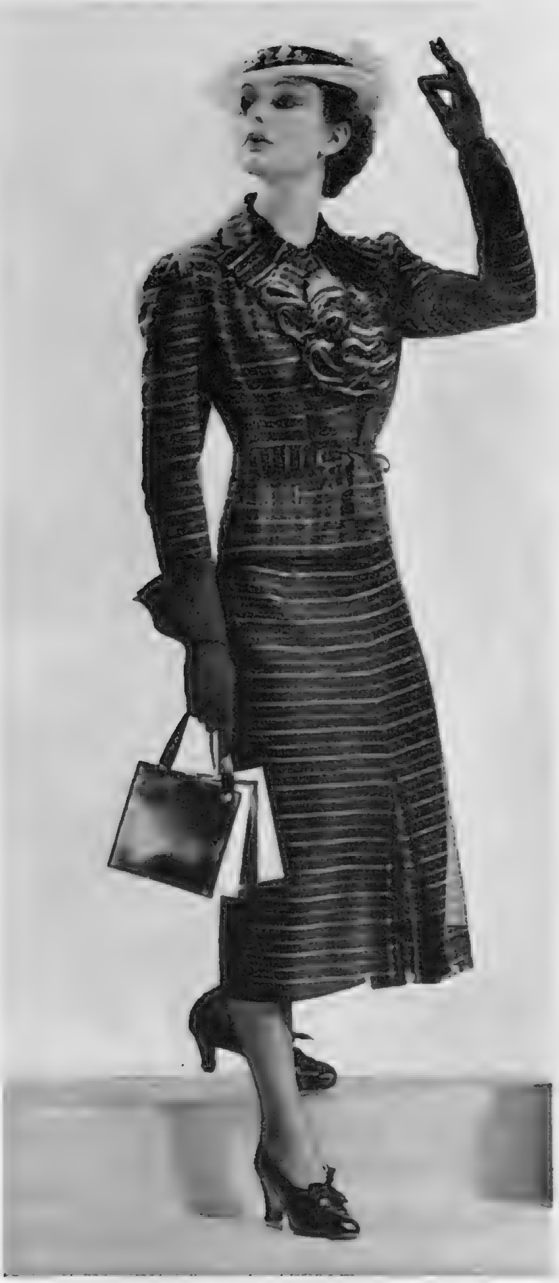
Prints in small neat designs for lineny or sporty frocks, funny or flower patterns for silk afternoon frocks, silk tailored coats and skirts, silk coats and frocks, sprawling floral designs on heavy crêpes or satin evening frocks. . . .

White coats in silk linen piqué, and silk piqué worn over every kind of dress, for day and evening. . . .

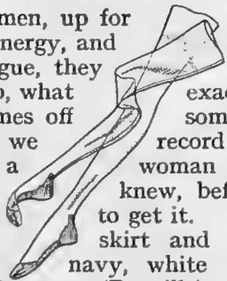
Organdie for young sister evening dresses, full-skirted . . . a pale-blue organdie Ascot frock, worn over frou-frouing taffeta slip, has pleated frill at hem, and long scarf, edged with pleated frill . . . black organdie even makes dressy town suit, backed with ecru net, giving effect of foreign notepaper . . . organdie coats worn over straight, slim evening gowns in bright crêpes.

Chiffon scarves, unattached to and different colour from dress, worn as you please, with straight, slim, heavy crêpe evening gowns. . . .

Ascot wear is full skirted as ever, organdie, chiffon net and tulle, with larger-than-life hats . . . some women will wear restaurant clothes to Ascot, tailored dinner suits with large hats. . . .

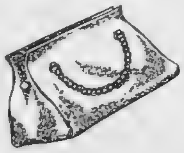


A DAY'S SHOPPING IN TOWN

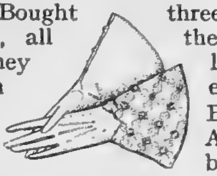


MANY women, up for a day's shopping, waste time, energy, and finally money, because their ideas are vague, they have made no plans where exactly to go, what exactly to buy. Haphazard shopping comes off sometimes, but you often get flops. Here we record the times, purchases, and thoughts of a woman of method and discrimination, who knew, beforehand, what she wanted, and where to get it.

Her coat, skirt and jabot-fronted jumper are tailored in navy, white striped net, cool and not creasy (Dorville). Her white, flower-trimmed sailor, navy cord silk gloves and navy and white handbag — all good buys on a previous day's shopping — come from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. So it is to this house first that she directs her taxi on leaving the station.

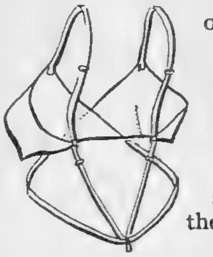


9.45—Bought three pairs of pure silk Aristoc stockings, all the same shade, sheer, 8/11 the pair. They last, look lovely, and are, ultimately, an economy.



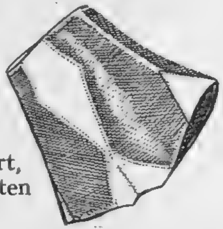
9.55—Bought, for 29/6, a handbag, grey suède, American grip shape, zipping open, to be hand-clasped by two chromium chains. It's a good new shape, and will go with most of my things.

10.10—Bought a pair of off-white soft cape gloves with decorative stitched gauntlet cuffs: 17/9. They're smart as paint, and wash and wash.

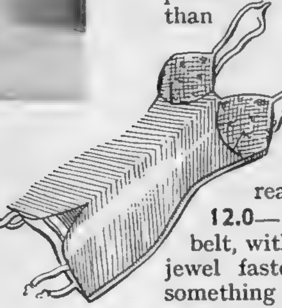


10.30 — Arrived at Marshall and Snelgrove's. Bought a Kestos dual-purpose brassière, 3/11. Kestos are always grand, but here's something we've waited for. You adjust the straps, and it is backless.

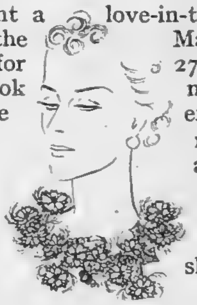
10.40—Bought a Wolsey Aerobelt pantie belt to wear evenings, and beneath shorts, 25/6. It is Lastex and batiste, cunningly put together.



11.0—Undressed and was measured for a new Berlei. Chose 4411, a striped satin batiste controlette, with net bust sections, grip knit elastic panels and gussets, 35/-. Couldn't do better than a Berlei, I get freedom and support, and the three hidden bones flatten my front.



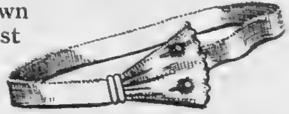
11.45—Bought a love-in-the-mist flower spray from the Mayfair Flowers Department, for 27/6. The glorious flowers here look more real than real ones, they're exquisite.



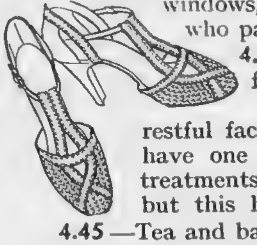
12.0—Bought a silver mesh evening belt, with fan-shape front, and two blue jewel fastening for 17/6. This will do something glamorous to my old white satin.

12.15 to 2.45—Hair shampooed and set, lunched.

2.50—Arrived at Dolcis new super shoe shop. Chose a pair of two pastel colour hot weather shoes, softest kid inside, linen thread fronts, plain linen backs. They make my five-and-a-half feet look t-i-n-y, and feel like bedroom slippers on.



Took a slow window shopping walk down Bond Street. This is one of the pleasantest parts of a day's shopping in town. Even if you buy nothing, it is gay, stimulating. If you get no dress ideas from the shop windows, you'll get them from the *chic* women who pass you.

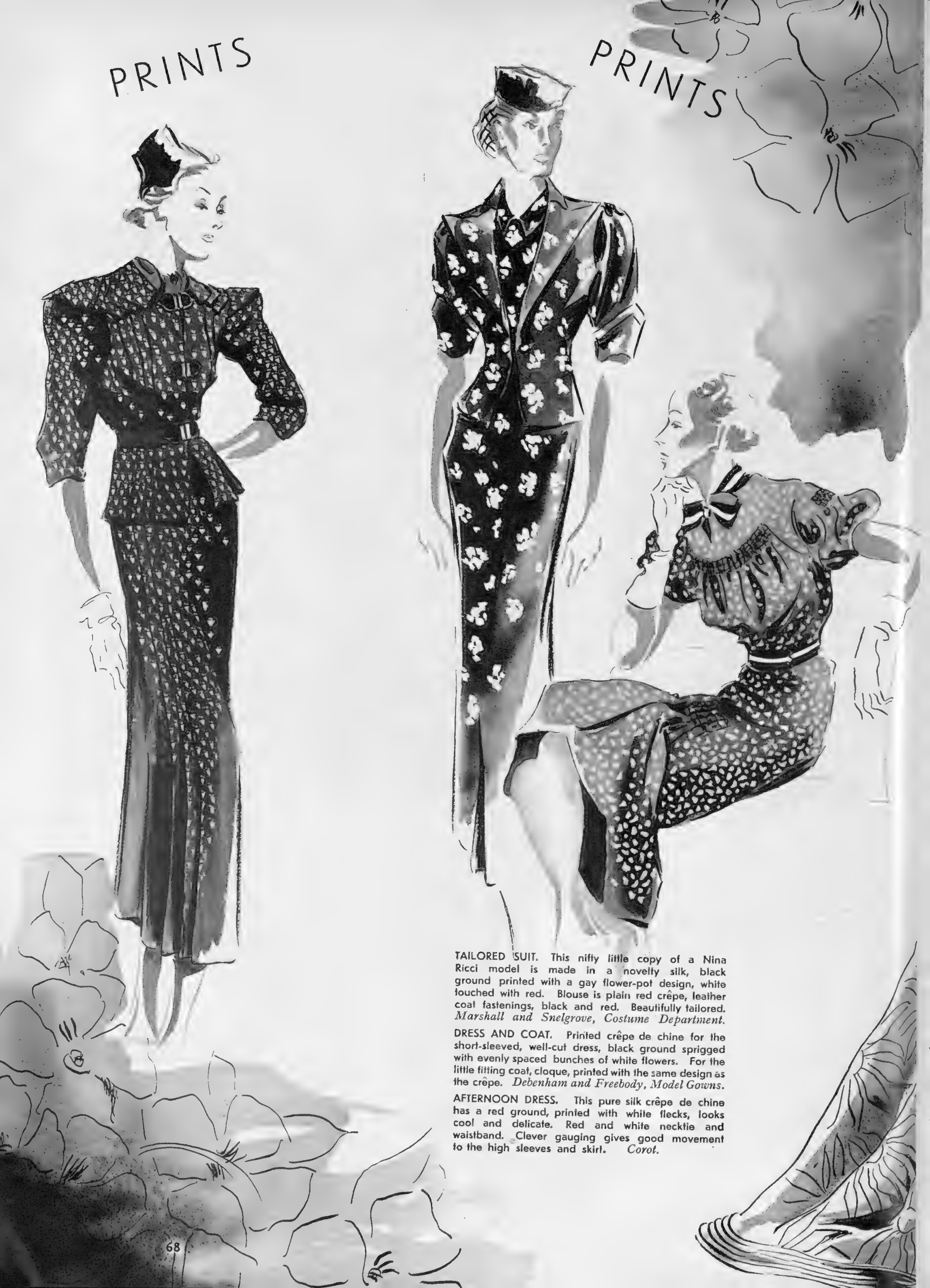


4.0—Went into Yardley's salon to have a face talk with Mary Foster, their beauty consultant, and to have a marvellously restful facial for 5/6. When I've more time, I'll have one of their comprehensive half-a-guinea treatments, which take in neck and shoulders too, but this has set me up beautifully.

4.45—Tea and back to the station to catch the 5.55 back. A grand day.

PRINTS

PRINTS

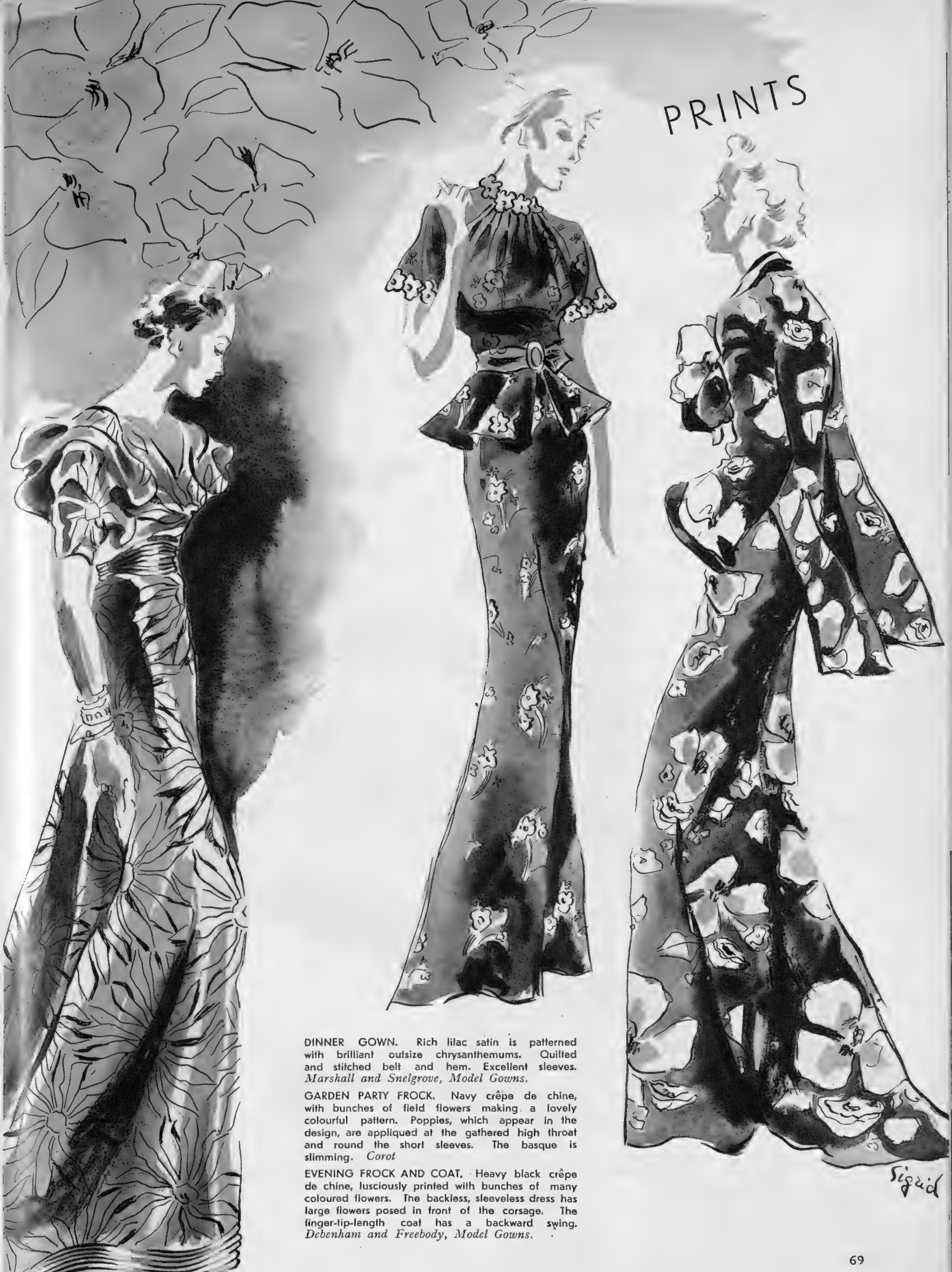


TAILORED SUIT. This nifty little copy of a Nina Ricci model is made in a novelty silk, black ground printed with a gay flower-pot design, white touched with red. Blouse is plain red crêpe, leather coat fastenings, black and red. Beautifully tailored. *Marshall and Snelgrove, Costume Department.*

DRESS AND COAT. Printed crêpe de chine for the short-sleeved, well-cut dress, black ground sprigged with evenly spaced bunches of white flowers. For the little fitting coat, cloque, printed with the same design as the crêpe. *Debenham and Freebody, Model Gowns.*

AFTERNOON DRESS. This pure silk crêpe de chine has a red ground, printed with white flecks, looks cool and delicate. Red and white necktie and waistband. Clever gauging gives good movement to the high sleeves and skirt. *Corot.*

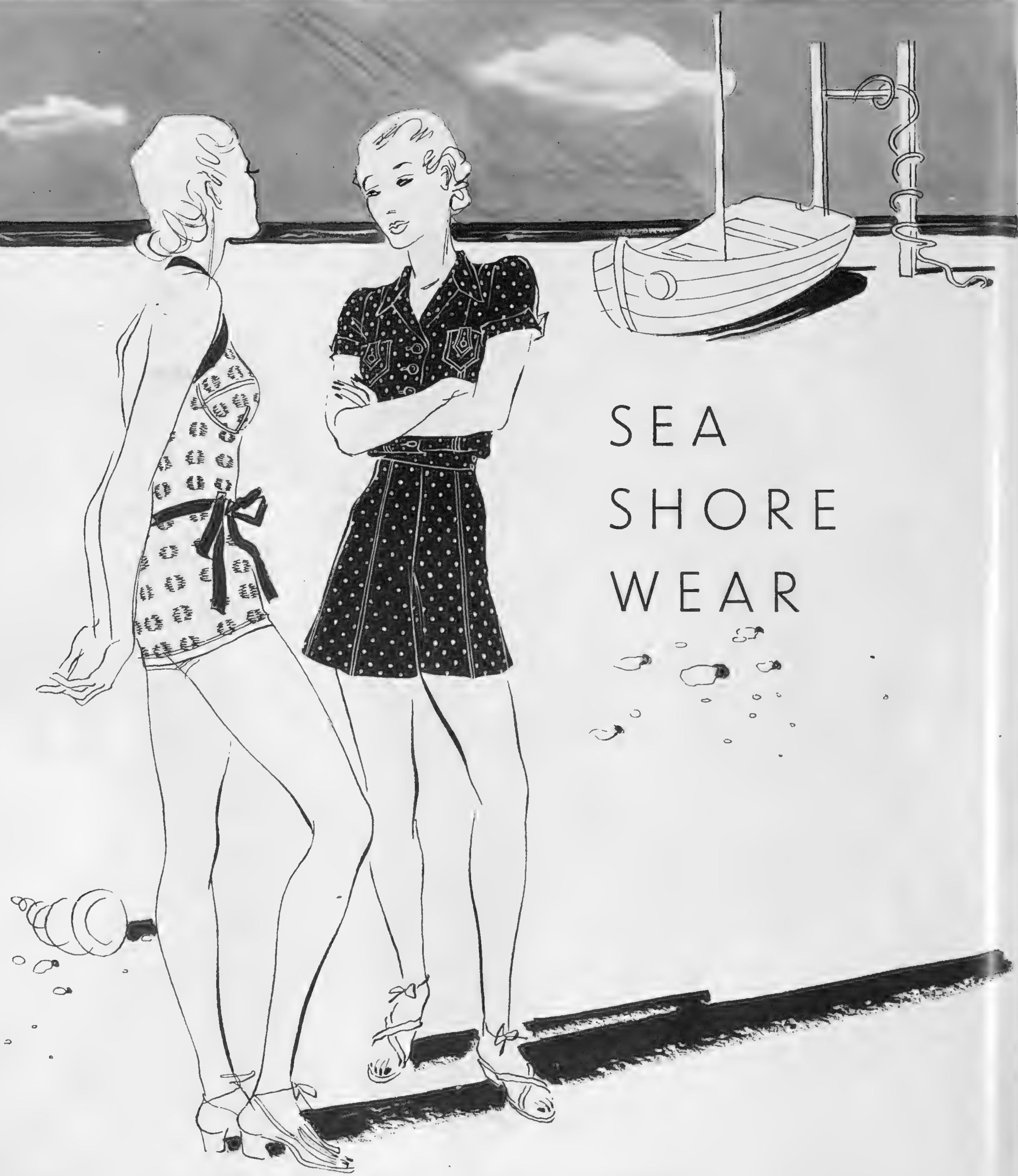
PRINTS



DINNER GOWN. Rich lilac satin is patterned with brilliant outsize chrysanthemums. Quilted and stitched belt and hem. Excellent sleeves. *Marshall and Snelgrove, Model Gowns.*

GARDEN PARTY FROCK. Navy crêpe de chine, with bunches of field flowers making a lovely colourful pattern. Poppies, which appear in the design, are appliqued at the gathered high throat and round the short sleeves. The basque is slimming. *Corot*

EVENING FROCK AND COAT. Heavy black crêpe de chine, lusciously printed with bunches of many coloured flowers. The backless, sleeveless dress has large flowers posed in front of the corsage. The finger-tip-length coat has a backward swing. *Debenham and Freebody, Model Gowns.*



SEA SHORE WEAR

ABOVE, at the left, a swim-suit in white woollen, with navy woven circles, shaped brassière top, navy strappings and girdle. *Lillywhites.* Next door, a beautifully-cut play-suit, of navy silk-finished linen, with off-white spots. *Lillywhites.* Over this you can wear the white serge front-buttoning skirt, which lies flat on the beach on the opposite page. *Lillywhites.*

Facing Page

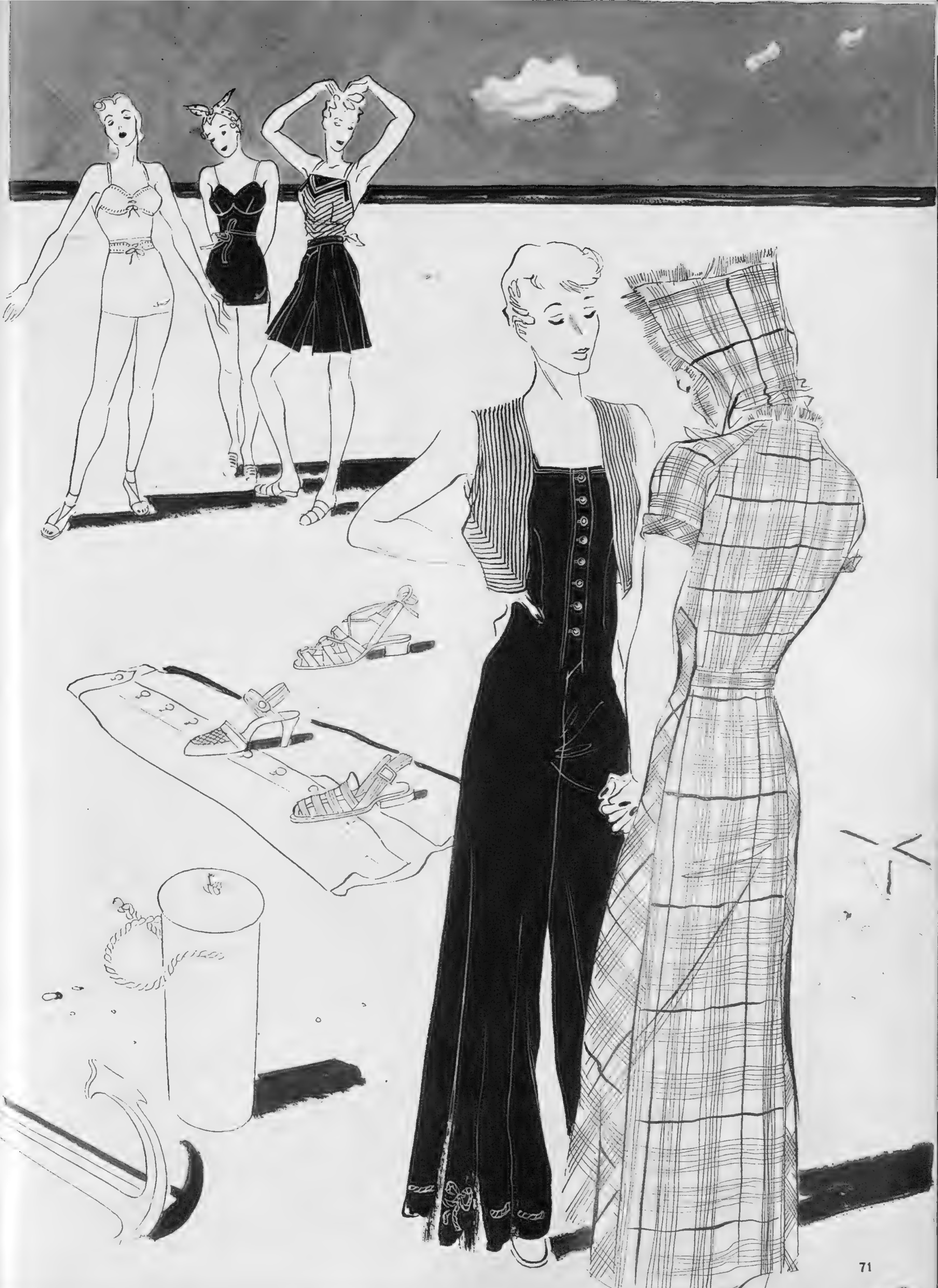
The first small figure in the background wears a Jantzen brassière and trunks swim outfit. The adjustable neckband and straps of the bras leave the back entirely free. Trunks can be had with half-skirt or skirtless. Next, a Jantzen swim-suit in a fancy fabric with brassière top and deep U back. Soft cord goes through tunnel at back and ties in front. The third figure wears a silk sunbathing bib. This is Kestos made. Special under-bust seaming and bias-cutting give something of the breast uplift you get from their famous brassières. Over it are navy linen, *Dorville* designed Skorts, which are shorts married to a skirt, if you understand us. They are gloriously comfortable, and pleated, swinging fullness eliminates the ugly back line of some shorts.

The top sandal is gaily coloured canvas, fastening with a cord threaded through folds of the fabric. Below it, a promenade sandal in woven straw, openworked across front of toes. And then a rubber swim and beach shoe with white cross straps, green flaps, green inner sole, and a firm, flat rubber heel. All from *Lillywhites.*

At the right you see a brown stockinette dungaree-shape suit, with yellow buttons, yellow cord threading through the wide-bottomed trousers, and a yellow and brown striped bolero. (*Ribbolastic.*)

From *Jaeger*, a wool plaid beach dress, yellow, red and black, buttoning right down centre front, worn with a fringed sun-hood.

The cylindrical beach box, also from *Jaeger*, is American cloth, and carries your bathing kit.



WARM WEATHER MENUS

By A. H. ADAIR

On this page I am giving a few specimen menus for all meals during the summer, which I thought might serve as a useful guide for those whose business it is to plan meals in advance.

I do not mean that all the menus would necessarily appear in the same day, but I think that they give a good idea of the type of meal which is easy to prepare and pleasant to eat during the warmer months.

BREAKFAST.

Cold Cereals and Cream. Scotch Eggs. Fresh Fruit.

LUNCHEON.

Canapés Orientales. Terrine of Chicken. Salad.
Rum Junket. Stewed Fruit.

TEA.

Water-cress. Cucumber. Tomato Sandwiches.
Ginger Sponge Cake. Brown Bread and Butter.
Tea and Iced Tea.

A DINNER PARTY.

Iced Pink Consommé. Fillets de Sole à la Russe.
Roast Ducklings. New Potatoes and Peas.
Fraises a l'Orange.

AN INFORMAL SUPPER.

Chicken Salad. Fondue. Fresh Fruit.

As some of the recipes for the dishes suggested in these menus are already well known to the readers of my articles, I shall simply go through them, meal by meal, in a brief form.

BREAKFAST. The *Scotch Eggs* are simply buttered eggs—no milk or cream, just two eggs for each person, salt and pepper—cooked very slowly in a thick saucepan, in which you have melted a little butter. Stir them all the time and when they are set, but before they become hard, serve them on pieces of fried bread spread with a little anchovy paste.

Canapés Orientales —an excellent hot hors d'œuvre, thick and spicy vegetable curry, served on fried bread

LUNCHEON. For the *Canapés Orientales* make a thick and spicy vegetable curry, bound at the last minute with one whole egg beaten in. Served on pieces of fried bread this makes a very appetising hot *hors d'œuvre*. I have already given recipes for various *terrines*, which are galantines made and served in a presentable glazed earthenware pie-dish.

Rum Junket is made in the ordinary way but with a flavouring of rum put in when the rennet is added. In this case, do not use nutmeg.

TEA. A pleasant light cake is made with an ordinary sponge sandwich with a filling of chopped preserved ginger, cream and some of the ginger syrup. Keep some to spread on top of the sandwich as well.

Iced Tea, I would remind you, should be made with fresh hot tea, poured through a strainer into tumblers three parts filled with crushed ice, on top of which is a slice of lemon.

THE DINNER PARTY. There is nothing so refreshing as a cup of iced *consommé*. For this one, take the required amount of clear soup, and put it in a saucepan with a few tomatoes roughly cut up. Bring to the boil and add the white of an egg beaten, which will collect all sediment, leaving you a perfectly clear *consommé*, which you pour through a muslin into a clean bowl.

Add a little drop of red colouring, enough to give a delicate pink tint, and put on ice or in the refrigerator until well iced.

As cold *consommé* should be liquid and *not* like a jelly, the original clear soup should be made without bones. If before serving you find your *consommé* is stiff, it can be released by whipping it briskly with an egg whisk. Serve, of course, in cups.

Fillets de Sole à la Russe. The point of this dish is a contrast between very hot and very cold. You want the fillets (two small or one large for each person) fried very crisply and at the last minute. The sauce is a very creamy horse-radish sauce (the horse-radish finely grated), and put away to get really iced, almost solid, and you should serve the fish on cold plates.

Fraises à l'Orange make a pleasant change from the usual strawberries and cream. Choose large berries, remove the stalks and cut them in two. Sprinkle with sugar, and just before serving pour over some strained orange-juice and stir well.

The preparation of this quite elaborate meal need not alarm any cook. The *consommé* and the sauce for the fish can be made in the morning (the clear soup having been cooked the day before) and the strawberries cut and sugared in the afternoon, or while the ducklings and vegetables are being cooked. The fish is ready floured and could be cooked as soon as the soup has been sent in.

SUPPER. You can prepare our *Chicken Salad* in various ways, but I would always add a few sweet red peppers cut in pieces. The dressing could be a mayonnaise sauce, but, personally, I think a plain dressing of oil, vinegar, salt, pepper and mustard better.

Fondue can be made in the dining-room over a spirit lamp. You want thin shavings of Gruyère cheese, melt them slowly in a saucepan and add a little butter, milk, cream, pepper. Cook very slowly, stirring till you have a thick creamy mixture. Serve on, or with, pieces of thick dry toast, freshly made.

COLD SWEETS QUICKLY PREPARED

In this perfect summer dining-room they use an old dresser instead of a sideboard or side table, the simplest table arrangements, and keep the windows uncurtained so as to get as much sun as possible

THERE is not always the time or the ingredients necessary for the preparation of elaborate cold sweets. Yet there seems no alternative but stewed fruit or fruit salad, which are all very well in their way, but certainly rather monotonous.

Stewed fruit, as a matter of fact, can be turned quite easily into that very excellent English sweet, a fool, which, by the way, is extremely good made with sweetened condensed milk instead of cream. I have often made it myself with a mixture of both, and find that the condensed milk gives a better consistency.

Fruit salads, too, need not be so bad as they usually are, but you must avoid all hard fruits. There is nothing so detestable as that mixture in which you suddenly find a grape (more often than not with pips and skin left), a piece of raw apple, and rounds of black-looking banana, all of these quite spoiling the nice soft fruits which are also there.

In any case fruit salad should be served really cold, and if you happen to have a liqueur in the house, a little drop of something will turn the salad into quite an exciting sweet.

Custard is another thing which could be very much better. Use yolks of eggs only (one for each person) and a good flavouring of something like orange essence, strain the custard into little individual pots and serve them icy cold with some delicate sweet biscuits or *petit fours*, and there you have a simple sweet good enough for a dinner party.

It is not necessary to throw the whites of the eggs away; they can be used in various ways, one of which I will explain presently.

BANANA MOUSSE

Peel and scrape the bananas (a large one should be sufficient for two people), cut them into small pieces, mash and put them in a basin. Now beat them as you would eggs or cream, and you will have quite a frothy mousse.

Add half as much raspberry jam as you have of banana, mix well, adding soft sugar if necessary. Serve very cold in little individual pots or glasses, with a few sweet biscuits or sponge-fingers.

MOUSSE AU CHOCOLAT

This is one of my ways of using up whites of eggs. Beat them to a stiff froth and add, little by little, finely grated chocolate powder and soft sugar.

COMPÔTE OF PEARS

Choose some good firm pears of medium size, which have each a little stalk showing, peel them carefully, leaving the stalk attached. Place the pears in a large saucepan with vanilla and a piece of lemon peel, cover with cold water, add sugar, bring to the boil and simmer gently until the pears are quite soft, but without letting them break.

Put one quarter of the juice into a small saucepan, leaving the pears to cool in the rest of the juice in the large saucepan with the lid on.

Add, for every teacupful of juice, two heaped tablespoonfuls of soft sugar to the small saucepan, and boil until you have a thick syrup. Let this become tepid.

Remove the pears, draining off all juice. Place them, upright, in a dish and pour the syrup over, slowly, so that it completely coats each pear. Serve very cold with cream.

FRAISES À LA RUSSE

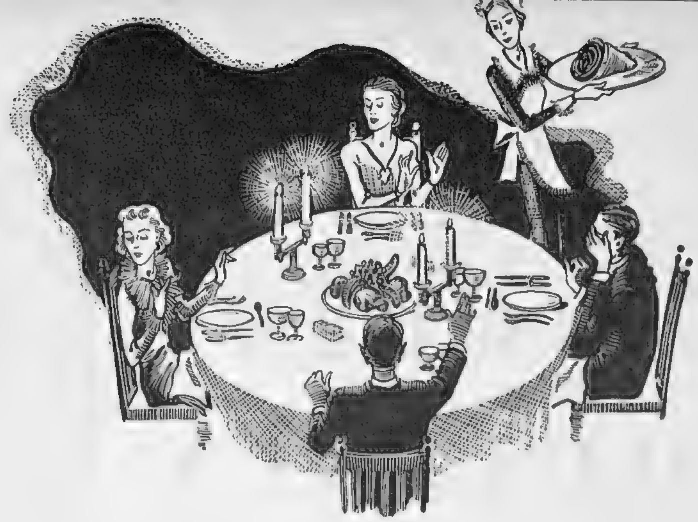
This is a rather more expensive recipe but very easy to prepare. You want large, really ripe, strawberries. Cut in halves, having removed the stalks. Put them in the serving bowl and sprinkle well with sugar.

Now add some port wine—a port-glassful for three or four people. Pour over a good coating of cream and put the bowl away carefully on ice or in the refrigerator to get really cold. Just before serving, and only then, stir the dish thoroughly so that all the ingredients are well mixed.

GLACE HÉLÈNE

Although usually served with a poached pear, this popular sweet is very good without it. You only need a good portion of vanilla ice cream—so easy to buy nowadays—for each person, over which you pour, at the table, a hot chocolate sauce made by melting grated chocolate in a little water, cooking it to the consistency of thick cream.

WHEN YOU DON'T WANT MEAT



By ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT

THE proverbial dinner of herbs is taken very seriously by a large number of people. Although many of us do not agree with rigid vegetarianism, there are often times when we want to go on to a vegetarian diet, but simply don't know what to eat.

The chief concern of the vegetarian cook is to produce a well-balanced diet without the aid of flesh-food, using in its stead what are termed the vital foods.

Eggs, cheese, nuts and pulses—peas, beans and lentils—being rich in protein, largely take the place of butcher meat. Starchy foods and fats—heat and energy giving foods—must also be incorporated, while vegetables and fruits, rich in mineral salts and the important vitamins, are real essentials.

Green vegetables perhaps rank first in importance, not only for vegetarians, but for everyone who wishes to enjoy good health. Research has shown that they are really at their best when served in their raw, fresh state.

It is necessary, however, to make them look attractive and appetising, as food must please the eye as well as the palate.

Cabbage finely shredded makes an excellent basis for a salad, and if garnished with the bright colouring of grated carrot looks good too. The tomato, so rich in vitamins, is a great asset to the cook.

Salad made with a rosy apple scooped out and filled with dressed chopped salted almonds, topped with asparagus tips

Young spring onions, radishes, the indispensable lettuce, and many more, are at their best in their natural, unfired state.

The conservative cooking of vegetables is now practically the only recognised method, as it leaves the valuable properties unspoiled. The vegetables are cleansed in the usual way, and then shredded or sprigged, according to their nature.

They are cooked for five minutes only, in a very small quantity of boiling water, to soften the cellulose or framework. The water is then drained off and they are cooked again in melted butter in a covered saucepan for about fifteen minutes; longer for whole vegetables such as brussels sprouts.

The majority of courses in a dinner or luncheon menu can be supplied for the vegetarian from natural sources. An appetising assortment of vegetable *hors d'œuvre* appeals even to those who do not follow this regime, and all of us like fruit and vegetable cocktails as a preliminary course.

Soup there is in plenty, and most pet recipes can be easily transformed into the vegetarian variety. Vegetable stock is the usual basis. This is made in the same way as household stock, omitting the bones and meat. Add a little marmite or yeastrel to take away the insipid flavour.

Even *consommé* can be reproduced perfectly, and if wanted in its jellied form, gelozone will be found to be an excellent stiffening agent.

Vegetables, of course, are no problem, but avoid monotony by introducing a few unusual ones occasionally.

Vegetables set in aspic, if served with horse-radish cream dressing and garnished with watercress, make an excellent dish for luncheon or dinner.

Salads, of course, play a large part in a vegetarian diet. Spare no effort to serve them fresh and crisp. Try asparagus served cold with a simple Hollandaise sauce. Try tender dandelion leaves, watercress, chicory and chervil in your salads.

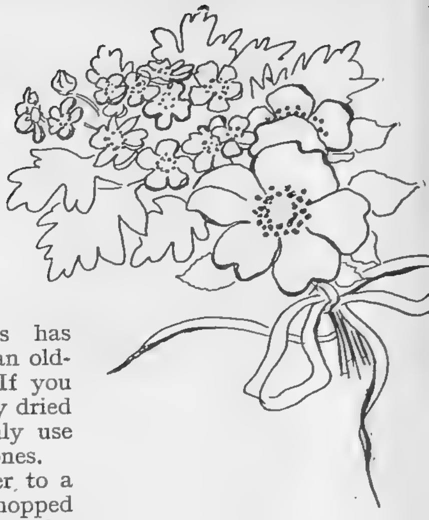
An individual salad made with a rosy apple scooped out and filled with dressed and chopped salted almonds, and garnished with a few asparagus tips, is nice to look at, delicious to eat, and sustains you.

A judicious blending of fruit and vegetable, with perhaps a little cream cheese, is interesting. The brilliant red of the cherry or the golden colouring of little mandarins, make nice garnishes.

The joints and solids are the chief problem which confronts the vegetarian cook. The cutlet and the well-cooked steak are as necessary in their own way to the vegetarian as to the epicurean. The fish course can be reproduced in many guises.

A good supper kedgeree is made from boiled rice, hard-boiled egg and grated onion, moistened with a little sauce or vegetable stock. A particularly good imitation of fillets of sole is made from cooking two ounces of ground rice in half a pint of milk, until very stiff. Add a lump of butter and a seasoning of grated onion, powdered mace, salt and pepper; mix well, spread on a plate to cool, then shape into fillets, egg, crumb, and fry in the usual way.

(*Continued on page* 109)



FLOWERS TO EAT

NOT *au naturel*, of course, but properly prepared, conserved flowers can make unusual and interesting additions to your table.

Here are some flower recipes taken from an old manuscript cookery book.

RED ROSE CONSERVE Pick the freshest and sweetest smelling roses before the sun is on them and pick off the petals and spread out to dry, not in the sun. Weigh 2 lb. of the petals, plunge into boiling water, drain and dry thoroughly. Have ready a syrup made of 2 lb. of sugar and a very little water, put in the leaves and three tablespoonfuls of orange flower water (bought from any good Italian warehouseman or chemist), stir and simmer very gently until it thickens. Pour into small pots and cover while hot.

Another conserve may be made by pounding the petals after they have been plunged into boiling water and dried. Then to each ½ lb. of the pounded petals add 1 lb. castor sugar. Cook very gently until the petals have absorbed all the moisture. Add a very little rose essence of best quality, from the chemist, spread on an oiled dish and dry well. Cut in strips and keep in a paper-lined tin, with paper between the layers.

RED ROSE LOZENGES Take 1 lb. sugar and a very little water. Dissolve and boil without stirring until it forms a fairly hard ball, when tested in cold water. Add about 2 lb. rose petals which have been washed, scalded and pounded to a paste with a little lemon juice. Stir gently and cook for one minute Pour on to an oiled plate. Cut in squares when cold, roll in sugar, dry on racks and store in paper-lined boxes.

After the roses come the hips—which make beautiful ruddy jellies and preserves.

HIPS IN SUGAR Gather large red hips and boil very gently until tender, but not broken. Trim the stalks and cut a piece from the blossom end and remove the seeds. Allow 1 lb. of sugar and a little cinnamon to each pound of hips. Dissolve the sugar in a very little water. When quite dissolved put in the hips and boil gently until the syrup thickens. Cook and pot in small glasses. Cover while hot.

HIP MARMALADE Choose large red and ripe hips. Wash and cook until tender in ½ pint of water to each 1 lb. of hips. When tender rub through a fine sieve, measure and add 1 lb. sugar to each pound of pulp. Boil very gently until the marmalade sets when tested in a plate. Pot and cover while hot.

HAWTHORN JELLY Wash some ripe, red hawthorn berries. Pick and simmer in a little water until tender. Allow to drip through a jelly cloth. Measure and add 1 lb. sugar to each pint of juice. Boil gently for twenty to twenty-five minutes, until a little tested on a plate jellies. Pot and cover when cold.

SUGAR OF ORANGE FLOWERS This has an exotic sound and flavour, and is an old-fashioned specific for sleeplessness. If you have not an orange tree you may buy dried blossoms at a good chemist—but only use half the quantity given for the fresh ones.

Boil 1 lb. sugar in ½ pint of water to a syrup. Throw in a large cupful of chopped orange blossom, petals and filaments only. Cook gently until it does not stick to the pan. Pour on to an oiled dish half an inch thick. Cut in squares while hot, and when firm and cold store in paper-lined boxes.

FLOWER BON-BONS Sieve 2 lb. of icing sugar and mix to a stiff paste with lightly beaten white of egg. Divide into portions and colour and flavour delicately with flower essences and colours. Pink, with rose; white, with orange flower water; green, with pistachio; pale mauve, with violet. You get these essences and colours from a chemist or good grocer.

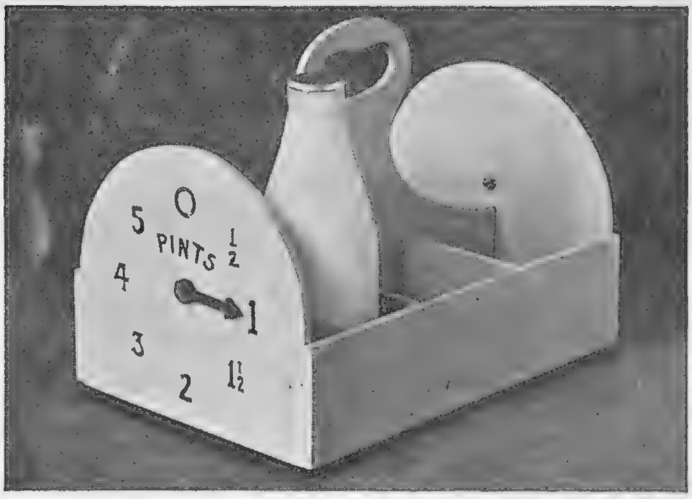
Roll out the paste on a slab dusted with icing sugar and cut in rounds the size of a shilling. Dry for a few hours, then brush each lightly with a little beaten white of egg and roll in coloured sugar. Dry in a warm closet or press for half an hour, cool and pack in paper-lined boxes.

To colour the sugar, use fine granulated sugar and rub in a very little colour with the tips of the fingers; a little flavouring can be added also. When evenly mixed and a good colour, dry in a cool place, store in tightly stoppered bottles and use as required.

BLACK CURRANT BUD OR FLAVOURING Pick very young shoots of black currants, wash well and pack tightly in wide-necked bottles, cover with brandy and leave for a month. Filter and cork the flavouring tightly. Used to give a delicate flavour to ices, puddings, cakes, etc.

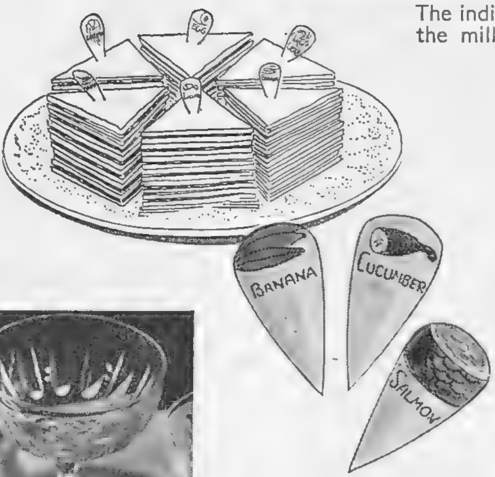
E. C.

KITCHEN CAUSERIE



The indicator on this useful tray will show the milkman how much milk to leave

A WATCHED pot never boils, but it is a still greater certainty that an unwatched saucepan will scarcely ever fail to boil over, causing waste, and making a nasty mess of your gas ring, hot plate or stove. If you get a Davis Safety Milk Guard, made of white earthenware, and place it in the bottom of your saucepan, you can safely leave milk, coffee, cocoa and other liquid foods while you answer the telephone or the door bell, for they will never boil over. It costs ninepence



Sandwich labels, handpainted on bone

The Direct Creamer delivers your cream direct from the saucepan to jug or basin

CREAM AT SIXPENCE A PINT

The "Direct Creamer" illustrated on this page costs 4s. 6d. and gives you cream at 6d. a pint. It is rustless and stainless, has no piston washers or springs, and operates in the most simple and efficient manner.

Use ¼ pint of milk and ¼ lb. of butter. Put into a saucepan and heat until the butter is quite melted. Leave the mixture to cool, then stir thoroughly.

Place the creamer in the saucepan and put a jug or basin under the delivery tube. Work the piston steadily up and down with plenty of force on the down stroke and your cream appears.

LEAVE IT TO THE MILKMAN

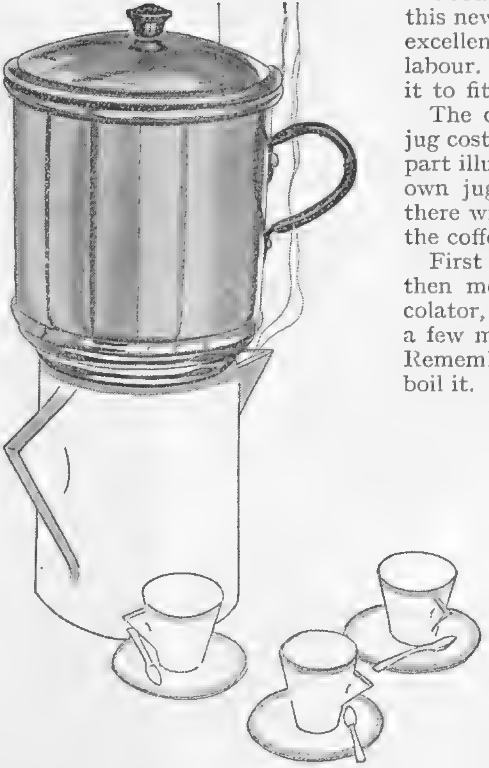
When you are maidless or have only morning help, many a summer afternoon's enjoyment is cut short by your having to hurry home to take delivery of the evening's milk supply. The thing to do is to get one of the clever milk trays shown on this page, place it in the porch or in some other convenient and shady spot, set the indicator and leave the rest to the milkman.

At one end the indicator shows the quantity of milk required, while the other end is divided in half, with an indicator for cream and eggs. Price 7s. 6d.

PICNICS

Because your table is laid on grass, don't think it should be set out in a slipshod manner. Make everything look as appetising as possible, and remember, if your sandwiches are carefully labelled there will be no need for guests to lift the top off them to see what is inside. The novel sandwich labels shown are handpainted on bone, washable, 2d. each.

For drinks you can be spared much anxiety when packing your picnic baskets, by purchasing mica glasses. These are 2s. 3d. a dozen, or 2½d. each. A supply of "Handipack" greaseproof bags—3d. for packets of 40—is a picnic necessity.



The "Ufix" coffee percolator, the grooved base of which enables it to fit jugs of any size

A NEW PERCOLATOR

Good coffee lovers will be pleased with this new "Ufix" percolator, for it makes excellent coffee with a minimum of labour. The grooves at the base enable it to fit any sized jug.

The complete percolator with its own jug costs 10s. 6d., but if you just buy the part illustrated and use it on one of your own jugs, it will cost you 5s. 6d., and there will be no difference in the taste of the coffee.

First warm the jug and the percolator, then measure your coffee into the percolator, fill up with boiling water and in a few minutes your coffee will be ready. Remember, if you want good coffee, never boil it.

Further details of anything mentioned on this page on application to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope

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FRANCE

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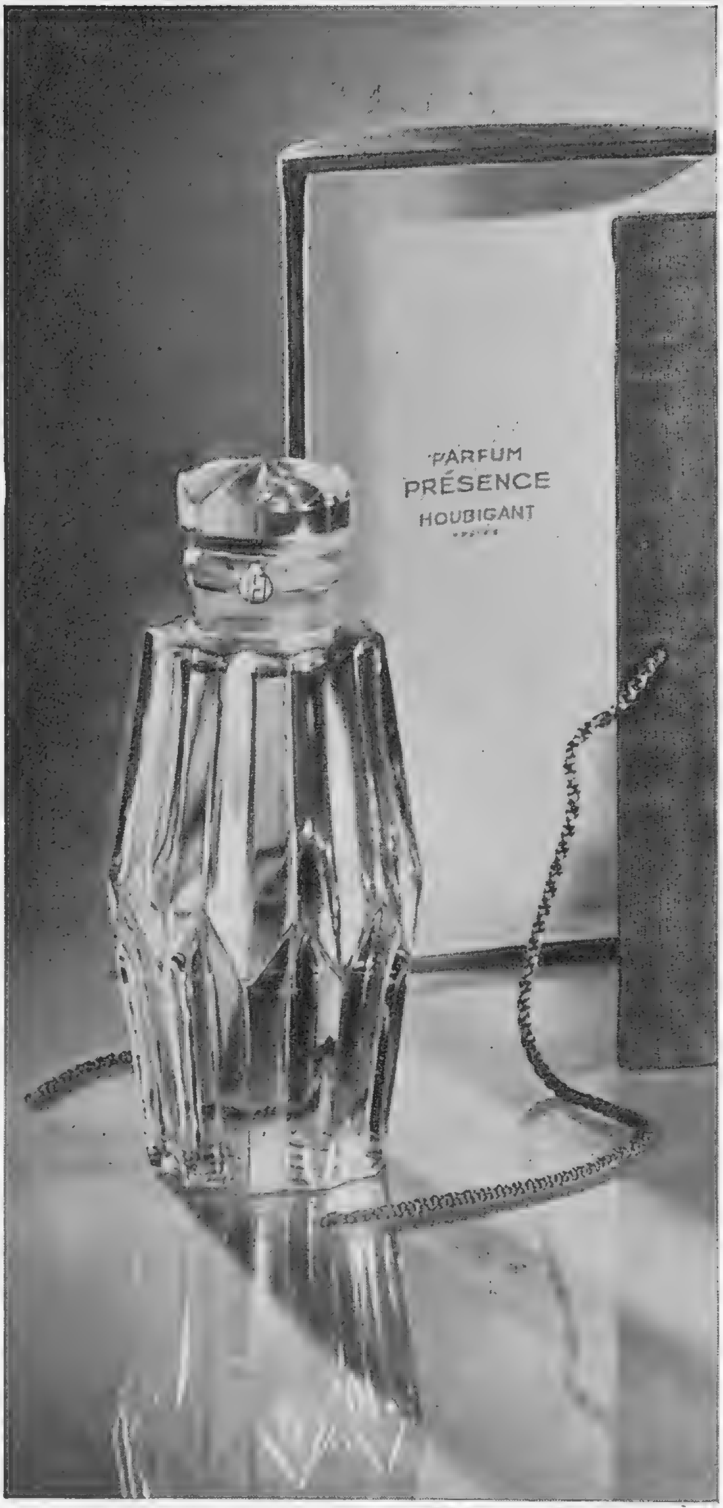
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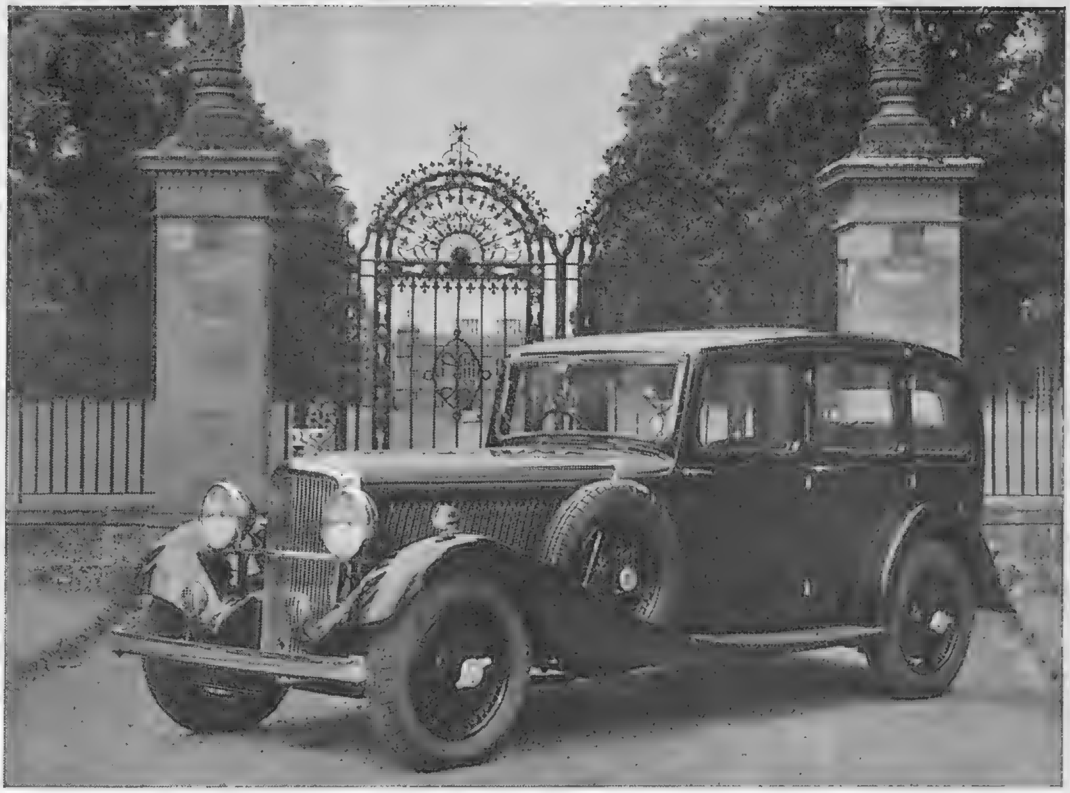

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INSIDE INFORMATION

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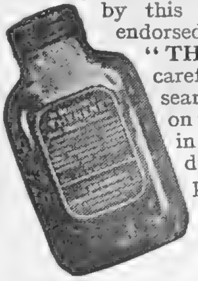
If you cannot obtain *CAVALCADE* write for a free specimen copy to Cavalcade, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, mentioning *Britannia and Eve.*

THYNENE *for* SAFE SLIMMING

LADIES! REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT PERMANENTLY AND QUICKLY!!!

Is excessive Fatness debarring you from enjoying to the full all the pleasures of life? Then get slim naturally, QUICKLY and PERMANENTLY by this new scientific treatment endorsed by leading physicians.



"THYNENE" is the result of careful experimenting and research—it acts like magic even on the most stubborn cases in the first few days, reducing double chin, protruding hips, enlarged bust, ungainly legs or ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms or shoulders.

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"THYNENE" not only destroys all superfluous fatty tissue in both men and women, BUT PREVENTS IT FORMING AGAIN. Vigour, new life, added vitality and nerve force are all yours again with a return to the slender lines of a youthful figure. Start NOW to regain completely vigorous and robust health by this SAFE, EASY and PERMANENT METHOD.

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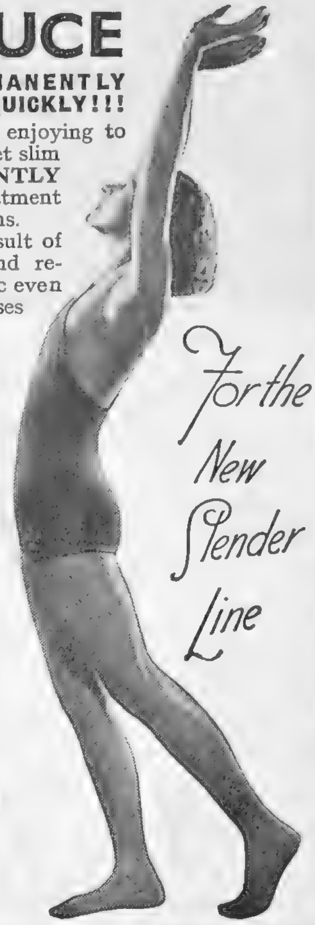
For the New Slender Line

A Feature drawing your attention to Reputable Advertising Products to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

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STAIN
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EXCELLENT FOR THE LEATHER
CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH
BLACK
CHERRY BLOSSOM
TONETTE
DARK STAIN
POLISH
TONETTE

With this sextette in your cleaning cupboard your house should be a glass palace, reflecting everywhere the wisdom of your choice

THERE is nothing like sunshine for emphasising every bit of dust or dirt in a house, but don't be disheartened if you notice dirty marks on your white enamel paint. Min Cream will quickly remove these and at the same time restore the brilliance to the surface of the paint.

This cream, which contains turpentine and the finest polish-producing waxes, has a hundred and one uses. It is splendid for pianos and all highly polished surfaces. If you really want to test its versatility, try it on your porcelain bath and see how quickly and easily it will remove all marks.

On floors and linoleums Mansion Polish gives an excellent finish, and has another advantage in that it is antiseptic, and so affords a real protection against germs. It can also be used to advantage on the leather work of motor cars and perambulators.

The manufacturers of this cream and polish, who, by the way, are also the proprietors of the excellent Cherry Blossom boot polishes, have recently marketed a new varnish stain called Varnene.

This gives a lacquer-like gloss to floor boards, which makes an ideal surround for a carpet. It is obtainable in light oak, dark oak, walnut, mahogany and ebony.

Colour Values in Decoration

Colour plays a most important part in your home, If you are clever that way, you can learn much from Nature in the blending and mixing of colours. Think of the blaze of a herbaceous border in all its June glory, try to count the number of colours that go to make the glorious whole, yet nothing clashes, or hurts.

Be careful, however; not everyone is blessed with colour sense. If you feel at all uncertain of your own taste you will be advised to seek the guidance of an expert when planning new colour schemes for your home.

A free booklet, beautifully illustrated in colour, is offered by the manufacturers of Price's candles. It is called " Gay Interiors," is written by a woman who is an expert on decoration and gives excellent advice on this subject.

A supplement, also free, tackles the problem of the too high room, the too low room, the sunless room, the basement room and many other difficulties which can be surmounted if you only know how to deal with them.

To obtain copies of these useful booklets, send a post card to Price's, Battersea, London, S.W.11.

Generous Offer

Simplicity and hygiene are the two main features of a new bathroom fitting which is offered free to users of Kolynos toothpaste. A narrow shelf made of two strips of glass separated by a space just wide enough for the handle of a toothbrush to slip through is held together by side frames of chromium.

Tumblers placed on the shelf over the heads of toothbrushes will keep them clean and free from dust.

In order to get this generous free gift save two sepia coloured leaflets, one of which is enclosed in each 1s. 9d. size of Kolynos toothpaste, and send them, together with 3d. to cover part cost of postage, to Kolynos, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

New Hair-wash

If you have a favourite shampoo, probably nothing will persuade you to use any other, but if you give Dawn-Glo Lustre Shampoo a trial you will not be disappointed.

It is a soapless shampoo, and so cannot clog the pores of the scalp. It contains a special grease solvent which removes all dinginess from the hair, leaving it fine and silky and bringing out all its natural colour and lights.

Dawn-Glo is sold in 6d. packets, on the back of which full directions for its use are given.

National Benzole comes from British Coal

From the heart of the British coalfields, from the mighty industries on which Britain's greatness depends, comes National Benzole—the most powerful spirit known to man. Distilled, re-distilled, blended scientifically with high-grade petrol, this British spirit is available to you in NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE.

It's the Benzole that gives your engine new liveliness, quicker acceleration, greater power, and eliminates 'rough running.'

. . . and that is why ***HE** *gives you*

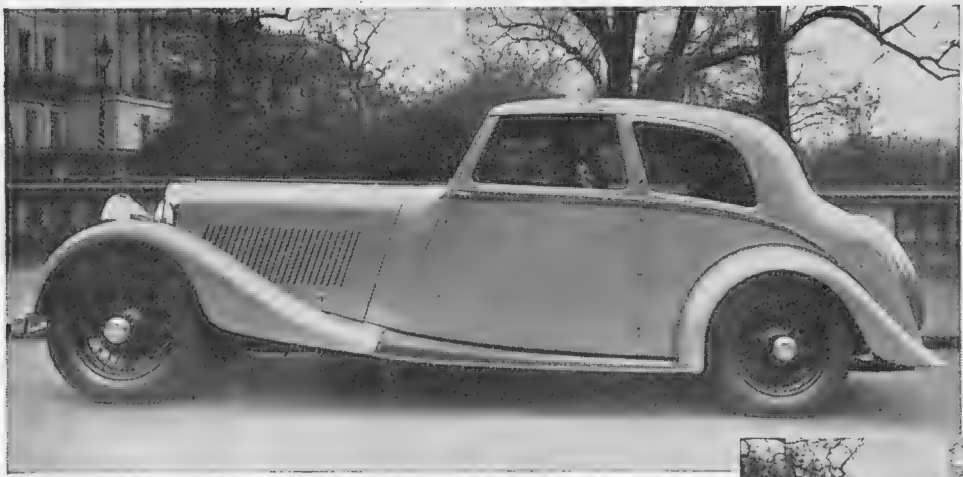
MORE MILES PER GALLON

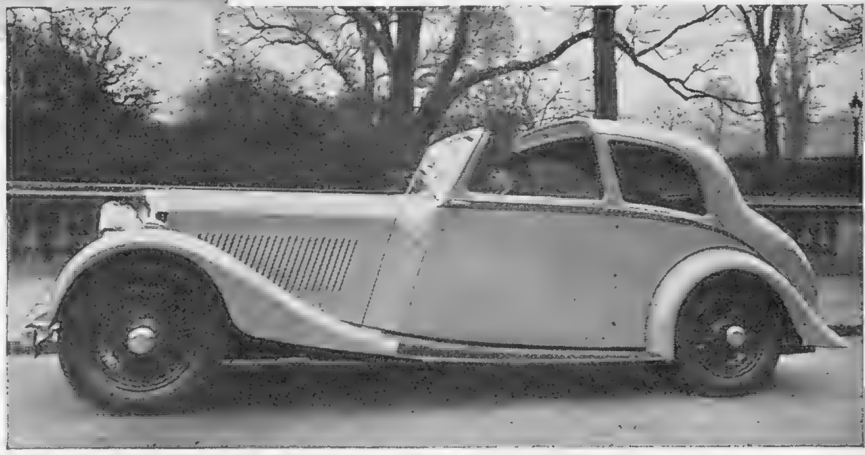
***HE** *is the winged symbol of*

NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE

National Benzole Co., Ltd., Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled by the producers of British Benzole.





THIS attractive car is the Park Ward Coupé de Ville mounted on a Bentley chassis. So neat is the "de Ville" extension that at first sight one might suppose the car to be a sports saloon. When the front part of the car is open—the alteration can be rapidly effected—the driver feels as if he is at the wheel of a tourer. In summer this is a very real asset

An Attractive Combination

Park Ward Coachwork on a Bentley Chassis

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is an interesting fact that although we live in an age of standardisation and mass production, there is just as much appreciation to-day as ever there was for that which is distinctive and individual. This is certainly very noticeable in the case of cars—as witness the continued success enjoyed by leading firms of coachbuilders, and specialists generally.

Of course, most of us drive cars which are mass-produced, and have no cause to grumble at them. Such cars represent the maximum value for money. But for mass production, they could not be sold at prices which the ordinary person can afford to pay. It is only when cars are turned out by the thousand that they can be marketed, with all their complex mechanism, for £200 or £300 apiece.

At the same time, we still find that as soon as a motorist has rather more money to spend, he is inclined to look for something which is a little out of the ordinary. He does not want anything freakish or flashy : he merely seeks a car which is not the replica of every other car which he passes on the road. It must have "that little something the others haven't got"; and I suppose that the "little something," if we can find a single word to describe it, is nothing more nor less than individuality.

An excellent example of the individualistic type of car is the Bentley which I have just been driving, with coachwork specially designed for it by Messrs. Park Ward. The Bentley is, of course, a notable example of engineering. Although built by modern and up-to-date methods, an exceptional amount of care is lavished upon the assembly of every chassis before it is passed out from the works. There is no question of parts being "thrown together," or of any workmanship other than the best being accepted as "good enough."

THE high standard maintained by the Bentley works is quickly apparent to the owner or driver who can appreciate such things. Even with the smaller, 3½-litre engine, the Bentley is an exceedingly fast car. The magical figure of 100 m.p.h. is not claimed for it; but in fact it does something not very far short of this speed. It certainly exceeds 90 m.p.h. by a big margin.

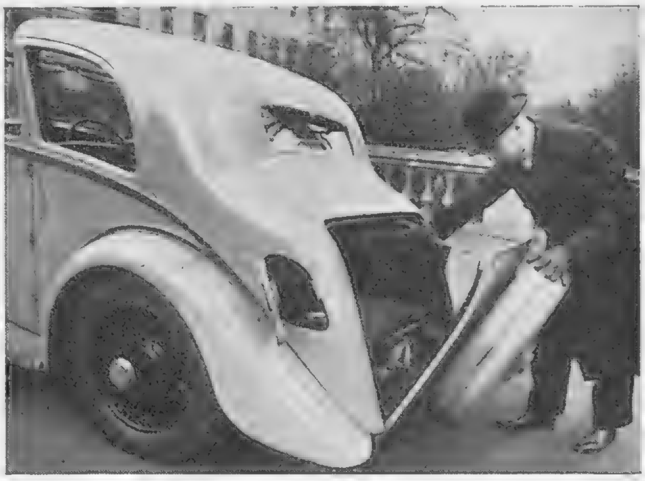
What is more to the point is that, however hot the pace, the engine runs always with the most perfect smoothness and absence of effort. At 60 m.p.h. the car just glides along, cruising with most of its power in reserve, so that one may almost doubt the evidence of a speedometer which, in sober fact, is more than ordinarily truthful.

Road-holding also is uncommonly good—and this makes all the difference between enjoyment and fatigue when one is driving at high speed. Springing, steering and weight distribution—all these must be first rate if a car is to hold the road ideally well. Thus, when the Bentley takes a curve really fast, and never, by the slightest unsteadiness or tendency to "roll," disturbs the serenity of its occupants, this is no merely fortuitous good quality. It is the result of a number of good points in combination.

Such a chassis deserves something good in the way of coachwork, and Messrs. Park Ward have designed for it a special body of the "Coupé de Ville" type. This, when closed, looks exactly like an ordinary two-door sports saloon. There is no break in the attractive, flowing "lines," and one's general impression is of a good-looking closed car of the conventional type.

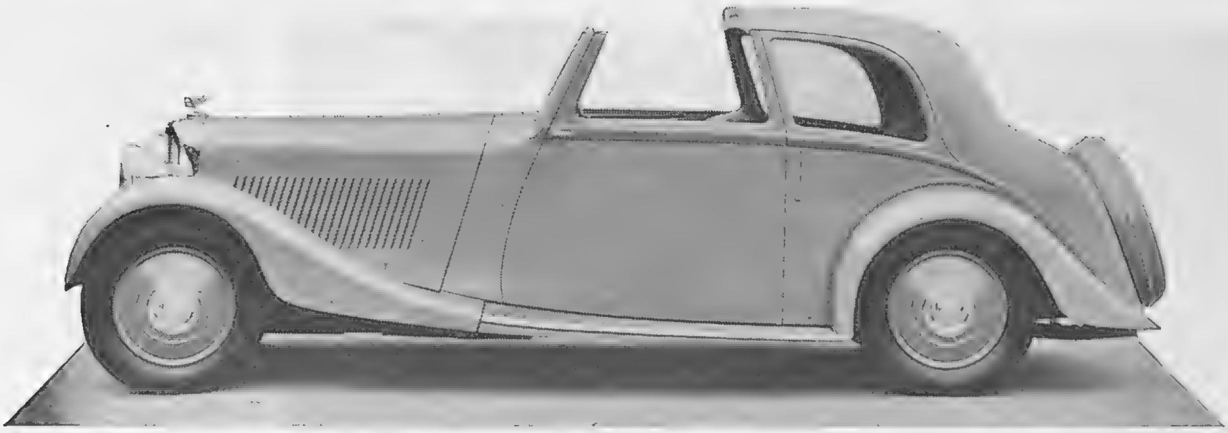
On a fine day, (*Continued on page* 84)

THE back seat is luxurious—both leg-room and head-room being ample. The front seats, by tipping forward, make it easy to get in and out. The upholstery and fittings are of the very best



THE luggage boot is of useful size. The small aperture gives access to the petrol filler cap, and a concealed bolt allows the rear panel to open. The tools are housed beneath

"...with PARK WARD *coachwork*"



Coupé de Ville on 4¼ litre Bentley chassis

The luxuries of Park Ward Coachwork always receive the appreciation that is their due. In fact, when you see a particularly attractive car it is only natural to take it for granted that the carefully planned comfort and graceful lines are by Park Ward

PARK WARD & CO. LTD

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fine PLATINUM *wire*

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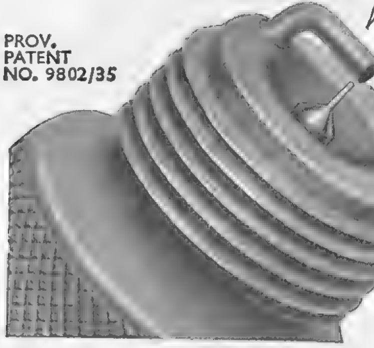

A new K·L·G point!

The use of Platinum, one of the world's most precious metals, has made it possible to incorporate this firing point in fine wire in certain K.L.G. plugs.
It is a complete break-away from orthodox design but fifteen months testing and thousands of miles in all kinds of engines have shewn that it gives a real improvement in starting, slow running and length of life. At first sight it might be expected to cause pre-ignition — but it does not. **K·L·G** P.K.I. (18 m/m) P.L.K.I. (14 m/m) at **6/6**

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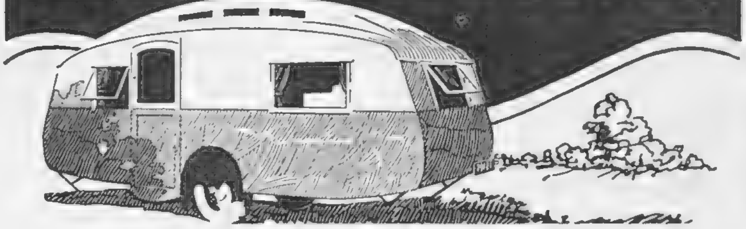

This caravan, suited to a car of medium horse power and very moderate in price, is one of a wide range of Eccles models. It is the outcome of many years of experience in building caravans to the needs of practical people. If you have not yet learned the joys, luxury and economy of caravan ownership the Eccles Catalogue will give you much interesting data on the subject. Send for a copy—it's free—and learn what *real* luxury caravanning means.

Caravan Superbly with an **ECCLES**

Gibson-Eccles Luggage Trailers for commercial and personal luggage problems. Ask for lists. Prices from 10 guineas.

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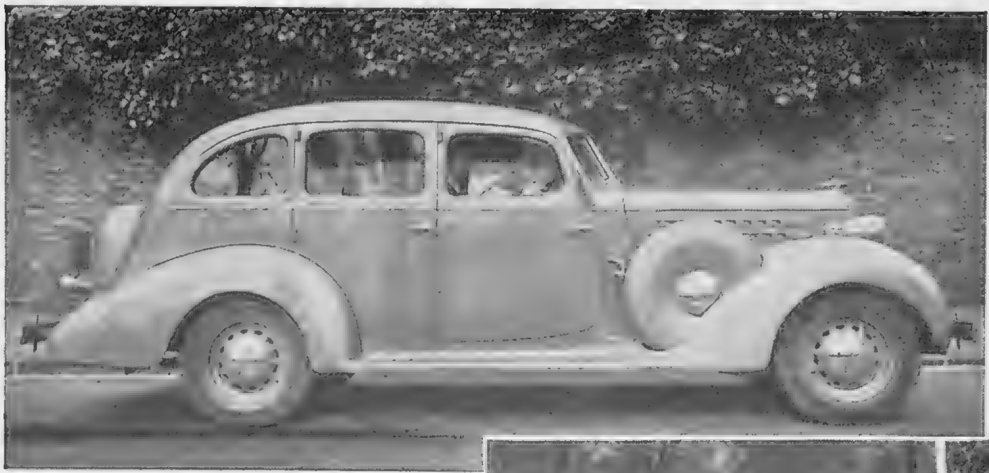
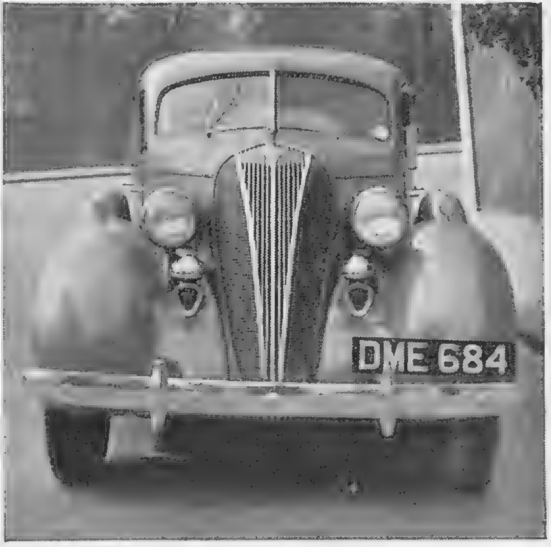


THE Hudson is a big car of impressive appearance, which does not belie its suggestion of abundant power. Its 22 h.p. engine gives it a fine performance, which is achieved with quietness and smoothness

A *Powerful* New Hudson

The 22 h.p. "Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE front view is decidedly striking, with an unusual type of radiator shell. The "V" type windscreen gives the driver an uncommonly wide range of vision

The Hudson "Six" in Brief

Engine: 21·6 *h.p., six cylinders with side valves.*

Transmission: Gearbox electrically controlled from miniature gear lever; has pre-selective action. Three speeds.

Performance: Second gear, 60 m.p.h.; top gear, around 80 m.p.h.

Steering: Light, does not self-centre.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, very comfortable.

Brakes: Hydraulic, of unusual power.

Coachwork: Exceptionally roomy, will seat six.

Price: Saloon £360; Special de Luxe model £380.

IT is always of interest to drive a car which, while it may have been built or assembled in England, is primarily American in its design. Such a car has always certain basic good qualities. It is sure to be very comfortable, and to have ample power for the largest load. It is sure also to run very quietly and smoothly, and to do its work in a pleasant and effortless manner.

Nowadays, moreover, one may often find chassis features which are entirely novel, and which represent real progress of the most valuable type. The new Hudson provides us with an excellent example of this progressive tendency. Here, at first glance, we see a brand new system of gear control—and one which is sure to appeal strongly to a great many drivers.

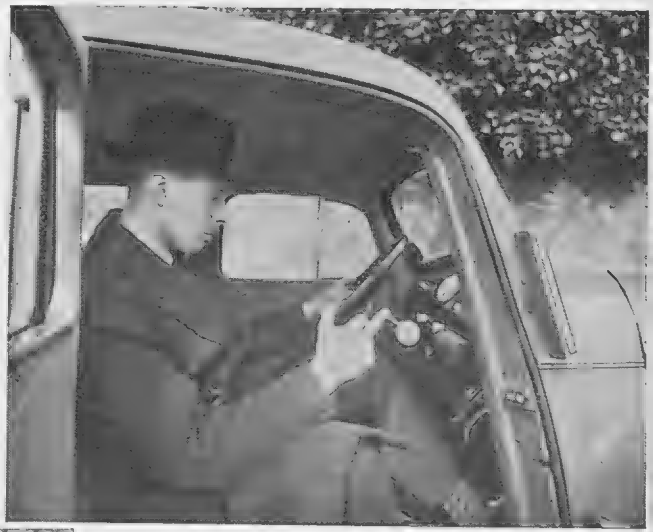
Briefly, the Hudson fits a "baby" gear lever on the steering column, giving a proper "gate" change, and operating exactly as a real gear lever should. It is connected electrically to the gearbox, and an excellent point is that an alternative (normal size) gear lever can be quickly fitted in the unlikely event of the electrical apparatus ever failing to function.

The "baby" gear lever, of course, can be worked with one finger, so that the driver need never move his hand from the steering wheel. It is delightfully quick and pleasant to manipulate, and, although not literally foolproof, gives a silent engagement in response to any reasonable gear-change. It can be used either pre-selectively or in the ordinary manner. I personally got first-rate results by treating it exactly like an ordinary gear in miniature.

The hand-brake lever is of special type, and pulls out horizontally from below the instrument board. Thus there are absolutely no obstructions in the front compartment.

This brings us to another admirable feature. Three people can comfortably sit abreast on the front seat, making the car a real six-seater. For some extraordinary reason there is no car of English design of which this can be said. (At least, I cannot think of one at the present moment.) We have only five-seaters or seven-seaters—the latter usually expensive. The Hudson, in my opinion, scores heavily in providing sufficient seating space for an additional person alongside the driver.

The engine, as may be expected, gives a fine performance, and is especially notable for its flexibility. It will not only run smoothly at a walking pace in top gear, but will also accelerate from the same speed, even on a slight gradient, without the slightest fuss or hesitation. For those who are so graceless as to ignore the "baby" gear lever, this is a real top-gear car. (*Continued on page* 84)



THE "baby" gear lever, working electrically, is just under the driver's finger. It gives a proper "gate" change. Note also the brake lever on the extreme right, where it does not obstruct the front compartment

THERE is a very roomy luggage boot at the back, and it is here that tools, etc., are kept. There is plenty of space left for a number of suitcases

FIT AND CHIC IN AERTEX

It's a matter of choice what colour you select, for you can buy these Aertex Blouses chaste or gay, at the most reasonable figure. They're made from the wonderful Aertex fabric that lets the body breathe and guards you against overheating and chills. That's why they keep you so fit and fresh through all kinds of weather.

This "Sybil" blouse in plain colours costs only 5/11d. In check designs it is two or three shillings more. In all sizes, smalls, slenders and women's. It is obtainable with long sleeves.

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON

Your garment is not Aertex unless it bears this label.

Stocked by all good Drapers and Outfitters—apply for illustrated catalogue showing many different garments.

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AERTEX

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO., LTD.
72-73, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.

There is plenty of speed. A good 60 m.p.h. can be reached in second gear—a figure which sufficiently explains why only three speeds have been found necessary. In top gear, the maximum is in the region of 80 m.p.h.

The steering is very light, but it is lacking in self-centring action, and this may perhaps be regretted by English drivers when it is a question of cornering at speed. The springing is most comfortable, particularly at the lower end of the speed range, where its soft action is wonderfully effective in smoothing out ripples or pot-holes.

The brakes are hydraulic, and have an exceptionally powerful action. They are also very light, so that a little care is needed when applying them in a hurry. The car can be brought to a standstill, however, in a surprisingly short distance. A good point is that the hand-brake acts mechanically, so that there are really two separate braking systems on which the driver can rely.

Throughout, the Hudson gives the impression of great sturdiness. The driver feels that he has a really big car at his command, and that he is never likely either to overload or to over-drive it. The seating may truly be described as luxurious, and there is generous space, even for heavy-weights, both in front and at the back as well. The width, in particular, must be considerably greater than that of most cars—and there is no doubt that the extra inches, being used to good purpose, are extremely welcome.

The windscreen does not open, but it derives many advantages from being of "V" shape. In particular, it gives an unusually wide field of vision, which is most helpful in traffic. While looking ahead, one can also keep an eye quite easily on any pedestrians who look like stepping off the pavement. With a flat screen, the roof pillars do not permit one to see so much at these wide angles.

The price of the Saloon model is very moderate at £360, and there is a special Saloon de Luxe at £380. Both in appearance and in behaviour the Hudson more than justifies this outlay. Incidentally, there is the promise of long life in its high top-gear ratio (4.1 to 1) and relatively moderate engine "revs."

An Attractive Combination

(*Continued from page* 81)

however, the whole front compartment of the car may be opened. The entire front portion of the roof slides back into the rear portion, where it is neatly enclosed. Then, with the front windows lowered, the driver has exactly the impression (and what is more pleasant when the weather is right for it?) of sitting in the front seat of an open tourer.

The back-seat passengers still have the rear portion of the roof over their heads, although they have, in effect, an open car in front of them. The system of converting the car from open to closed, or *vice versa*, is most ingenious, and has the great advantage that it is neither a lengthy nor a laborious business.

I have spoken of the roof sliding; but I must reiterate that the result is not merely similar to that produced by the ordinary sliding roof of a saloon. With the ordinary arrangement, one still feels that one is in a closed car, albeit with more fresh air and light than usual. In this Coupé de Ville, however, the effect is much more radical, and the comparison with an open tourer is by no means exaggerated.

The seating, as may be imagined, is most luxurious, providing ample accommodation for four people, with room for an additional fifth on the back seat. At first sight, the amount of leg-room behind may appear limited; but this is an illusion, for actually there is plenty, even for a tall man. A good point, not always found in modern cars, is that the head-room likewise is generous.

There is a big luggage boot at the extreme rear, and this may be opened by an ingenious system. The driver first unlocks in the ordinary way a small aperture, giving access to the petrol filler cap. Putting his hand inside this, he can feel a bolt which, when withdrawn, allows the back panel to open. A stranger, unaware of this, would never succeed in getting at the luggage.

The price of the complete car, with numerous special fitments, is £1,737. This is not, of course, within the reach of everyone; but it will not be considered unreasonable by those who are looking for a really fine car in the 3½-litre class. It is not every day that good coachwork and good engineering are so admirably blended.

Excelsior! The Last Great Effort

(*Continued from page* 19)

living of Zermatt and were heard of from time to time through parties returning from high-level huts.

Smythe's assignment was only one of a number that have been carried out in various corners of the world. While he was in Switzerland another party of candidates was reconnoitring the lower slopes of Everest itself, five thousand miles away. They were led by Eric Shipton, the planter from Kenya. He was Smythe's climbing partner, both on Kamet and on the last try for Everest three years ago. Although still in his twenties, he has ranged over the highest mountains of three continents.

Four hundred miles from Everest, across the hot plains of India, is another vital centre of the expedition. In Calcutta a meteorologist sends up an endless series of little balloons five miles toward the stratosphere. On the records that they bring down the climbers will base much of their strategy. Those records chart the progress of the monsoon, the storm that every year sweeps across the Bay of Bengal and, crossing the plain, unloads enormous masses of snow on the flanks of Everest. That ends the climbing. This year's try for the mountain, like every other try, will be a race to get to the top in the few weeks that elapse between the first faint warmth of spring and the coming of the monsoon.

The long arm of the Committee has reached out to a score of villages perched up on the edge of the snows a month's journey from the civilised life of India. There have been recruited the native porters, the "tigers" who will carry the loads and help establish the ascending series of camps. Without them no expedition could get halfway up the mountain.

But the most intense and varied activity has been in England.

In one part of London you might have seen a group of earnest and anxious young men going through a series of grotesque stunts before the equally anxious eyes of examiners. They balanced for minutes on one foot with their eyes shut; they were spun rapidly round in swivel chairs; they were pounded and kneaded and almost taken apart. Every man in the climbing party has gone through all the pilot tests of the Royal Air Force and as many more tests as the doctors could think of. But there's no way to duplicate the test of the mountain itself. The extraordinary wracking and strain to which Everest subjects every fibre of the human body will search out in some of the climbers weaknesses that they could have lived their lives through without suspecting.

Then there were the packers. The boxing and labelling of twenty odd tons of supplies to be carried across

(*Continued on page* 86)

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with gilt screw cap, costs 8/9.
Half-size, 4/9.
Watch-shaped bottle for the
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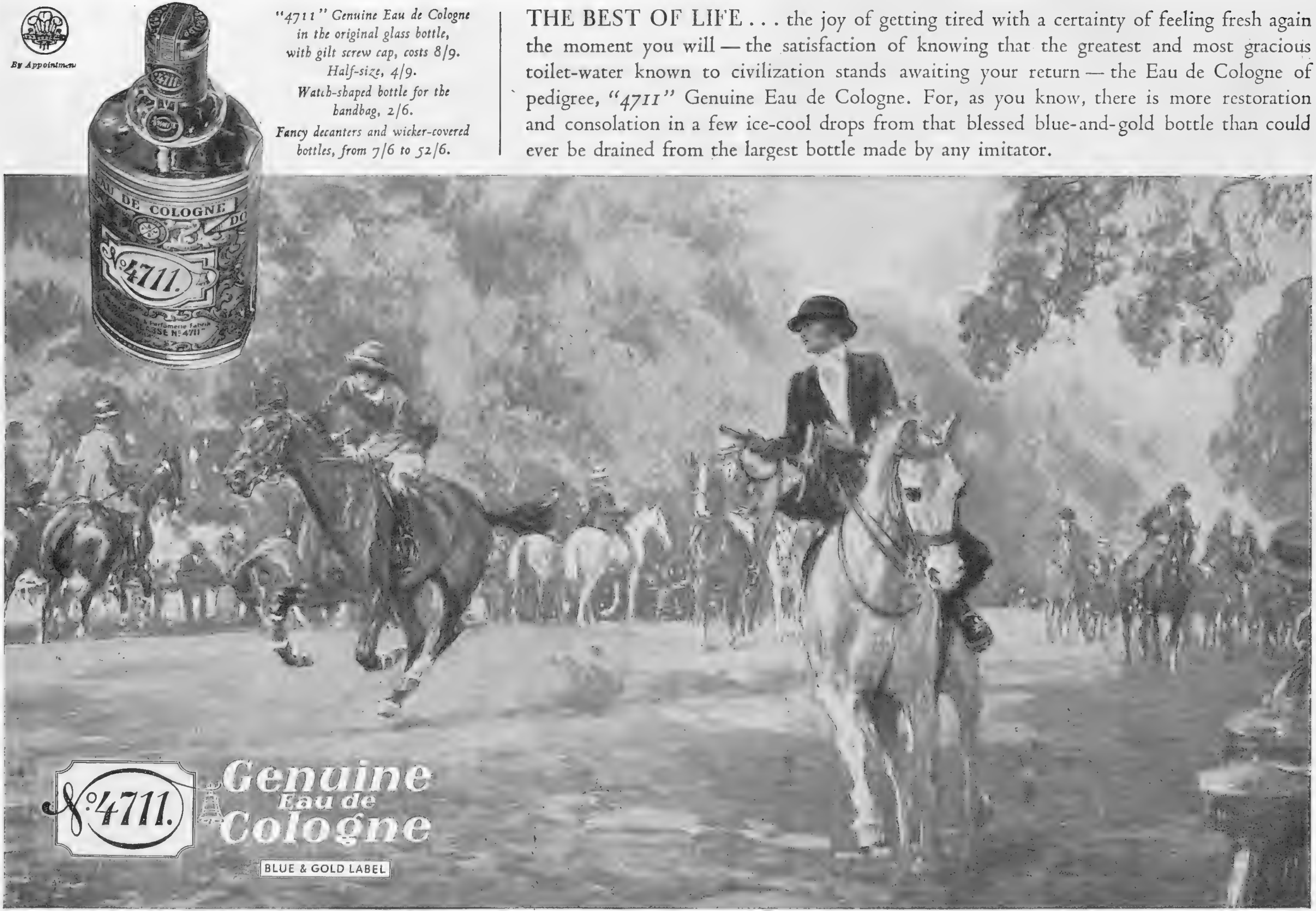

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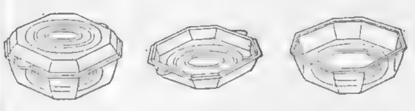

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southern Tibet to the base of Everest requires approximately as much forethought and arithmetic as it does to steer one of our medium-sized corporations through the tax laws. There can be no guesswork. Smythe and Shipton, we'll say, are at Camp Seven, 28,000 feet up in the blizzards—as far from the human world, practically speaking, as if they were close to the South Pole. They are poised to take off for the summit. In the load that a porter brings up they must find certain specific items, calculated to the last ounce—so many ounces of fuel, of sugar, etc. If the articles aren't there it not only means that the two won't start for the top—it may mean that they won't get down again. The contents of that load were thought out and arranged for in London six months ago.

Certain luxuries are important, at least as far as the lower camps. Three years ago Shipton was recovering from a try at the summit that had nearly killed him. Among other things he was suffering from a form of laryngitis that high altitudes brings on. He lay in his sleeping-bag unable to say a word. At last he gave utterance to a series of hoarse croaks. It was made out with difficulty that what he wanted—and wanted badly—was a dozen eggs, or perhaps a dozen and a half. The matter was duly reported to London and taken into account in planning this year's expedition. The hens of England did their duty and the present climbers have with them 3,400 eggs. How they are kept fresh the Everest Committee has not confided to me.

Probably the hardest-worked man has been Hugh Ruttledge, the leader of the expedition. In London all the threads of the organisation passed through his hands; on the march across Tibet and on the mountain he is responsible for the lives of the twelve English climbers and the hundred or more porters—lives that a single slip in judgment might sacrifice. Ruttledge will never reach the summit of Mount Everest. He is fifty-one years old and, although he is of the toughened breed of Anglo-Indian, no one knows better than he that his age bars him from trying for the top. His work, the work that has absorbed him for years, is to organise and direct, right up to the final assault—then, like Moses, stand aside and see others reach the promised land.

Teamwork is the essence of the whole expedition. If Everest is climbed this year it is almost certain that not more than two men will reach the summit. Every one of the twelve picked climbers knows how long are the odds against his even being given a try for the top. He knows that what will probably happen to him is this; he will drive himself on his particular assignment to the last extremity that his body will stand, then his will power will wrestle with his body to get just a little more out of it, then—he'll stand aside while somebody else goes ahead.

The man who reaches the summit will get the headlines, just as the player who makes the touch-down gets the big black type. And he'll deserve it. But don't forget to watch the opposition.

IT all began eighty-four years ago. The Great Trigonometric Survey of India had been triangulating from far distant points the peaks of the Eastern Himalaya. Back in their offices, the results were being computed. One of the computers, a native Indian, came running in to his chief, shaking with excitement.

"Sir," he stammered, "I have discovered the highest mountain in the world."

And so he had. 29,002 feet the figures had it, and later surveys have added 139 feet to its stature. The mountain was promptly named Everest after a former chief of the survey. It wasn't until long afterward that the native name was discovered—Chomo-lungma, Goddess Mother of the Mountains.

Everyone wanted to have a look at it. The nearest available point from which it was visible was the hill station of Darjeeling, a hundred miles away. Everest was only a white bump on the horizon, lost among hundreds of other bumps apparently as high or higher. It wasn't to be compared with the nearer magnificence of Kangchenjunga. But there it was—the highest mountain in the world.

With that mankind had to be content for a long time. It was many years before any white man could come within fifty miles of its base. As for climbing it, there were some who had the dream, but mountaineering in those days was still at the stage when it was thought that the Matterhorn could never possibly be climbed.

Years went by and men came a little closer to the Goddess.

The barriers set against them were political as well as physical. Chomo-lungma stands on the border between Tibet and Nepal, two States that have been called the last stronghold of antiquity. No foreigner was permitted to enter either of them.

But about the beginning of the century the frontier of Tibet began to leak a little. Colonel Younghusband made his famous march to Lhasa and stood face to face with the Grand Lama—the Twentieth Century meeting the Age Before Christ. Following their agreement, a few travellers were allowed to trickle into the country.

And now the idea of ascending Everest began to change from a dream into a project. Men had learned how to climb mountains. All the summits of the Alps had been reached, then the other great ranges of the world until only the Himalaya was left. By some it was taken for granted that Everest would fall in its turn.

It wasn't until 1920 that the Grand Lama gave his consent to an expedition. Then one day he nodded benignly to the British Political Agent and handed him a curious passport—"To the west of the Five Great Treasuries of Snow, in the jurisdiction of White Glass Fort, near Rocky Valley Inner Monastery—the Bird Country of the South."

Instantly there was driving activity in London, and by the following spring an expedition was on its way to India.

Space is lacking to tell the whole story of that attack on Everest and of the two that came after it in 1922 and 1924. The men who made them were the cream of the cream of British climbers. There was General Bruce, the bluff and hearty soldier, Norton, a man of immense strength and endurance, Somervell, Finch, Odell, Morshead and the rest. Among mountaineers, the "Everest men" have become legendary, like the heroes who went against Troy.

There was one in particular, a young English tutor, whose name will be remembered as long as men climb mountains—George Leigh Mallory. He was a quiet man, of deep unspoken enthusiasms, and the Everest adventure had taken hold of him body and soul. No matter who climbs the mountain at last, Mallory's name will be the one most closely identified with it. His body lies somewhere on its slopes to-day—perhaps on the summit.

Mallory had the first close view of Everest.

The expedition had made the long trek through Tibet—driving its train of loaded yaks across the dry, treeless plains, marching and counter-marching through the unknown valleys of that wind-swept roof of the world groping its way toward the base of Chomo-lungma.

With one companion, Mallory had been scouting ahead of the main body. They had walked for miles up the narrow gorge of a desolate valley, red cliffs towering above them. Finally, the valley widened and they came to the last habitation, the huddled buildings of the Rongbuk Monastery. There, at 16,000 feet, which is higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, in a boulder-strewn waste, a group of monks lives what must be the bleakest existence in the world. It was near there that Everest showed itself.

The valley stretched ahead for twenty miles, straight as a city street. Framed at its end was the greatest mountain mass on earth. The impression that it gave was of the immense strength that lies in perfect simplicity. There were no spires (*Continued on page* 88)

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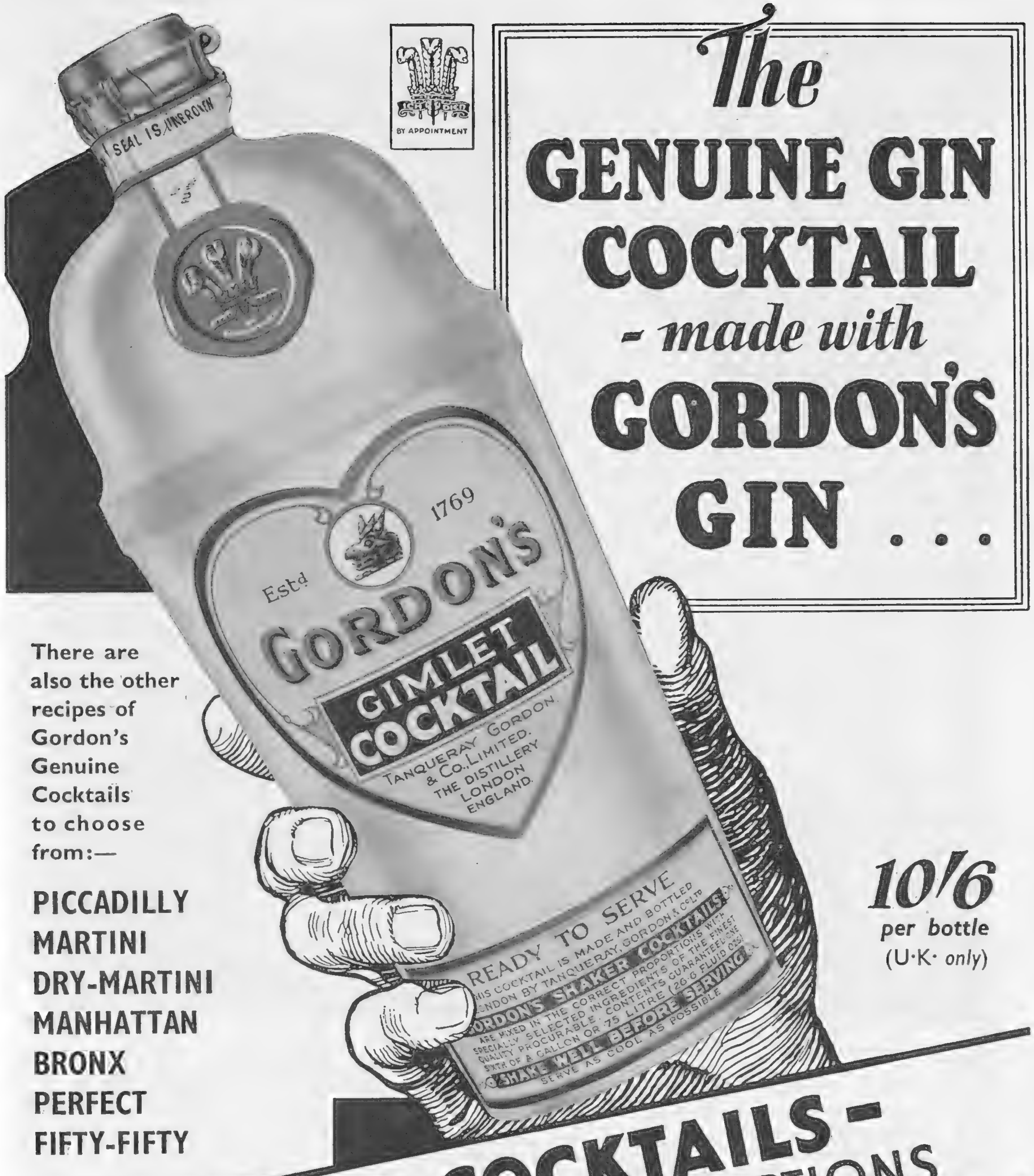
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and pinnacles, no jagged complication of broken lines. One mighty ridge sloped up from the east, another from the west. Between them was the face, a 10,000 ft. wall of smooth black slabs powdered with snow. And above was the pyramid of the summit rising to its snowy point—the highest point on the earth's surface.

Mallory looked at it for a long time. It could be climbed, he thought.

No one could have guessed then what a terrifying adversary Everest was to prove. Perhaps we don't even yet know all the weapons that it has. It brought them out one by one when at last it came to grips with the climbers.

First there was the cold. Nobody was ever warm and comfortable on the mountain except occasionally in his sleeping-bag. Even far down on the glacier at its foot the thermometer fell to twenty degrees below zero at night. Life was the Arctic routine—up in the morning and labour painfully to insinuate the feet into frozen boots, then the long process of converting snow and ice into hot drinks—hard to do at an altitude where water boils when it's only tepid. Then the day's work.

Next there was the wind. The climbers had never felt anything like the north-east wind of Everest. It drove a spindrift of snow through the walls of tents, through clothing. It beat the porters into subjection. When it blew on the ridge climbing was impossible—the man who tried it would have been snatched from the mountain side and hurled 10,000 feet down the north wall.

A stronger weapon—because it was working all the time—was altitude. At the Base Camp the climbers were already at a height where most people find it difficult to breathe. Every hundred feet of ascent reduced still more the oxygen in the air and drained the energy from their bodies. Above 25,000 feet the effect was disheartening. Even on easy ground they plodded along for a few steps, then had to sit down and gasp for breath. There was a curious reaction on the brain, the will power and driving force were sapped away and there was a feeling of dull, hopeless depression. Some of the expeditions have experimented with oxygen, but the weight of the cylinders is a crushing handicap.

Then, after the attackers had been weakened by cold, wind and altitude, Everest opposed its last defence, the sheer climbing difficulty of its upper reaches. That was unexpected. Mallory had thought that, when the final ridge was attained, the rest of the climb would be only a laborious grind, like climbing Mont Blanc. He was completely wrong. The man who reaches the summit will have finished off with a stretch of climbing that, for technical difficulty, equals the harder courses in the Alps.

Mallory and his companions came back in '22 and '24, but both times were defeated.

The repulse most costly in lives was in 1922. It came at the end of the campaign, after one climbing party had fought its way above 27,000 feet. From that supreme effort they had retired to the foot of the mountain, battered and exhausted.

At the Base Camp they weighed the chances of another try. Not good. Their hearts were strained, most of them had been badly frost-bitten—Everest had hammered them hard. The worst chance was the weather, as it was past the first of June and the monsoon was reaching up from the south.

And yet they couldn't reconcile themselves to quitting while there was any fight left in them. Mallory and four others were judged fit for one more climb. They left the Base, taking with them a party of native porters. These porters had done well. Some of them had gone to 25,000 feet, and now they were ready to go high again.

The first breath of the monsoon touched them at Camp I. It snowed all night, all the next day and the following night. This was what had been predicted—the snow would go on and on until the mountain was piled deep and impassable.

But the next morning dawned bright. Perhaps there was still a chance—time for a dash at the summit before the full force of the monsoon should be felt. The decision was to go on.

That day they reached Camp III, the way leading up the surface of a glacier. There they were faced by a major difficulty, one that had cost them trouble and danger on the earlier tries. So far the glacier had been almost level, a river of ice; now it suddenly became a frozen Niagara. Ahead of them it poured down over cliffs 2,000 feet high.

They had found the one spot to climb this wall of ice, where a corridor led up at an easier angle than the rest, where they could cut steps and fix ropes for a passage. But now the steps and ropes were buried under the masses of new snow. They studied it carefully. Would that snow avalanche with them?

The lowest part of the route was steeper than that above. They decided that if they started an avalanche low down it couldn't carry them far enough to do any harm; if no avalanche happened there the easier grade higher up would be safe.

They started up: Mallory, Somervell, Crawford and fourteen porters, all roped together. The white climbers went first, to make the track and to test the snow. They tried it in every way they knew, trenching it deeply to try to start avalanches. But it clung fast to the ice and, as they came to the easier slope, they proceeded with more confidence.

At 1.30 p.m. they were about 12,000 feet above the flat part of the glacier. They were moving up and across a gentle slope which, below them, steepened and curled over into a long precipitous drop. There was no wind; it was so still that the climbers could hear all along the line the laboured panting of lungs.

Mallory was third on the rope. He was startled by a sudden loud noise—a sharp, violent sound, yet somehow soft. He had never heard that sound before; yet, instinctively, he knew what it was. So did the others.

Mallory saw the smooth snow around him begin to pucker and break up. He felt himself begin to move. At first it was a slow, not unpleasant motion, but it was quite impossible for him to stop himself. Then, as he was moving faster, the rope at his waist tightened, holding him back. A wave of snow swept over his head and he was buried in the dark.

A few seconds later he felt a sudden pressure on his ribs and knew that the avalanche had come to rest. He struggled violently, his arm broke through the surface and he floundered to his feet. He looked around and saw that Somervell and Crawford had also freed themselves.

But what of the porters?

A group of them were standing 150 feet below, pointing over the edge of the steep drop. That's where the others had gone.

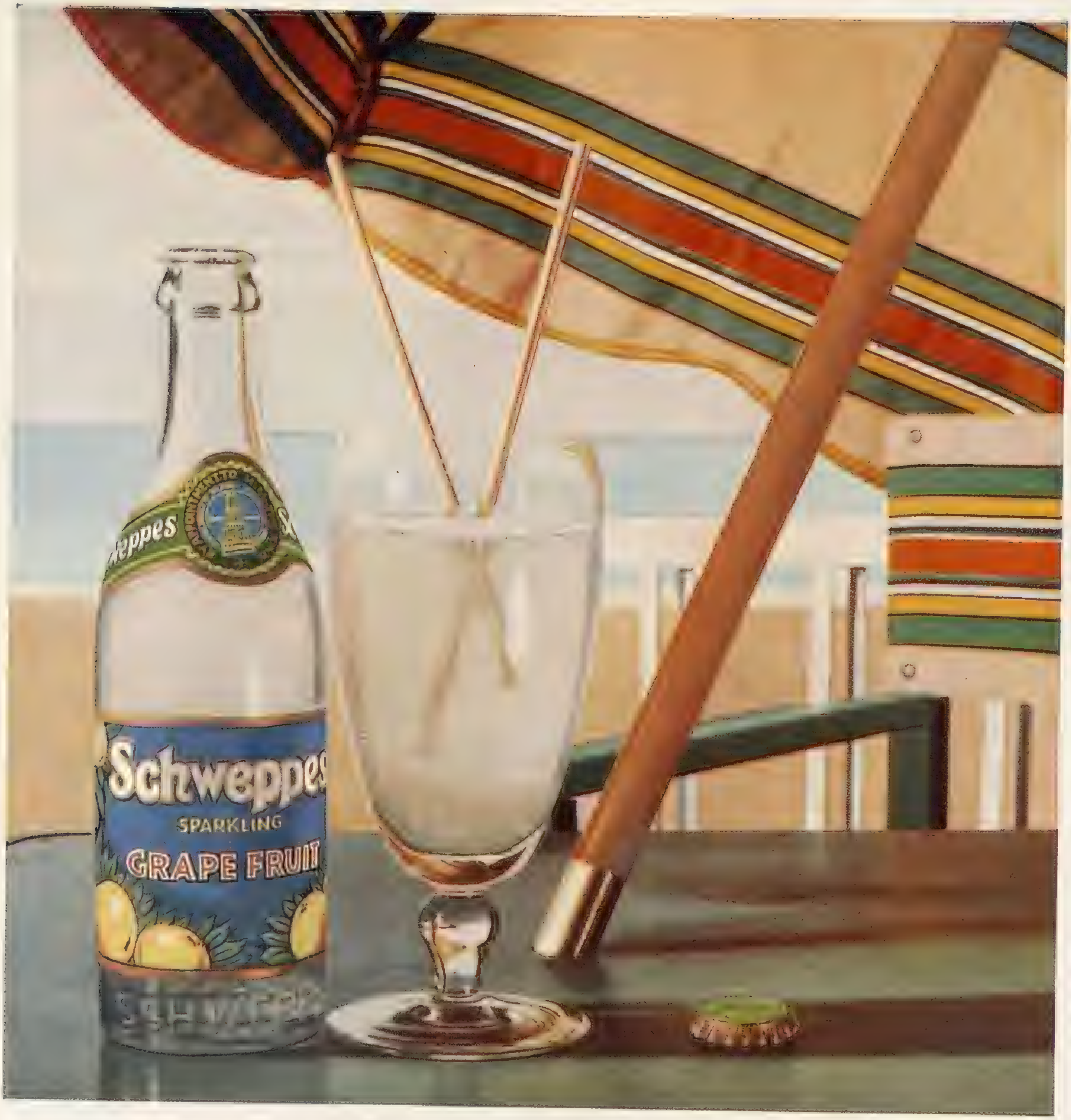
The avalanche had taken seven lives.

TWO years later another climber, N. E. Odell, stood on a little crag, 26,000 feet up the flank of Everest. He was looking upward anxiously, trying to pierce through the thick mist that drove across the face of the mountain. Mallory and a companion, Andrew Irvine, were up there somewhere, making a last desperate try at the summit.

This expedition, like the others, had come out to India full of confidence. But Everest had beaten it back with its four weapons, and the climbers had retreated to the Base Camp with the last thousand feet of the mountain still untouched. They decided on one more effort before the monsoon broke. Mallory and Irvine pushed ahead of the party like a spear-point, and reached the last outpost, Camp VI, at 26,800. Now they were on their way to the summit.

As Odell watched, the mist thinned and broke away. A part of the ridge just below the summit was exposed showing a little white patch of snow field. A black dot moved across it. Then another followed. They disappeared—moving up toward the summit. The mist came down again. That was the last that was ever seen of Mallory and Irvine.

(Continued on page 91)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CORN FLAKES

Not until nine years afterward was any trace of them found. For nine years Everest was left alone.

WHEN the fourth expedition was organised three years ago the old Everest men were out of the picture. Mallory and Irvine were dead; the rest had grown too old for Everest or were otherwise unavailable. The new party included some of the men who are going this year: Smythe, Shipton, Wyn Harris, and were led by Hugh Ruttledge. Once more confidence had returned.

They followed the old track. From the base three successive camps were established up the East Rongbuk Glacier, that amazing sea of ice with its frozen waves a hundred feet high. A new route was found at the North Col, where the avalanche had happened. Smythe, supported by Shipton, attacked a part of the ice wall so steep that in places it overhung. He cut handholds and footholds, working with the axe held in one hand while the other clung to the slippery holds. They were able to fix a rope ladder that the porters could use.

Above the wall they established Camp IV It was on a shelf of ice so narrow that, when the tents were set up, two steps from them in either direction would have meant a fall.

Then came the long battle up the ridge. Two more camps were needed, yet on all the vast expanse of the ridge not a single flat space was found large enough to pitch a small tent. It was like trying to camp on the steep roof of a barn. The only way to do it was to build up platforms of loose stone. Even so, the tents leaned at a crazy angle.

The north-west wind was in good form that year. Progress could only be made in the intervals of comparative calm. When it blew hard the climbers crouched under the canvas, knowing that if the guy ropes failed to hold they and the tent would do a 10,000 foot dive to the glacier. Once a climber had to struggle outside into the wind to set a signal. He was out ten minutes, then it took him three hours to restore circulation. It was hard to hear one another above the drumming outside, like heavy surf on rocks.

But they managed to push their way higher. Camp V was fixed at 25,700 feet, Camp VI at 27,400. It wasn't possible to hold these high points continuously; sometimes they had to fall back to the lower camps, then recover the ground lost. When a porter would collapse from the strain he had to be helped to safety lower down.

There were some close shaves. Once Wyn Harris was coming down from VI to V, so exhausted that he relaxed the continuous caution that Everest demands. He slipped on a slope of hard-frozen snow that hump-backed over to a deep precipice. In a moment he was sliding on his back, going faster every second. His instinct told him his only chance. He turned over on his face, grasped his ice-axe by the head with both hands and slowly pressed the pick down into the snow. If he had done it too quickly the axe would have been snatched from his hands and nothing could have saved him.

It was on the extreme edge of the precipice that the brake brought him to a standstill.

Harris and his climbing mate Wagers were given the first chance at the summit. They made their try, drove themselves up through the last reserves of their bodies, turned back—28,100 feet.

JUST above Camp VI they made a discovery.

Lying on the rock they saw an ice-axe. Only two men had ever passed that spot—Mallory and Irvine. This must have been where they fell. But was it on the way up or coming down ?

Time was working against the expedition. Again the monsoon clouds were piling up on the southern horizon. One more effort could be made, and now it was the turn of Smythe and Shipton.

They struggled up to Camp VI and spent the night there huddled in the little tent. When daylight broke at last the north-west wind came with it. They stayed in their sleeping bags all day. There was food for two days, perhaps three. During the night the wind wore out in a diminuendo of squalls.

After the long process of getting their feet into frozen boots they started. Shipton was not going well but, climbing slowly and steadily, they reached the crest of the ridge, ascended it a way, then traversed across it on a line below the summit.

Shipton had to give up. After a discussion it was agreed that he should go back to camp alone. Smythe thought that he himself still had a little reserve left. He went on, sometimes balancing across steep-sloping slabs, sometimes cutting steps across steep snowfields. A slip or a mistake in judgment would have swept him out of existence.

He was at 28,100. This was the Great Couloir, the place that had stopped Harris and Wagers, as it had Norton nine years before. Here the slabs, overlapping like tiles, slope down at a sharp angle. They are smooth, without any holds whatever and dusted over with a powdering of snow.

Smythe balanced his way across them, trusting only to the friction of his boot-nails. Below him the angle grew steeper, and if at any moment the nails had slipped there was the Rongbuk Glacier 10,000 feet below.

Across the Couloir he began to climb the rocks straight up toward the summit. He had to grope through the snow for the roughness of the rock that kept him from falling. In an hour's climbing he made fifty feet.

He stopped and looked up toward the snow cone of the summit. It was a thousand feet above, as remote as if it were floating in the sky.

He turned back. Everest had won again.

THIS year they are at the base of the mountain once more.

Ruttledge is leading his party up the glacier, racing with the monsoon to place one or two men within striking distance of the summit. Smythe and Shipton and Harris are there with eight other climbers, the chosen best of British mountaineers.

They are confident that this time Everest really will be climbed. They know that they have behind them the most thorough planning and organisation that a mountaineering expedition has ever had. They know that they will build on the foundation of all the expeditions that have gone before. They know that men can live and breathe above 28,000 feet, can even climb.

Unless something goes wrong some one man or two men will stand again on those slabs of the Great Couloir, with the cliffs falling away below them. All the planning and work of two years, all the leadership and team work, have gone for one purpose, to launch those two at the summit with enough strength left in their bodies to cover the last thousand feet up to the white cone.

Why do they do it ?

Everest climbers used to feel the need to apologise, to find plausible reasons for the public why they should spend themselves and risk their lives on such an adventure. There were some who maintained that it was to serve scientific ends—to make studies of geology, altitude and the like. Others explained ingenuously that, if Everest were climbed, it would open a new playground to the world.

Now they don't deceive themselves. They want to climb Everest, they say, because it's there, because mountaineers are so constituted that they can never be quite happy as long as no man has stood on the highest summit.

And perhaps there may be something in it for the rest of the world. We live at a fateful moment, when the future of mankind for a long time to come depends on what mankind does now, how well men can learn to work together. It's worth something as an example to see men show the kind of team-work that means driving themselves to the last extremity their bodies will endure—then standing aside while someone else reaches the top.

End

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Streets

Tonking Adventure

(*Continued from page 17*)

introduction from the Administrator General's office. A telephone message had also been sent overnight saying that a Captain in the British Army, who was travelling in Indo-China, had asked to be allowed to see the famous regiment belonging to his country's ally.

"I will show you our barrack rooms first," the subaltern said, leading Bentley across the square. "Later the Commanding Officer hopes that you will have lunch with him."

"That is very kind of the Colonel," Bentley said.

The French were indeed an obliging people. Of course his passport, in which his military rank was given, had helped.

Accompanied by Lieutenant Ulroy (of the scarred cheek) he set off on his tour. He immediately observed the spotless cleanliness of the barrack rooms; the arrangement of the men's cots, arms racks, and accoutrements was similar to that adopted in a British infantry regiment. After seeing the barrack rooms he was taken to the kitchen where the midday meal was being prepared; he saw the food the men were to eat that day being cooked, rice soup, eggs with macaroni and tomato sauce, roast beef, and bananas. He could see no signs anywhere of the alleged hardships of life in the Foreign Legion. On the other hand it struck him as curious that he had not as yet seen a single private soldier. Where were the men?

"Where are all the men?" he asked.

"They have gone out on a march," Lieutenant Ulroy said shortly.

Bentley having served in the British Army, knew the men could not have gone on a long march or the cooks would not be preparing their dinners. He did not ask any more questions, sensing enquiries were not welcomed.

At noon the subaltern took him to the house of the Colonel. The Colonel, a grey moustached war veteran, received Bentley with the same courtesy that all the officers and N.C.O.'s had shown. None the less, Bentley could feel a defensive atmosphere as they sat down to lunch. He knew the Colonel was wondering why a British Captain had come out to visit the Foreign Legion. He wondered how to set about his task. He hesitated to ask a direct question about Legionaire Franks. As with Lieutenant Ulroy, Bentley was conscious of a wall of reserve surrounding all intimate questions about the Legion.

He waited till they had finished luncheon, then when coffee and cigarettes came, he tried an opening.

"I suppose you have some men with interesting histories in the ranks, Colonel?"

The Colonel stirred his coffee. "There may be; we do not enquire; it is a tradition in the Legion that once a man has joined, his past is buried. We answer no question from the police of foreign countries or anybody else. It is a privilege of the Legion that a man who joins is treated as being in sanctuary." The Colonel looked at Bentley and smiled. "There are not many privileges attached to the life of a Legionaire."

"Supposing a man's relations knew he had joined the Foreign Legion and wanted to get in touch with him. If they wrote to you what would you do?"

The Colonel sipped a tiny glass of cognac; his manner had mellowed after the good luncheon and good wine. "That is an interesting point. We have a rule for such cases; it is a rule that is never broken. When the Colonel of a battalion of the Foreign Legion receives a letter from relations enquiring about a man under his command, he sends for the man, shows him the letter, and enquires if he wants a reply to be sent. If the man says no, the letter is returned and a formal answer given that nothing is known of the man. That is our inviolable rule."

"Very interesting," Bentley said. "Supposing a man's wife was trying to find him. Would that make any difference?"

The Colonel smiled again. "None; unless the man himself wanted to write to his wife."

Bentley waited a little longer. If he was going to be of any use to Mrs. Franks it was most necessary for him to be careful.

"I suppose you haven't got any of my countrymen up here?" he said casually as he lit a fresh cigarette.

"We——" the Colonel stopped, looked keenly at Bentley. "No; there are no Englishmen at Vietri." He pushed back his chair. "You will excuse me; I understand you have to return to Hanoi to-day; the train leaves in half an hour."

Bentley had hoped to lead up to the matter of Mrs. Franks's husband. But it was plain to him that nothing would induce the Colonel to discuss the private affairs of his men. He risked one last question as he and the Colonel were walking to the gate where Lieutenant Ulroy was waiting.

"What do married Legionaires do, Colonel?"

The Colonel looked at Bentley blankly.

"Aren't Legionaires allowed to marry?"

The Colonel laughed. "Certainly; some of my officers and non-commissioned officers are married men. Their wives live in Hanoi. France does not provide married quarters for the Foreign Legion."

"But a man can obtain permission to go down to Hanoi to see his wife."

"Of course. You have a wrong impression of the Foreign Legion in England. Legionaires are voluntary soldiers of France; they are not kept chained to posts."

They had reached the gate. For a moment Bentley was tempted to tell the story of Mrs. Franks. He was deterred by the demeanour of the Colonel. If Franks had received his wife's cable he must have exercised his privilege as a Legionaire and requested that a reply be sent to say nothing was known of him. If he had not received it, then he was using another name and the Legion would respect his changed identity. Bentley believed his best plan would be to make enquiries in a more round-about manner. He would approach the official in the Administrator-General's department who had told him to ask for anything he wanted.

Accompanied by Lieutenant Ulroy, Bentley walked down to the station. They were standing waiting for the Hanoi train when a file of men marched on to the opposite platform in charge of an N.C.O. The men carried rifles and full marching kit. They were the first private soldiers of the Legion that Bentley had seen; their bearing was in marked contrast to the bearing of the N.C.O.'s; they looked wretched.

"That is a draft going to join the detachment at Lao Kay," Lieutenant Ulroy said.

"They don't look very pleased about it."

"They are not pleased. The post at Lao Kay is unhealthy. Thirty per cent. of the men who go there die of fever."

"Thirty per cent!" Bentley exclaimed, thinking that the percentage of fever cases in a bad outbreak of yellow jack in Africa was seldom more than fifteen per cent. of the total population.

Lieutenant Ulroy's hard face grew still sterner. "If you wish, go to the hospital at Hanoi and ask to be shown the ward for the Legionaires; in the beds you will see skeletons of the soldiers of the 4/1st Etranger."

It was plain to Bentley that the Lieutenant was indignant at this treatment of his men.

Lieutenant Ulroy suddenly shot out his hand; he pointed to a Legionaire standing one from the right on the opposite side of the platform. "There is an Englishman; he is the only one of your compatriots we have at Vietri; they are sending him with the draft to Lao Kay."

Bentley saw a tall, blue-eyed khaki-clad figure standing sullenly in the ranks. "What is his name?" he asked excitedly.

Lieutenant Ulroy shrugged his shoulders. "I could not tell you."

Bentley started forward. "I want to speak to him."

(*Continued on page 94*)

NEW SETTINGS BY NATURE

NEW FACES BY YARDLEY!

The smart summer audience of 1936 has elected to seek much of its entertainment out-of-doors. And out-of-doors one follows them to seek a beauty miracle in women's faces. For mingling with the jewelled, englamoured throng at Glyndebourne's lovely Mozart shrine . . . swept with the laughing crowd through Malvern, or at Regent's Park, one notices an identical phenomenon, they say.

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Our delightful Yardley preparations are used all over the world, you know, so you'll find them far from costly here in England. Come to our Bond Street Salon for a detailed analysis of your own skin (without charge) and a Yardley skin routine. Or send for our free book, in full colour, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," which will tell you just which lovely things to use and the new method of using them. Post us a card today.

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WARNING.—The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

Lieutenant Ulroy caught him by the arm. "You have not time; here is your train for Hanoi."

As Ulroy spoke a train rambled in, separating them from the men on the opposite platform. Bentley could no nothing. In Tonking the engine drivers had the national French habit of waiting a bare minimum of time at a station. He jumped into the carriage and rushed to the opposite window from which he could see the Legionaires.

"Hullo! Hullo!" Bentley shouted as the train began to move.

The tall Legionaire turned his head sharply at the sound of an English voice, but the train had already carried Bentley out of earshot. He had time only for one good look at the man's face. It was an interesting face; the cheeks were corrugated and the mouth hard and bitter. Was that the man that pretty Mrs. Franks loved enough to come out to Indo-China to try to find? The thought ran through Bentley's head that the fellow did not look out of place in the Foreign Legion.

Bentley had to decide what to do. That English Legionaire might be Gilbert Franks. He had promised Mrs. Franks that he would find her husband if he could. He had a permit from the Administrator-General authorising him to visit any military post in Indo-China. He decided to break his journey, take a train to Lao Kay next morning, and apply to the officer commanding the troops there to be allowed to talk to the Englishman serving with the Foreign Legion.

SITTING on the terrace of the little café opposite the station at Lao Kay, Bentley watched Gilbert Franks come across the road from the men's quarters. The Legionaire walked slowly, his eyes on the ground. His uniform jacket, made for a man smaller than himself, was unbuttoned; he wore ragged puttees reaching half-way up his shins, and a greasy sun helmet on the back of his head. The Legion's collar badge, a green grenade, was sewn on the lapels of his coat. Captain Bentley, immaculate in a drill suit, white socks and tennis shoes, thought the ex-British officer an unsoldierly looking sight.

He got up as Franks approached and held out his hand. "Hullo! I heard there was an Englishman with the Legion and came out to look you up."

Franks shook hands limply. He showed no pleasure at meeting a compatriot, but his face lightened when Bentley offered him an English cigarette.

"Find things pretty rough?" Bentley said, sitting down and pulling a chair forward for Franks.

Franks nodded and puffed at his cigarette.

Looking at the Legionaire's face Bentley thought him unattractive; he had a good physique, but his complexion was mottled, his mouth thin and hard, and his eyes were shifty.

"I've brought a message for you."

"Who from?" Franks stared moodily at the ground.

"Your wife. She is in Hanoi and wants to see you."

"Hell!" Franks sat back.

"You sent her a Christmas card. That is how she found out where you were."

"I know I did," Franks leaned forward, resting his chin on his hand. "Why are you butting in on this?" he asked, looking up suddenly.

Bentley explained how he had met Zilla Franks at the hotel and promised to do what he could to help her. "I don't know why you have come out here; but it is a bit tough on your wife," he said.

Franks spat out a strand of tobacco; "I'll tell you why I came out. I expect Zilla has told you I was in the British Army and that the regiment was stationed at Aldershot."

Bentley nodded.

"Well, the Colonel of my regiment gave me twenty-four hours to get across to Dunkirk or face a court-martial."

"What had you done?"

"I'd been diddling the men out of their pay, sixpence here and a shilling there, but it mounts up when you have two hundred men in a company."

"Your own company?"

"Yes." Franks took another cigarette from Bentley's case lying on the table. "The C.O. wasn't very pleased. He is a grim old bird, but he has got his own private sense of humour. Only three people knew that I had doctored the men's pay sheet—the C.O., the Adjutant, and the Quarter-bloke. The C.O. came up to my quarters and saw me alone. He said: 'Franks, I have been thinking over your case, and decided what to do. I shall refund the men out of my own pocket; they will be told there was a clerical error in the accounts. This is a nice regiment, and we are proud of our nice, clean name. I don't want you to blow your brains out, and I don't want a court martial. What I would like is for you to transfer to the corps that was created for fellows like you. The recruiting office is at Dunkirk. You can travel over by the night boat.'"

Franks looked up. "The idea did not appeal to me. I suggested a trip to Australia. The C.O. shook his head. 'You might get into mischief in Australia,' he said. 'I want to feel certain you are somewhere where you will be looked after. In the Foreign Legion, you will be; besides, it is about the only way a man can decently lose his identity. Post me a paper proving you have been accepted for service in the Legion, and we will forget all about this. Otherwise I must report the matter.'" Franks looked straight in front of him. "That meant being cashiered."

"Did the C.O. say anything about your wife?"

Franks shook his head. "She didn't come into it; it was the regiment he was thinking about."

"It was hard on her, for you to vanish like that—without a word."

"It would have been a good deal harder for her if I had stayed. I think I did the right thing. If I had stood my ground and faced trial by court martial, there could have been only one result. You know the wording: 'The King, having no further use for his services,' and you know what it means. An officer who has been cashiered can never enter any tennis club, golf club, or social club; he cannot go into the members' enclosure at a race meeting, or be invited to people's houses to meet their friends unless their friends are warned. It isn't much fun to be the wife of a fellow who has been cashiered; I spared her that." Franks kept his eyes on the ground as he talked; he looked what he was—a broken man. Bentley felt sorry for him; it certainly was a dreadful mix up.

"Besides," Franks continued, "apart from Zilla, do you think I wanted my boy to be the son of a cashiered officer? How could the poor little devil hope to get a commission in the Army himself. Whereas now he'll be able to boast about his daddy having joined the Foreign Legion. A lot of people think there is something rather fine about it—fighting Arab tribes in Morocco and all that sort of thing; they don't know it's like this."

Bentley looked out over the malarial flat lands guarded by the 4/1st Etranger. Perhaps once in twenty years a bullet was fired in anger across those plains; the Annamites and Tonkingnois are not a warlike people; as a military station, Lao Kay had none of the romance of the outposts of Morocco. The probable end of Legionaire Franks would be death from fever; if he escaped that, then drink; the man's whole bearing made it clear that he felt he had nothing to live for.

Bentley looked at the mosquito bites on Franks's wrists. "Don't they give you mosquito nets?"

Franks laughed. "Mosquito nets in the Legion!" He touched his ragged puttees: "we wear these things to save our legs."

Maybe a malaria-carrying mosquito would be the best solution? Bentley thought. Then he remembered his (*Continued on page 96*)

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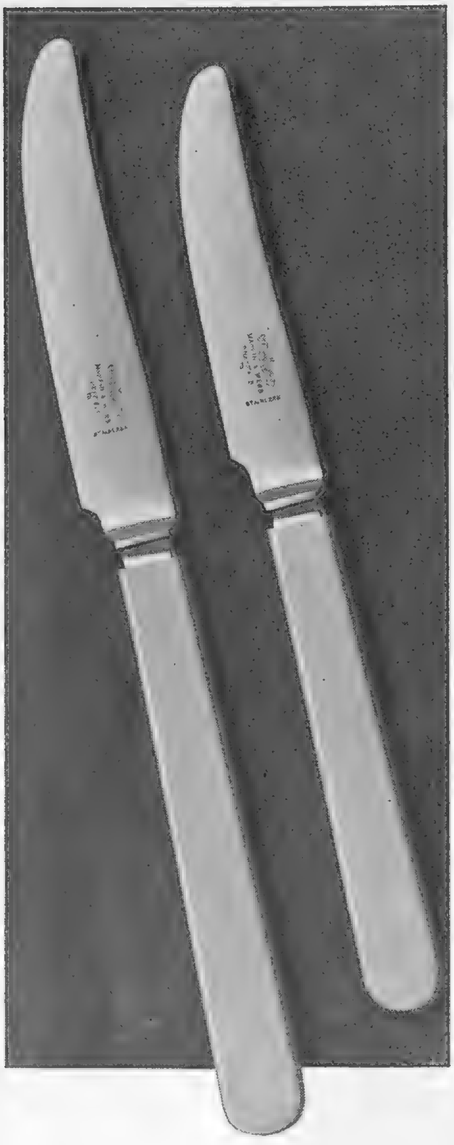

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mission. He wished he had not let himself in for the business. It would be a beastly job to tell Mrs. Franks the truth about her husband; he did not see why he should; it was Franks's business to clear up his own mess.

"Why don't you get leave to go down to Hanoi and see your wife?" he suggested.

"What's the point of that? Knowing the truth won't make her any happier."

"She can't be much worse off than she is."

"You mean I've cleared off and left her tied to me. Well, I've thought of that, and as soon as I can get leave to go to Hanoi, I'll do something about it. There are women in the bazaars, and she can have the regulation letter."

Bentley filled his pipe slowly; a divorce would certainly be one solution. But was it the kind of solution Zilla Franks would like? She must love this scalliwag husband to have followed him out to Indo-China.

"I think you ought to see her now she has come out," he said.

Franks's eyes hardened. "What has it got to do with you?"

"Your wife asked me to try to find you."

"And now you have found me, you wish you hadn't?" Franks spoke defiantly.

"I haven't said so."

"No; but it is what you are thinking; I can see it in your face. If you hadn't interfered everything would have been all right. The Legion would never have given me away; the one advantage you do get from joining this outfit is that your identity is respected. Zilla would have got tired of looking for me; she would have cleared off, and when she got home she would have found all the evidence she needs for a divorce waiting for her."

"I think if your wife had wanted a divorce she would not have left her child and come out to Indo-China to find you," Bentley said quietly.

"That's true," Franks looked thoughtful. "Where is the kid?"

"She said she had left him with friends."

Franks nodded. "I know where he is." He rubbed out the stub of his cigarette and took another from Bentley's case, which was lying on the table. "If I do as you suggest and go down to Hanoi and tell her the truth, she'll be sorry she did come out."

Bentley knew Franks was watching his face; he had spoken as if asking a question. It would be inhuman not to hold out a glimmer of hope. Besides, there might be hope! Bentley thought of the cases he had read, of men's wives who had been waiting at the gates when their husbands came out of prison. Not all women were like that—just a few—the terrier type, faithful, devoted, and brave.

"I think you ought to give your wife the chance of deciding for herself. I had luncheon with the Colonel of your battalion yesterday. You have asked him to deny your existence, haven't you?" Bentley forced Franks to look him in the eyes.

"Yes," Franks said.

"Well, put in an application to see him. Tell him your wife has come out here, and that you have changed your mind about hiding your identity. Ask for 48 hours' leave to go down to Hanoi. I think he'll give it to you."

"Supposing he does?"

Bentley slowly filled his pipe. In his mind's eye he had the picture of Zilla Franks's face. He was taking a chance, but he believed he was making the right bet. "Then tell your wife the whole truth and leave it to her," he said.

Legionaire Franks squashed a fat, blood-gorged mosquito that had settled on his forearm unnoticed. "All right, I will."

ON the northern shores of that unadvertised and little-known eighth wonder of the world, the Bay of Along, there are surface coal mines. The mines pour their dirty water into the sea at a place called Hongay. The scarred black cliffs are an eyesore to travellers voyaging by chaloupe among the hundreds of lovely little islands of the bay, but the mines, which produce more than three quarters of a million tons of coal a year, are a valuable asset to the Government of French Indo-China.

At Hongay, Gilbert Franks, formerly Captain in H.M.'s forces, then a private in the French Army, and finally a commissioned French officer, has settled down. He is one of three mine managers, having obtained the job on account of the reputation he earned for being able to handle men when he was an officer in the Legion. His wife is out there with him. Any British travellers passing through the Bay of Along are sure to hear about the Englishman, who is manager of one of the mines at Hongay and who used to be in the Foreign Legion. They will be told, too, the romantic story of Madame Franks, the little English wife with "beaucoup de courage," who followed her husband out to Indo-China when he enlisted in La Legion and remained out there all through his service, supporting herself by giving lessons in English at the new girls' school in Hanoi. They might hear about the little boy who joined his parents when his father got the job at the mines, and who was sent home to England to be educated. And if the traveller should meet Le Capitaine Franks he is certain to hear, too, that Gentleman Cadet Peter Franks, who went to Sandhurst last term, is to join the British Army.

"For only a fool would go into the Foreign Legion unless he had to," Le Capitaine Franks is fond of saying. Whereat his wife smiles.

END

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"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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MASKS OFF!—Many of the letters I receive are worded in the same way—the writers complain of sallow, muddy skins, premature lines and wrinkles—and they want to know how to transform these unlovely complexions into satin-smooth, pink and white loveliness. To each and all I give the same reply. "Get an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist," I say, "and smooth this over face and neck nightly. While you sleep this beautifying wax will absorb the faded outer skin with all its blemishes, revealing the youthful, new complexion now concealed beneath accumulations of outworn tissue." Mercolized Wax is quite unlike any other beauty cream; to begin with, it contains oxygen which revitalises an outworn skin, it makes "face-peeling" a simple, harmless operation which can be done at home without anyone else knowing anything about it. It transforms tired faces into youthful loveliness.

WITCHING WAVES.—The next problem that calls for solution concerns hair. Modern coiffures can be an expensive item unless you are beauty-wise. And women with limited purses often complain that they cannot afford frequent visits to the hairdresser—so to them I say, "Have you ever tried a Stallax shampoo?" More often than not, these grumbles come from women who have not yet learnt the importance of a shampoo. They change from one to another and wonder why their hair lacks lustre and loveliness. But once they try Stallax, they use it always. The reason is that it is a beautifying shampoo—not only does it stimulate growth but it brings out all the hidden lights and shades, gives a marvellous lustre to the most neglected tresses, and best of all, encourages the hair to wave. Perms set better, natural curls ripple with new beauty, even straight locks can be coaxed to a curl after a Stallax shampoo. Just one teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water suffices to make this beauty shampoo—so it is quite inexpensive to use.

BANISH THOSE BLEMISHES.—The women who are content to suffer agonies of embarrassment because they are afflicted with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair on the face really deserve little sympathy. Yet there are so many of them who still cherish an old-fashioned idea that the removal of these blemishes will produce a stronger growth. If you use the modern hair eradicator, you not only banish the blemishes but weaken the growth. Sipolite is the name of this beauty boon. Get half an ounce from your chemist to try. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water, then apply to the unwanted hairs, and as the paste dries the hairs will shrivel away, leaving the skin velvety, unblemished. So safe, so simple. Sipolite can be recommended with perfect confidence for use on the most sensitive skin.

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Honest Toil

(Continued from page 23)

he detected a catch in her voice—"I like them to behave with a bit of dignity and self-respect."

Before Peter could answer there was a sound of voices on the stairs, and a moment later Toni Fox opened the door.

"Hello, folks," he said with emphasis and came across and, without waiting for permission, kissed Veronica squarely on the mouth. "She looks lovelier and lovelier, doesn't she, Peter?"

"Be careful," said Veronica in a bright, hard voice. "You must be discreet before Peter. He's got a job—writing gossip—preferably malicious—about you and me and all of us."

"No!" Toni sounded incredulous, but not shocked. "Is that a fact? The old son of a gun." Toni accepted a drink, raised it to Peter, and tossed it off. "Well, I'm good copy, and so's Veronica—aren't you, darling?" He put an arm around Veronica's waist and buried his face for a second in the back of her neck. "She smells so nice," he offered in explanation.

Peter's eyes were angry, but he spoke with exaggerated politeness. "You are both the gossipmonger's joy. You'll let me know if there's a story about you two?"

"Sure," said Toni. "The minute Veronica promises to marry me I'll give you an exclusive."

Peter turned the knife in his wound. "But Veronica might tell the opposition."

The blue eyes, hurt and angry, met his. For a moment he thought her lips trembled, and then he thought it must have been his imagination. Certainly her cheeks were very pink, and she dropped her half-smoked cigarette into the grate.

"I'll let you know," she said. "If there's anything to tell, I promise you an exclusive. Whoever and whenever I decide to marry you shall know before anyone else."

"Marry me, Veronica," said Toni cheerfully, "then Peter can start off his journalistic career with a scoop."

"I'm afraid I don't care enough for his career to make the sacrifice," retorted Veronica, but she did not take Toni's arm away from her waist.

It was then that the others arrived—that queer, mixed crew that seemed to form the basis of all parties—that seemed to spend their lives drifting from one house to another.

There was Pip Evans, closely followed by his ex-wife; and a thin, dark man whom nobody seemed to remember; and young Lady Murray, who was organising something quite ghastly in aid of something quite nebulous; and Chuck Fenwick, who was secretary to a Maharajah; and Peter's cousin Bill; and Toni's sister Loueen; and a young American who had an introduction from somebody.

Everybody was told about Peter's job, and most of them thought it frightfully funny, and then forgot all about it and went on talking very loudly about their own affairs.

Peter dispensed drinks, saying "Must keep my raw material in health and strength," and urging them to get married, divorced, kidnapped and arrested to supply him with copy. But he didn't feel very funny. In fact, he thought it would be rather nice "to cease upon the midnight with no pain," which was the only bit of Keats he could ever remember.

Veronica went away early with Toni and offered Peter two fingertips in farewell.

"You won't forget my exclusive," he said perversely.

"I always keep a promise."

There was ice in the air and a chilly draught blew between them.

When Peter Everest presented himself at the *Sun* office next day he saw, not the editor, who had engaged him, but Spike O'Donnell, the news editor, under whom he was to work. Spike O'Donnell eyed him with mistrust. He didn't like lords and he didn't like amateurs, and Peter was both.

So he told Peter sharply that he'd better get to work quick, that he expected the bulk of his copy by six o'clock, and for the love of heaven to keep it bright.

Incidentally, would Peter call on Mordecai Millinof, the financier, and find out just how much he was going to contribute to the Children's Fund Ball; then try to see that actress who said her husband was a Georgian prince while the passport authorities said he was an international crook; and be sure to look in on the loan collection of tapestries at Sir Henry Veral's Park Lane house; and not to forget the reception at the Roumanian Legation.

One day in the life of a columnist who is looking for the news behind the news is much like another. Peter went everywhere—dinners and dog shows, petting parties and political ones. He learnt more about ancestries and pedigrees, family estates and family possessions, in one week of work than he had done in twenty-six years of friendship. He saw life as a series of newspaper paragraphs. He saw his friends as copy. He valued everyone's conversation according to its news value. He was haunted by the fear of libel, he was harassed by stories that were unprintable, and confidences that must not be broken. And everything that had once represented enjoyment now represented work.

Peter's colleagues shared O'Donnell's prejudice against Lord Everest. He was emphatically not one of themselves. It was tough that he should hear at first hand all the stories that they had to take trouble to get even at second hand. Of course, half the time the poor mutt didn't know what to do with a story when he had it, and they had nothing against him personally. Only he was in the wrong camp. They should have been writing about him, not have him writing side by side with them.

The only man who seemed to have a personal grudge against Peter was Webb of the *Record*. Till Peter's arrival Webb had been the fellow in the know. Now he was only second best. Webb bided his time. Some day he would catch the amateur napping.

Peter saw Veronica only from afar. They instinctively avoided each other. She was always with Toni Fox. The blue eyes were reproachful, and the rouge was a little pinker on her pale cheeks. But sometimes on his flying visits to Everest Manor Peter would catch a glimpse of Barbara's long legs in her short gym tunic and wonder why he hadn't been content to let her starve. Perhaps he would have been if he had known beforehand that the columnist of the *Sun* could no longer be the friend of Lady Veronica Challoner.

Toni's name was frequently in Peter's column, but he managed for some time to exclude Veronica's.

One day Spike O'Donnell tackled him on the subject, slapping a rival sheet that lay across his desk. "Look here, they say Lady Veronica Challoner is the prettiest girl in Society. Why don't we ever run a picture of her? She's someone that interests the public, and I don't believe you've mentioned her once since you've started. Don't you know her?"

"Oh, yes, I know her."

"Well, can't you get any news about her? They say she's going to marry that young Toni Fox. Got anything about that?"

"Oh, no, she's not," said Peter quickly.

"Are you sure of that?"

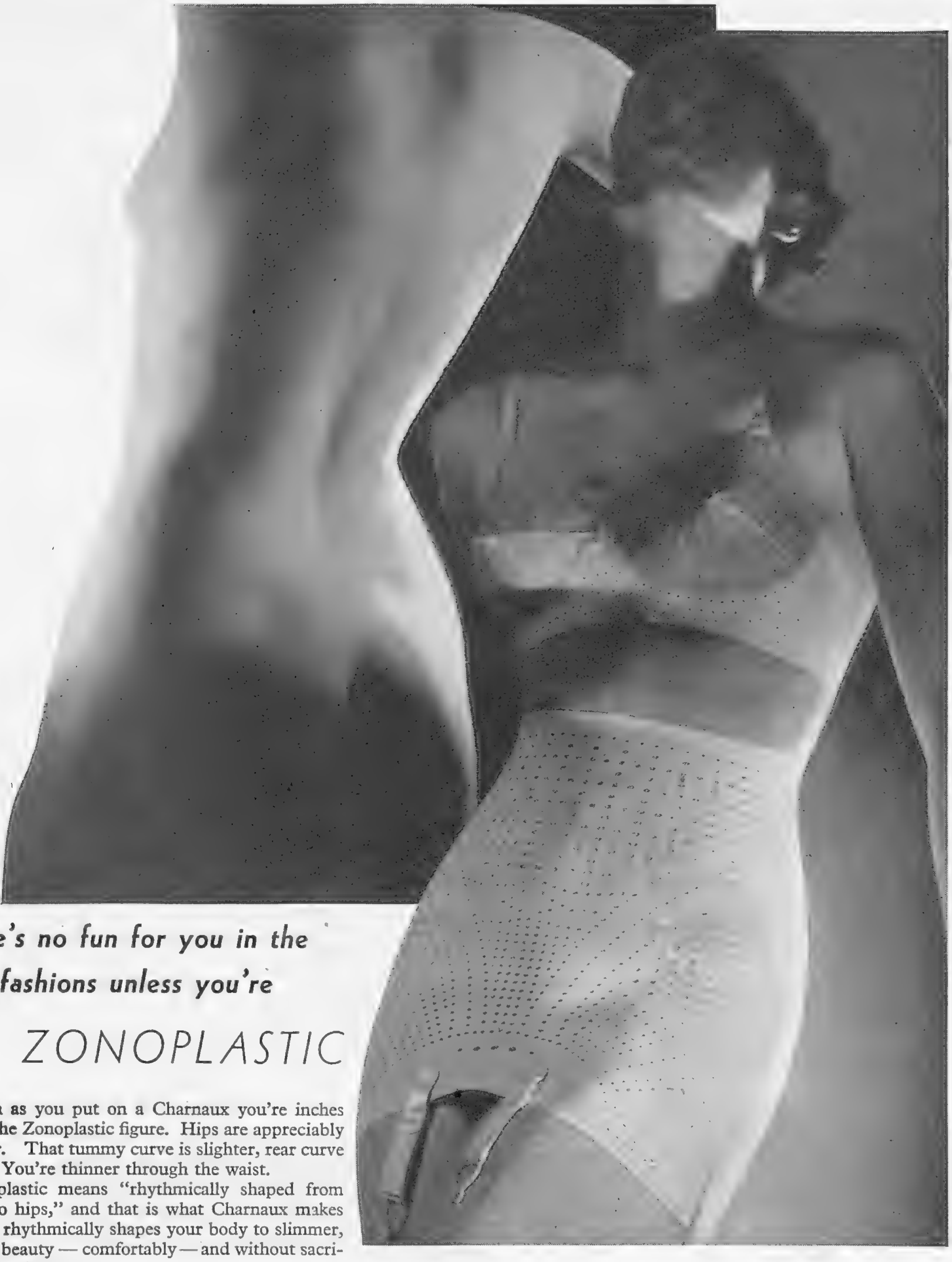
"I can promise you one thing, Mr. O'Donnell, when Lady Veronica gets engaged we shall be the first to hear of it. I have her word for it."

"Well, I hope she keeps her word," grumbled O'Donnell.

"She'll do that," said Peter. "Veronica never let anyone down."

He saw her that night at a dance at the French Embassy. He thought that she looked pale but lovelier than ever. It hurt him even to see her in the distance. Once she signalled to him, but he pretended not to notice. Later he saw her talking earnestly to Webb. Still later he saw her drive away in an open car with Toni—saw

(Continued on page 100)



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them race towards Hammersmith. Veronica lived in Mount Street. Peter guessed that they were headed for the Kingston by-pass and the open road. He telephoned a story of the reception and went to bed plunged in gloom.

Peter was still asleep the following morning when the telephone rang in his ear. It seemed to have an angry tone. It was Spike O'Donnell at the other end.

"Seen the *Record ?*" he asked hotly.

"No. Wait a sec." Peter stretched automatically for the papers which were beside his early morning tea, which had been cooling unnoticed for the last half-hour.

"Your Lady Veronica has let us down fair and proper. See the middle page. Earl's daughter engaged to the Hon. Anthony Fox, son of Viscount, and so on and so forth. What about it ?"

Peter turned to the middle page and blinked at its contents, for there undoubtedly were pictures of Veronica and Toni, and there quite definitely was a news story which told of their engagement. Peter guiltily remembered Veronica's signal, remembered Webb's conversation, remembered Toni's low black car streaking towards Hammersmith.

"I'll go round now at once and see her," said Peter.

"Oh, you will, will you ? That's very kind. It would have been more help if you'd seen her before instead of after the event."

"I'm sorry," said Peter shortly, but he merely sounded very angry.

"That's all very well, but I shall have to take this matter up with the Chief. You realise that we've missed a first-class news story by relying on you."

"I'm sorry," repeated Peter, "I can't say more."

There was a threat in O'Donnell's voice. "You be round early and I'll let you know what the Chief says." If he could get Peter sacked he would be glad. You couldn't rely on these amateurs. That's what he'd always said, and now he was proved right.

Within half an hour Peter was dressed. His hands trembled a little and he cut himself shaving. So it was all over then. Somehow he had always imagined that he and Veronica would get back on to their old footing. He drank a cup of coffee standing. It was nine o'clock. He set out at once for the Renfrew town house, a copy of the *Record* folded under his arm.

The butler knew Peter well, but he was surprised to see him so early. "I'll ask Lady Veronica's maid, my Lord. Would you take a seat in the library ? As a matter of fact, a lot of people—newspaper people, I think—have phoned, but her Ladyship was asleep. The family are away, you know, my Lord."

"Yes, Frome, but tell Lady Veronica it's most important and that I must see her."

Peter made his way to the library. The Earl of Renfrew hadn't been obliged to sell his books or pictures, and Veronica's ancestors smiled down at him from the walls. Peter frowned back at them. Blue blood didn't tell. Veronica had first deserted him and then let him down. He was going to tell her a few home truths—but his mouth twisted as if the prospect wasn't much fun.

He opened the *Record* at the middle page and folded it carefully so that the news of the engagement stood out prominently. He had barely finished when the door opened to admit Veronica, innocent of make-up, pale as the cream satin dressing-gown she wore. He had a moment's mad impulse to take her in his arms, but the moment passed.

"Why, Peter, what's happened ?"

He looked her up and down severely before he spoke. "That's right. Pretend you don't know. It only needed that !" he said.

Veronica came a step forward. "Don't know what ?" she asked, her blue eyes fixed on his face.

He held the paper under her nose. "Don't know about this, I suppose."

She took the paper out of his hand and read down quickly while he went on talking.

"You've despised me," he said "because I took the only job I could get. You thought I was a pretty poor piece of cheese. But at least you did promise me one thing—you promised to let me have the first exclusive story of your engagement. And I promised it to my news editor. I said to him: 'Lady Veronica is a poor, ignorant kid who doesn't know anything about life, who has been brought up so sheltered that a zephyr would blow her over, but at least she keeps her word. If she makes a promise she'll stick to it.' O'Donnell was full of rumours of your engagement. I denied them—I wouldn't let him listen. I said you'd promised to let me have the first exclusive story. Well, now he hopes to get me sacked, and I have you to thank. Now, perhaps, I can go and look for one of those jobs you thought I ought to take—as a racing motorist, or a company director. I shan't get it, but I can always go and look for it and keep my gentility and your esteem. And I hope you're satisfied."

Perhaps Veronica didn't listen very attentively to the first part of Peter's speech, because she was busy reading about her engagement, but she certainly heard the second part because she raised misty blue eyes and fixed them on Peter's face.

"But, Peter, listen——"

But Peter wouldn't listen. "Anyway, why do you want to go and marry Toni ? I'm not saying anything against Toni. He's all right, but he's all wrong for you, Veronica. However, I suppose that's not my business. Marry whom you please, but you made me a promise."

"But, Peter, it isn't true."

"What isn't true ? Why, you promised that day over cocktails at my place."

"Not that. I mean it isn't true that I'm engaged to Toni."

"You're not——"

She wrinkled her little nose. "It's that *Record* man——that Webb."

"You and he were pretty matey last night."

"Yes, and you certainly weren't. I tried to attract your attention."

"To tell me about the engagement, I suppose."

"To tell you about *an* engagement. Webb asked me all sorts of questions—rude questions—and just because I hated him I answered, and if my answers misled him—that's his own silly fault."

"What sort of questions ?"

"Was I in love ? And I said 'Yes.' Was the person in the room ? And I said 'Yes.' Did I hope to be soon engaged ? And I said 'Yes.' I hated the party and Toni motored me to Guildford to give us air, and Webb concluded things——"

"I see," said Peter patiently, though rather confused by this recital, "all that Webb slipped up on is the man's name."

"That's not a slip—it's a landslide."

A faint journalistic hope stirred in Peter's breast. At least O'Donnell would be satisfied if they could deny the engagement story, and still better if they could substitute an exclusive official announcement.

"Perhaps you'll tell me his name," said Peter. "I hope he's in the public eye—because that's what O'Donnell would like."

"Oh, yes," said Veronica, "He's in the public eye."

She came a step nearer to Peter.

"And you love him ?" he asked dully.

"To distraction."

"Young ?"

"And handsome."

"Titled ?"

"A peer."

"Anything to distinguish him from anybody else ?"

"Yes, he has guts—and supports his mother and sister." She was quite close now. "His name is Peter, darling. Peter, twelfth Lord Everest."

He caught her to him with one arm. He kissed her full on the mouth. "Darling—darling——" he murmured, and other things less coherent.

Then with his free hand he reached for the phone. "Must tell O'Donnell," he said, and with this action definitely stepped out of the amateur class.

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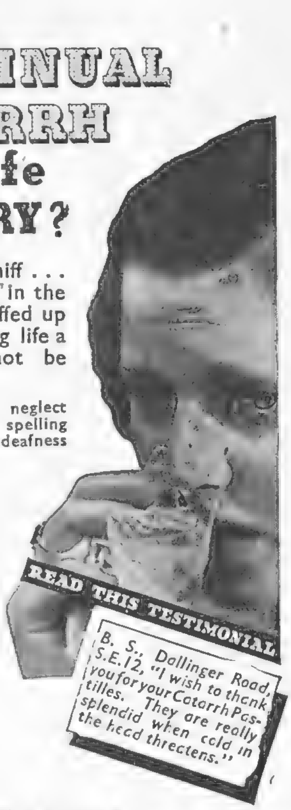
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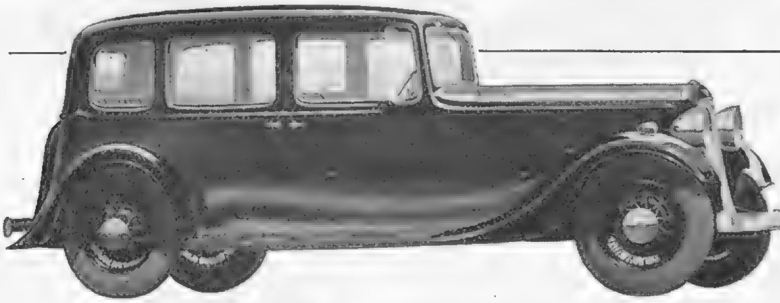

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Never Tell the Truth

(*Continued from page* 55)

"I . . .," said the man at the desk, when he had yelped twice. "I . . . ."

Meanwhile, faces peered through the glass from adjacent offices. People were standing on chairs to look.

"Don't talk to me, Sir," yelled Major Domo. "I've come to teach you that you cannot break up homes."

Again the whip descended. Again sounds of terror arose. Outside the locked door, awed forms listened from the passage.

"But I . . ." whimpered the man at the desk.

"Don't give me any of your lip," boomed the Major, once again making the whip descend.

"I . . . I . . . I . . ."

That was all that could be heard from the desk, except cries and sobbing.

"Read that, Sir. Read it out."

There came an "I" and a yell, and an "I" and a scream.

"Read it out, word for word, slowly, Sir," went on the man with the whip.

The watching faces saw him hold up a cutting about four inches long. Those outside couldn't see the cutting. But they could hear the lash.

"Read it, Sir, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life," went on the Major's voice, pitiless and cold. His moustache seemed to bristle. His eyes started nearly out of his head. His face paled and then flushed. And he held the whip lovingly. "Read the headlines first."

And, because of fear of more whip, the Major heard read out, in stammering tones, the words "Actress Wants Beauty Cure," and then, still more stammeringly, the line, "Play That Will Run For More Than A Mile."

"Come on, Sir, don't stammer," the Major yelled, his whip descending again, this time belabouring, not the victim but the desk—near enough, though, to cause another moan.

Then, looking like Judgment Day, the Major stood there while the man he terrified read out a bitter sneer at four actors and actresses, a gibe at the author's lack of humour and the words, "This play is beneath witticism."

And, time after time, to make sure that it was being recited word for word, the whip descended on the desk.

Appealingly, the reader looked up. He began his frightened "I . . ." again. This time, a "didn't" followed. But that was all. The whip looked as threatening as ever.

"Go on, Sir, you haven't read it all."

The Major stood there still, whip in hand, waiting.

"Don't tell me there's a line there that doesn't matter," he went on. "You've left one out. I want to hear it all. . . . Read it, damn you, read it!"

And then he heard "Miss Minnie Mouse looked very charming in an ingenue part."

"That's the line," said Major Domo. "How dared you write that?"

"But I . . ." began the words again.

"Don't answer back," screamed the Major.

This time the whip descended on shoulders and curled round a body.

"You damned critics are ruining homes," bawled Major Domo. "That's my daughter, Sir. Here am I, a respectable man with an army record, and a fool of a daughter who would go on the stage.

"We are the laughing stock of Cheltenham. The whole town knows my girl can't act. I've told her. We've all told her. And now, just to cure her, I spend £5,000 on backing a play, the worst one I could find. I hire all the old hags, to make sure of failure. You nearly rendered me a great service. You told the truth about the play. If only you hadn't written that lying line about my daughter! Why, Sir, she was the worst of the lot. Now I shan't be able to stop her."

"But I . . ."

"She'll go on now expecting to be a star," broke in the Major. "How on earth can I stop her now when you've said she's good? I can't find a worse play than this one. I searched London. Do you expect me to go to America to find a failure?"

Once again the "But I . . ." began, only to be lost in a yell.

Five times, six times, ten times the whip descended. Screams were followed by moans. The scared faces looking through the glass were white by now. They looked as though they were suffering from the lash. And outside a terrified crowd stood still, listening.

"Anyway, you won't do it again," went on the Major. "That'll give you the lesson of your life, you swine."

And unlocking the door, nearly breaking it down in his fury, he walked out and burst through the crowd that had started to run at the sound of his footsteps. He left behind, full forward on the desk, a man gibbering almost in agony.

"That'll show Mr. Wilfrid Murdock," said Major Domo. Although his eyes were still staring and his cheeks were purple, he felt a bit tired. His anger was still there. But a good deal of his strength had gone.

"WHAT'S all this about Wilfrid Murdock?" asked a tall, sturdy figure that had just strolled along the passage.

"I've been giving him a damned good hiding," explained the Major.

"Have you?" queried the new arrival. "What for?"

"For writing this!" said the Major, holding up the cutting, which had become a ball in his angry hand. "For saying my daughter was charming."

"I wrote that," was the reply. "I'm Wilfrid Murdock. How dare you come here kicking up a row?"

And he punched the Major across the jaw. The Major staggered against a partition, and fell.

"BOYS, I think I've made the front page again," said Murdock. "This time they'll print my picture, too."

He paused, wondering. . . . .

"But then they'll be sure to know me next time," he went on. "I mustn't praise anybody else."

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 59)

drifts further and further from his source. Everyone recognises this difficulty in politics, but it is just as common among the arts. We have not yet reached the point where a man may become articulate and still remain a member of the masses. Some people declare that we shall never reach it, but I do not agree with them.

IGNORANCE of the surrounding conditions is confined to no particular class, and nothing reveals this truth more clearly than a course of book-reviewing. The specialists of the world meet on the bookshelves, and often nowhere else. My work is always introducing me to famous men of whom I have never heard. The latest of these is Walter Mittelholzer, the Swiss aviator. Herr Mittelholzer's name may be new to me; it must be familiar to every mechanic on every aerodrome on the globe. He has flown everywhere, on at least six occasions opening up new routes in Africa or Asia. You may learn of his doings in his book, *Flying Adventures* (Blackie, 10s. 6d.), but he is so modest and unassuming that you will have to read between the lines to realise his skill, courage and powers of endurance. In addition to these qualities he has the gift of observation, and his descriptions of the places he has visited, the people he has seen and the tracts he has flown over are invariably well done. Of the thirty full-page reproductions of photographs illustrating the volume, the majority are of exceptional beauty.

END

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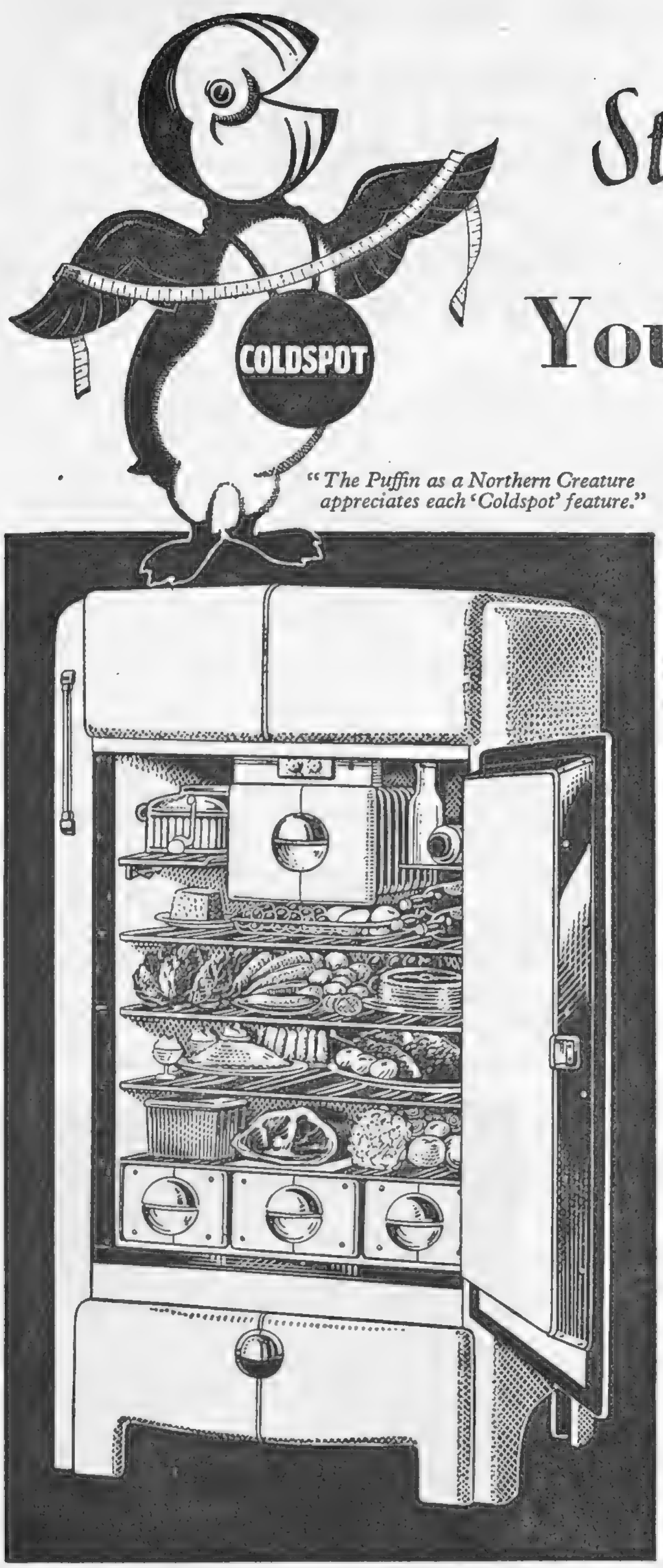

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Cruising through Sweden

A Holiday that is Different

GONE are the days when "holidays" meant a pilgrimage to the nearest seaside place, there to stay put for a fortnight or three weeks.

Nowadays we want—and get—more for our money, to say nothing of our time. And that is why a country like Sweden appeals to wise holidaymakers. For the secret of a successful holiday is change; and in Sweden you can do and see something different every day if you want to.

And almost without effort on your own part. Travel bureaux are the modern fairy godmothers. They make all arrangements, leaving nothing to chance or the tourist, so that not a valuable minute is wasted. In fact, at the end of the holiday you have a pleasant feeling that for once you have "done down" Old Father Time.

The difficulty about a Swedish holiday, therefore, is not in carrying out your choice, but in making the choice. So much to see, so much to do! It is easiest to start off in a way that will show you quite a lot of Sweden's beauties; then you can decide better which to try next.

For this reason—or for any reason, really—there could be no more ideal beginning to any holiday than a voyage, cruise or whatever you like to call it, through Sweden, from Gothenburg to Stockholm, along the Gota Canal.

It takes three days—that is the only drawback. Because those three days are so packed with interest—the Canal goes through some of the most lovely scenery in the world; through the heart, too, of historic Sweden—that one would wish them never to end.

The Gota Canal steamers, trim, white, miniature boats, start almost daily for Stockholm from Gothenburg, Sweden's most westerly port.

Everything aboard is small—but perfect. There are single cabins, luxuriously fitted up; a ladies' saloon, a dining saloon, and, of course, a cook's galley, a most important part of the trip. Swedish dishes, like the scenery, are exquisite.

Besides all this, there is an observation deck, fitted with sun-screen and comfortable arm-chairs, in which to doze or watch Sweden floating by.

THE boats leave Gothenburg usually in the morning. The first part of the journey lies along the beautiful, tree-lined Gota river, which flows near enough the old castle of Bohus to allow of its being photographed.

The first port of call, reached soon after luncheon, is Trollhatten; and here are two points of interest—marvellous waterfalls and one of the biggest power-stations in Sweden.

A stay of an hour or two is made for sightseeing; by tea-time the boat is off again. Now the river has shrunk to a narrow waterway, so narrow that overhanging tree branches brush the deck.

Then, abruptly, as they narrowed, the tree-lined banks widen, cease as the little boat slips from between them on to the calm broad waters of Lake Vanern, Sweden's largest lake.

From one end of it the further banks cannot be seen. The little steamer takes the whole night to cross; longer than a Channel voyage.

The next day comes a plunge into the depths of a Swedish forest, through which the Gota Canal proper runs. Here again, except for the smoothness of the passage, one might be travelling on land, through a tunnel of sun-pierced green shade.

Now and again the canal—literally, almost—touches villages, built in forest clearings; picturesque groups of little houses, all of wood.

The next stage of the journey is across Lake Vattern—long, narrow, mountain-rimmed, to Vadstena, quaint, feudal-looking, fascinating old place. Here the little steamer puts in to allow her passengers to explore the abbey and castle.

Another reach of canal claims the little ship after the pause at Vadstena. This part of the voyage is made by night.

Fifteen "stairs" come next, the fifteen locks of Berg.

Actually it is to the Baltic that those locks are prelude. The next morning the little steamer is at sea, picking her way along the narrow green channels of a miniature archipelago.

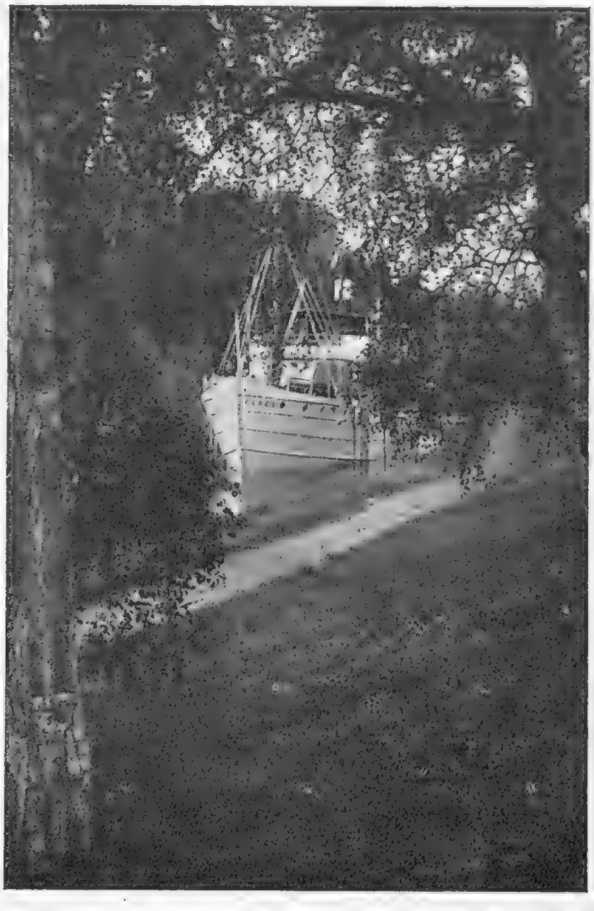
High on the little islands are perched villages. There is a great coming and going of white-sailed yachts; and the waters of the Baltic are very popular with bathers. Although it is always thought of as a cold sea, the nearness of the Gulf Stream warms it deliciously in summer.

After almost a day of sea-wandering, the boat turns inland for the last stage of her journey, across Lake Malaren, famous for its thirteen hundred islands.

Stockholm, the end of the trip, is in sight. Spires and towers and bridges can be seen at the far side of the lake.

It takes an hour to cross. Progress is slow because of the shipping and the motor-boats, yachts and canoes which dart about in all directions.

At last, right in the middle of the capital, under the great wine-red tower of the Town Hall, the Gota Canal boat anchors. The voyage is at an end, but Stockholm is the best possible place for beginning whatever you have decided to do next.



The little ship seems to wind its way between broad tree-trunks, which grow right down to the water's edge

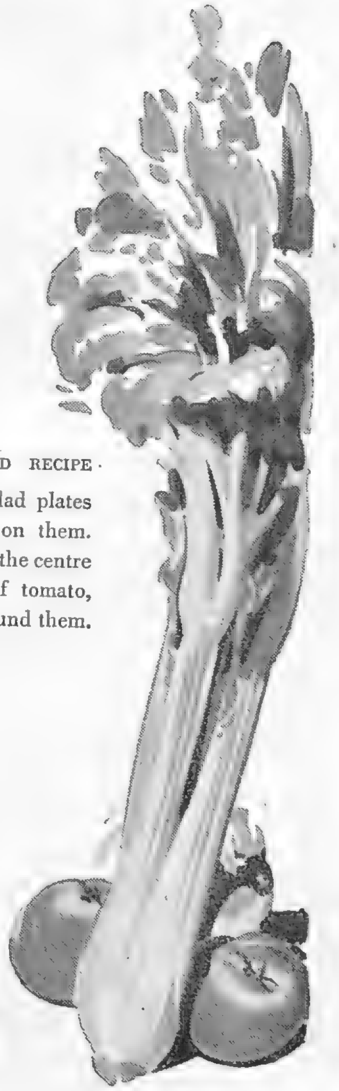
Two ways of dressing a salad

TAKE ONE distracted young housewife, with a thousand and one things to see to because the De Vere s are coming to dinner. Add the difficulty of getting costly, disobedient salad dressing ingredients to mix, too much salt and the lid off the pepper pot. Put in a dash of temper, a flushed face and tears — because the De Vere s have a first-class cook and are such snobs — and serve with humiliation.

OR:

TAKE ONE serene young hostess — who, when she mixes her salad, simply goes to the cupboard and fetches the Heinz Salad Cream. Add the plain truth — that this superb dressing is made with nothing less than new laid eggs, rich English cream, and the clearest, purest olive oil — subtly seasoned and blended velvet smooth by Heinz master chefs. Serve with congratulations.

HEINZ *Salad Cream*



SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, HERE IS A GRAND RECIPE ·

Lobster Salad. Take some separate salad plates and arrange some crisp lettuce leaves on them. Put a portion of tinned or fresh lobster in the centre of each. Now take alternate slices of tomato, cucumber and orange and make a ring round them. Serve Heinz Salad Cream separately.

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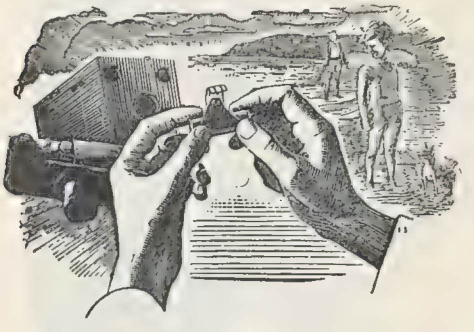

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Dramas of Lighthouse and Lightship

(*Continued from page* 31)

a crack as of doom. The conductor was ripped from the wall of the tower, a blinding flash scorched the walls inside, and suffocating fumes and clouds of dust drove the men out on to the rocks.

Terror was magnified a thousandfold by the extreme isolation from all help, the crashing and flashing of the storm, and the consciousness that only a few feet of perilous rock separated them from fire on the one hand and a raging sea on the other. They were literally between the devil and the deep sea. But they struggled back into the lighthouse, patched up the damage, and carried on. One can imagine the state of their nerves after such an experience; for the lighthouse, reft of its lightning conductor, might have been struck a second time with more serious results.

LIGHT-KEEPERS have been taken seriously ill and even died at their posts. In September, 1930, the assistant keeper of the Auskerry light, off the Isle of Stronsay, twelve miles from Orkney, was seized with a grievous illness which laid him low; his senior had to carry on alone for a day and a half before a doctor and relief could reach him through the storm.

In 1929 darkness descended on the Llanelly light. The cry went round: "The Light has given out! The Light has given out!" Instead of the usual warning beam—blackness and silence. A relief was rushed to the lighthouse; the keeper was found lying dead on the floor of the lantern-room. He had died at his post. Either he had had a sudden seizure or resolved to carry on rather than summon aid when he fell ill.

Six years ago Arthur Davis, a thirty-two-year-old keeper at Eddystone, was lowering a bucket to a passing vessel to supplement his meagre larder with some fish. He slipped on the steps of the lighthouse, struck his head on a rock, fell senseless into a whirling sea, and was drowned. It was a kindly thought of the skipper to give him, in passing, an extra "feed"; but the good action lost him his life.

Another keeper at Lundy Island, off the North Devon coast, was injured through falling down slippery steps. A doctor had to make a fourteen-mile dash through a severe storm to reach him. He risked further injury in being lowered down the cliff into the boat. When a light-keeper has an accident it isn't simply a matter of being lifted into a comfortable ambulance and whisked off to hospital. Some lighthouses are so situated that it is almost impossible to get an injured man out of them without grave danger to him.

One of the grimmest tasks that ever befell a light-keeper had to be performed by one in the Grand Lejeon lighthouse off St. Briac on the French coast. His mate fell from a ladder while cleaning the lantern and was killed. With a corpse for the only companion in that desolation, and his nerves wracked by the tragic loss of a chum, he climbed to the lantern's summit—a feat involving great risk and courage—and fixed a black flag there as a distress signal, which was eventually seen by a passing fishing-boat. Can one imagine a direr ordeal for a man isolated from his kind on a sea-bound rock?

The keepers of another French lighthouse, La Veille, were marooned by heavy weather for forty-seven days. The chief keeper happened to be on shore when the weather broke and was unable to return. He was on board the relief ship when at last she contrived to pass some food to the beleaguered men along a twenty-yards line.

"I'm going along that line myself!" he said, preparing to make the attempt. "I must get back to my post!"

"You're mad! You'll drown! We're all right!" the marooned men shouted to him above the roar of the sea. "Don't do it!"

The skipper of the relief ship, too, tried to persuade him it would be suicidal. Reluctantly he gave up.

"It's a week since I slept at night," he said with tears in his eyes, as the ship moved off. "I've been thinking about those men all the time. It's terrible!"

That was typical of the rigid sense of duty which actuates these light-keepers. His mates were in trouble; all he wanted was to be with them; it did not occur to him to bless his luck for being on shore when the storm broke.

THE service is not without its Grace Darling heroines. A few years ago the keeper of the Bembridge light, St. Helen's Fort, Isle of Wight, went ashore, leaving his fifteen-year-old daughter, Ethel Langton, in charge. A gale sprang up; he was unable to get back.

For three nights this intrepid, resourceful girl—little more than a child—kept the light faithfully burning. To start it she had to climb up an outside iron ladder with the sea raging far below and open a big iron door—a courageous feat even for a grown man in a storm. Her only companion was her dog Badger; and never, one imagines, did dog serve mistress better than during those three days and nights.

"I was terribly afraid the oil would give out," she said afterwards, "and that if I couldn't keep the lamp burning some ship might get on to Bembridge Ledge or on to the sandbanks."

An inscribed wrist-watch and Bible were presented to her for her bravery.

A short time after that she was returning from the shore after dark, trudging across the desolate bed, a mile and a half long, exposed at low water, when the tide overtook her. She calmly swam the remaining distance to the lighthouse in her clothes, carrying a case in one hand. Had she not been a good swimmer, or lost her head, she would have drowned. She admitted she felt just a bit lonely when the sea suddenly came up, cutting her off.

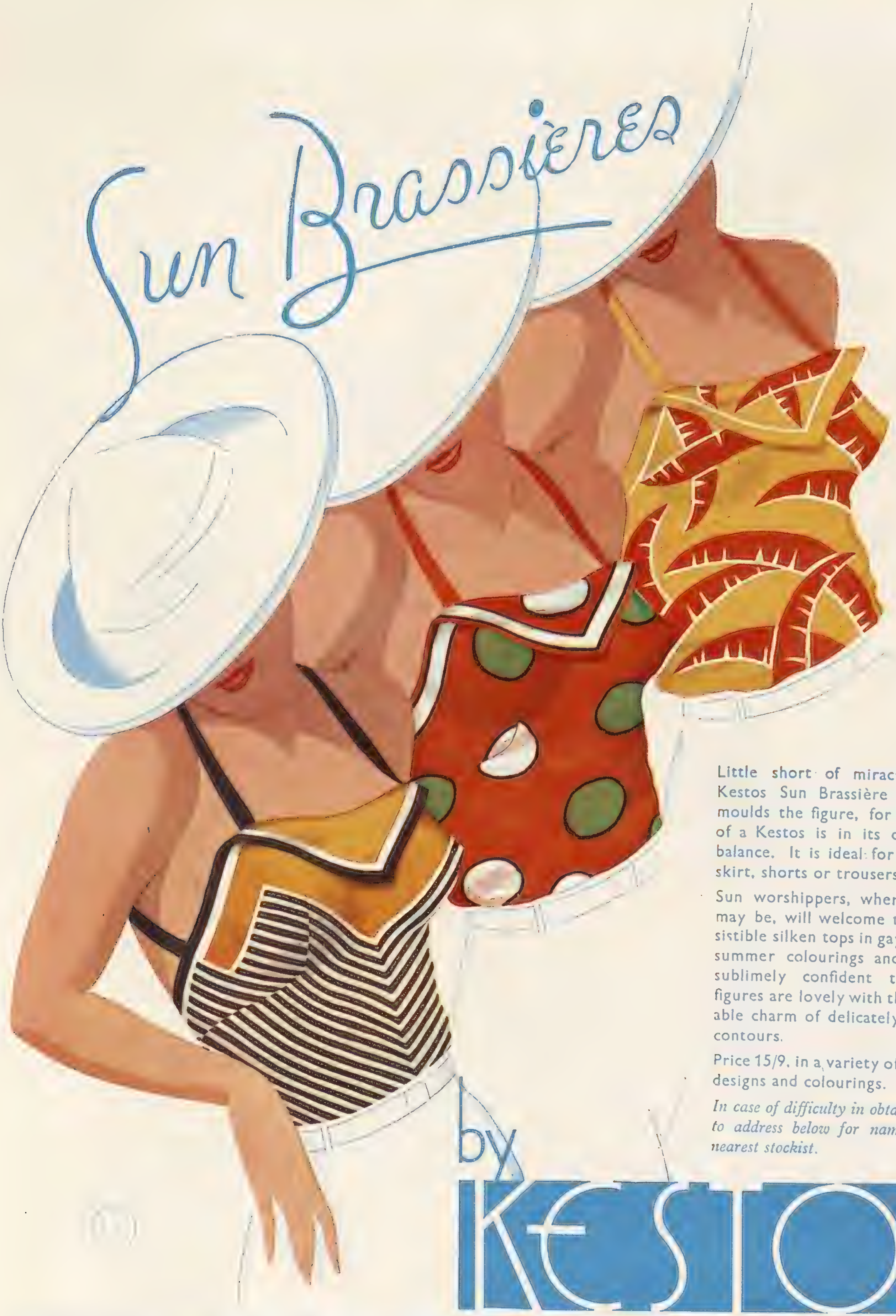
Another young woman, Robina Burgon, took charge of the Berwick-on-Tweed lighthouse many times when her father was ill; on his retirement she became keeper—I believe, the first woman to be accorded the honour. Cis Berryman, an Australian girl who was born in the Ulladulla lighthouse, has lived in them all her life. At lonely places like Solitary Island, Tacking Point, Smoky Cape, Broken Bay she beguiled most of her spare time devouring romantic novels. Lighthouses are certainly congenial places for omnivorous readers; there is little else to do off duty.

The crews of lightships have undergone ordeals as severe as any experienced by lighthouse keepers—sometimes more severe. Four times of recent years the South Goodwins lightship has been in collision with passing vessels it was safeguarding.

The *Gull*, another Goodwins lightship—subsequently re-named the *Brake*—was rammed and sunk by a liner in a dense fog in 1929. The aged master, who was about to retire at the time, could not get out of his cabin when the crash came, and was drowned. Heavy fogs are abominated by lightship men; they feel they are there, in the track of shipping, to be run down by the first leviathan whose skipper is a martinet for schedule and the least bit incautious. And occasionally they are.

There was an eerie sequel to this particular disaster. Six men manned a small open boat from Deal, the *Lady Beatty*, owned by Harry Meakins—and went out to the wreck. On returning they were instructed to go back again and act as emergency lightship! With eyes and ears straining through the fog for the first sign of danger, they hovered near the sunk lightship, ringing a hand-bell and tootling a hand fog-horn to warn vessels approaching. One of the men stated afterwards: "Several

(*Continued on page* 109)



Little short of miraculous, the Kestos Sun Brassière holds and moulds the figure, for the magic of a Kestos is in its design and balance. It is ideal for wear with skirt, shorts or trousers.

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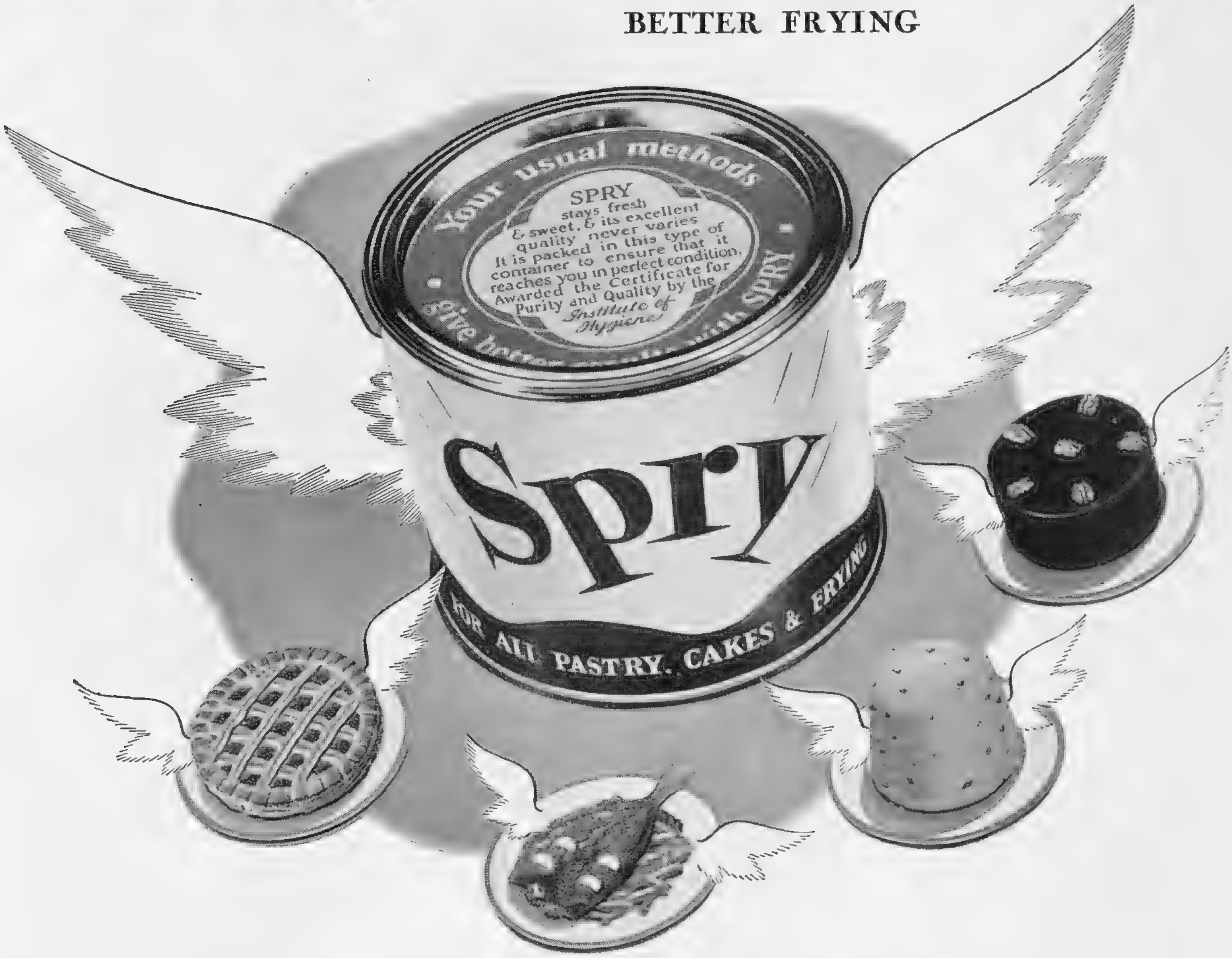
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Ready-creaming is an entirely new process that makes Spry a joy to use for every kind of cooking. The moment you touch this wonderfully white, pure fat you'll feel its smooth softness—the creamy texture that's going to make all your cooking so much easier and better. Ready-creaming means that half the hard work of baking is done for you before you begin. Ready-creamed Spry creams with sugar at lightning speed. In pastry making it mixes at a touch, to make the lightest pastry you've ever tasted. And for frying, Spry is a revelation—it has such a high "smoke point" that it neither smokes nor smells in the frying-pan, nor makes food greasy; it simply seals in the flavours and locks out the grease.

It's results that count. Just try it and see. Every single dish you cook with Spry looks better and tastes better. Spry is a completely pure vegetable fat, and it makes everything you cook easier to digest. It is packed in a hygienic container so that it reaches you pure and fresh—and stays pure and fresh.

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PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

times we had to hop out of the way as vessels like shadows moved out of the fog and came dangerously close to us."

But they stuck to the uncanny job—a ghost-crew in a Cimmerian gloom—and helped to warn ships off the treacherous sands. Whenever one bore down on them they clanged the bell and sounded the horn like men possessed—as much for their own safety as that of the ship!

Some time ago the lightship *Dyck* figured in a minor epic of the sea. She broke adrift in a terrible storm, was battered for hours by wind and wave and was driven ashore near Calais. Part of the vessel became water-logged. Three of the half-frozen crew were washed overboard; the remaining three were in serious danger.

The skipper, Captain Huysman, decided that the only chance of saving them was by lifeline from the shore. Donning a lifebelt, he put off in a dinghy and fought a murderous sea in an heroic effort to reach land. But the sea won; his frozen body was washed up the following morning.

Light-keepers are loyal, staunch workers. There are families which have been in the service for generations. J. Henderson had completed forty years' service when he retired from Point of Ayre lighthouse six years ago; his family had been keepers for a hundred and fifty years. A Cornish keeper named Davis put all three of his sons into the service; and some of the Cornish lights—notably the grimly-named Wolf between Penzance and the Scillies—are among the most arduous and difficult round the coast. Light keepers are known the world over as "The Men who Never Go on Strike."

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 45)

Peter, who had never anticipated this move from the hetman in the giant game of chess they were playing; but he acted swiftly nevertheless. He advanced on the Cossacks, ravaged their land and villages and put the whole governing body of the Ukraine to flight. Mazeppa himself only just succeeded in escaping with his life, and when he appeared before Charles XII it was not as an ally but as a fugitive. He had only a handful of men with him, and luck seemed now to have turned against them. A Swedish reinforcement coming from Livonia with a convoy was attacked by the Russians with such suddenness and ferocity that the general in command had to give orders for the wagons to be burnt in order to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. In spite of this loss, however, Charles and Mazeppa still carried on obstinately with their campaign, although the severity of the winter added to their difficulties, two thousand of their soldiers being frozen to death.

Mazeppa had gambled everything, and now his only hope lay in the possibility of the Swedish king's success, which every day became more hypothetical. They decided to besiege Pultowa, a strongly fortified town on the Ukrainian frontier, but once again they failed to allow for Peter's genius in doing the unexpected, and calculated only the probable strength of the resisting garrison. Consequently with their eyes fixed on this objective they knew nothing of the powerful army that Peter was hurrying to the rescue. When at last they became aware of this new danger they decided that they must divide their own forces into two parts. Seven thousand men were left to maintain the siege, while Charles and Mazeppa, with the rest, went out to meet the advancing forces of the Emperor.

The battle took place on June 8th, 1709, and Charles, directing it from a litter—for he had been badly wounded in the foot—knew that the fate of the whole campaign hung on this day's success. Within two hours, however, eight thousand of his best soldiers lay dead on the field. Six thousand were taken prisoners then and there, and twelve thousand more had to surrender on the banks of the Dnieper, across which they were unable to retreat for want of boats. In the whole of military history there have been few debacles as complete as this one was; it wiped out all Charles's previous victories, and such fragments of his army, once the terror of Europe, as had not been annihilated were soon swelling the endless trail of exiles to Siberia.

By a miracle, Charles and Mazeppa, with three hundred of their guard, themselves managed to get away, and, heading for the Turkish frontier, eventually found safety in the Bessarabian town of Bender. Once there, Charles, eager to avenge himself, and smarting bitterly under the loss of his army and his treasure, began to dream of starting all over again. But with Mazeppa it was different. The mainspring of his energy was broken at last. He had played and lost, and because he was a man who wanted all or nothing, he raised a cup of poison to his lips and drank deep, his dying thoughts fixed regretfully on the little kingdom in the Ukraine . . . the beautiful little kingdom that the fury of a horse had given to him and that by his own passionate nature he had destroyed.

When You Don't Want Meat

(*Continued from page* 74)

The substantial course of the meal may be in the form of a pie, roast, steak or cutlets. In the warmer weather, even galantines and savoury jellies can be produced on vegetarian lines. Then you can make imitation chicken cutlets, vegetarian sweetbreads and even savoury little sausages.

The foundation for most of these is cooked and sieved pulses, the brown lentil being more widely used, as it has a distinctly meaty flavour. Nuts, breadcrumbs or mashed potatoes are usually blended with them, and the mixture is piquantly seasoned and bound together with beaten eggs.

Remember that it is the subtle seasoning and suitable accompaniments which really add interest to the more substantial course.

A roast made with the above mixture, egged and crumbed, should be baked in butter or vegetable fat for about 30 minutes. It looks savoury served on a platter surrounded with baked tomato cups filled with young green peas. Baked potatoes and a good Marmite gravy make the dish really substantial.

Rissoles, croquettes and cutlets can be made from eggs, mushrooms, macaroni and cheese, with variations. Any of these soft smooth mixtures can be made into chicken drumsticks with a piece of uncooked macaroni inserted in the end to represent the bone.

Coat with crumbs, fry to a golden brown, and serve with potato crisps, green peas or french beans.

Wash half a cup of unpolished rice and boil it in half a cup of water until it is all absorbed. Add one and a half teacupfuls of milk and cook until the rice is soft and thick. Add one tablespoonful each of butter and tomato ketchup, season with salt and cayenne, then bind together with two beaten yolks. Spread on a plate, and when cold shape into baby chickens or ducklings. Coat and fry in the usual way, or, if preferred, bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes, basting frequently.

When ready, insert peppercorns or allspice berries to represent the eyes, then arrange on a hot platter. If chicken, then the usual accompaniments of green peas, potato chips and a good gravy are necessary, while for duckling add a piquant orange or green salad.

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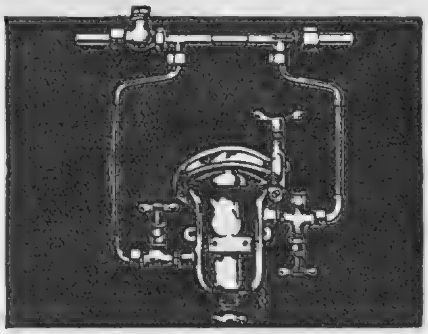

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Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay her down in loveliness . . .
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VIENNA I BERLIN W AMSTERDAM AARAU (ZURICH) PRAGUE II

The Duck that Laid the Golden Egg

(*Continued from page* 29)

sign up, or I'll get soft and increase the celery—salary ! "

And did the Professor shove the pen into his hand quick before Hawley increased it downwards !

AFTER this, the rest of us stayed away from the studio as much as possible because it might hurt Yorick's prestige for us to go around begging jobs. I say we all stayed away from the studios, but that does not quite mean me, because I'd grown callouses on my shyness. So once in a while I would give the Hawley Productions a whirl, and I couldn't help running into that young extra-fellow. By this time I knew his name. It was Roderick. I heard a man saying, " Okay, Mr. Roderick ! " to him. Swell name, Roderick ; so romantic. Each time I met him he would try to date me up, and each time I said no, not only because I'd lied myself into that society-gag, but because I was afraid he might find out I was living off a duck. Yet, as a matter of fact, I was parked in front of the Hawley Studios in Yorick's car when this young extra got extra persistent with me.

" Look here ! " he said, leaning heavily on the steering-wheel. " What's the big idea of giving me the run-around ? I dare you to say you don't like me a little."

" I don't like you *a little*," I answered truthfully.

" Then why the struggle ? " he asked. " I'm not afraid of your Aunt Angel or your Uncle Gavin or your brother Lee. After all, why should I be poison just because I'm in pictures ? "

" It's not only that," I murmured coyly. " It's . . . oh, well, if I were earning my own living—I'd be glad to know you better —maybe ! "

He looked at the handsome car and gave a long whistle.

" Oh ! " said he. " So that's it, eh ? Well, even if you are dependent on them, that doesn't give them any right to dictate who you can have for friends ! "

Honestly, it was terrible ! I'd started out with a lie to Mr. Roderick, and now I was getting in deeper and deeper. Then, to make matters worse, just at this moment who would have to come out of the studio gate but Gavin with the duck. With a gasp, I turned on the motor.

" Good-bye ! " I said hastily. " I—I think I'd better forget all about you ! " Mr. Roderick stayed right on the running-board as the car started to move.

" Then here's something to make you remember me ! " he said. And before I could pretend not to know what he was doing he kissed me. Then he jumped off the running-board while I stepped on the gas.

Well, Yorick's second picture was a starring vehicle. When it was released the studio had a regular premier at Grauman's Chinese for the opening. Yorick drove up to the theatre in a specially constructed gilded cage, and quacked into the mike when the master of ceremonies introduced him. The new opera was a colossal wow, and from then on Yorick led us a life ! Outside the Brown Derby the autograph hunters gathered around to demand that he web-footograph their albums ; and never shall I forget the day when he laid an egg instead ! But in spite of being raised to the height of fame, I will say for Yorick that it never went to his head. He never went Hollywood, but remained the same old simple duck that he had been at first. And I wish I could say the same for the rest of us.

Our trouble was that the dough had come too easily. We moved into an instalment palace with a swimming pool, and furnished it with period furniture to be paid for in a long series of commas, and we should have been perfectly happy. Yet, somehow, the quartette had lost the old perfect harmony. Personally I was miserable because Mr. Roderick had disappeared off the face of the studios.

(*Continued on page* 112)

AT ALL EVENTS . . .

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Stewed Steak and 'green label' Chutney

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'green label' chutney
INDIAN MANGO

20

The Duck that Laid the Golden Egg

And, then, like a bolt out of an aeroplane, a goat called Al Butt made a terrific hit in "Tin-Can Alley." And Gavin, who had gone to the studio about Yorick's next opera, which was to be a clean picture based on "The Ugly Duckling," overheard Mr. Hawley talking to Jack Rueben.

"What do I care if it turns out to be a swan?" Mr. Hawley was yelling. "Write out the duck and write in a goat! We're going to have a goat-cycle, I'm telling you!"

Well, Gavin didn't even wait to listen to the rest. He knew already that Mr. Hawley wouldn't take up Yorick's option with a pair of tongs. So he came home and broke the news to us as gently as he could.

"We'll take him over to Colossal!" said the Professor furiously. "Colossal has been after Yorick for months!"

Well, Lee took the duck to Colossal, but Colossal did not take to the duck. And then began an awful time during which Yorick made the weary rounds of the studios looking for work in vain, while with us things were going from caviar to wurst. Only Yorick was his same old self—he could take it, that bird could!

Finally I decided to make a last desperate stab at getting a job. Two days' Atmosphere at seven-fifty looked like Soak-the-Rich income to me. For three days we'd been on beans and now only the cans remained. Something had to be done about it, I told myself as I steered the new flivver, which we now shared, along Hollywood Boulevard. Suddenly there was a shout, and a man sprang to my running-board and scrambled into the seat beside me. I thought it was an escaping racketeer until I realised that it was Mr. Roderick!

"Keep driving!" he commanded, holding a gun into my ribs. "Turn up Laurel Canyon."

"This is an outrage!" I gasped. "I'll yell for a cop!"

"If you do, I'll shoot!" he said smiling. "Look pleasant, darling, and say you love me!"

"I won't!" I almost sobbed. The muzzle of the gun pressed harder.

"Say it!" he commanded sternly.

"I love you!" I said furiously through clenched teeth. By this time we were in the shady depths of the Pass.

"Now park under that big tree!" he told me. The brakes squeaked us to a stop and all of a sudden he kissed me so hard that first thing I knew I was kissing him back. Then we came up for air and I realised it was all over but the newspaper notices.

"I've been looking for you frantically," he said, "ever since I got back from the East. And now, family or no family, you're going to marry me."

"Okay," I said feebly. "But why the gun?"

He looked puzzled for a moment and then produced the object he had been holding on my ribs. It was a small velvet box containing a very modest solitaire and a wedding-ring.

"You get this one to-day," he said, putting the diamond on my finger. "And the other one as soon as you're willing. They may not look very grand to you, sweetheart, but they were my mother's."

"They're lovely!" I said, almost crying. "And oh, mydy-my! I've told you terrible lies about myself, honey. I'm not a society girl, and . . . oh, you'll have to see for yourself. Come around to-night and I'll show you."

"You're you," said he, "and that's all that matters. But of course I'll come around to-night—after supper."

Those two famous last words—after supper—kept ringing in my ears all the way home. We were not going to have any supper. The others had counted on me to raise some dough, and all I'd raised was a penniless fiancé.

I was pretty hungry when I let myself into our bungalow, *(Continued on page 114)*

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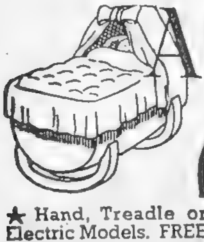

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where a strange, thrilling odour struck my nostrils. Roast meat. Hot, spicy meat, seasoned with . . . oh, with celery, of course. And onions. And oranges. A slow, horrible suspicion crept into my mind as I flung open the door of the living-room. There sat the others, all wearing hang-dog expressions. Angel, when she caught sight of me, started weeping into the corner of a dish towel.

"You! You . . . !" I gasped. "Where is Yorick?" Angel broke into loud sobs.

"Even humans lost at sea have been known to do it!" she wailed. "Think of the Ancient Mariner."

"His other services to us were at an end," said Gavin, looking away.

"I'm sure he'd be glad, if he knew," added the Professor.

"Oh! Oh!" I cried. "We can't eat our best friend." Then before they could begin to argue, there was a sharp ring at the front door bell.

"It's the landlord!" whispered Angel.

"Well, better face it!" declared the Professor, striding to the door. There, of all people, stood Mr. Hawley, self-important as ever. At sight of us he started to back out.

"Excuse me," he said hurriedly, "I must have got the wrong number."

"Wait!" I cried, rushing forward, inspired. "Wait, Mr. Hawley. Come in." With which I whirled the little man well into the room, while the others stared as if I'd gone mad.

"Now!" I went on, unceremoniously removing the cigar from his mouth. "Breathe deeply. Do you smell anything?"

Instinctively Mr. Hawley obeyed my injunction.

"Roast duck!" he beamed ecstatically. "With oranges and onions and celery. Ah, such a perfume!"

"It's cooked exactly according to your own recipe," said Gavin, getting the idea.

"And it's quite a fat duck," Angel added rapidly, "cooked slow in a moderate oven."

"Oh, you must try some!" I begged, almost tearfully. "Just sniff again and say yes."

"Well, to tell the truth, I ain't had supper," he admitted, taking off his hat.

An hour later, Mr. Hawley had eaten half the duck. The other half lay practically untouched as the producer drew three large cigars from his vest pocket and handed one each to Gavin and Lee. Then he took a match from the stand on the old piano and in doing so noticed the script of "Hawaiian Moon."

"Are you writers, by any chance?" he asked.

"Oh, in a way," said Gavin carelessly. "That's just a little operetta we ran off for a New York production."

"New York, why New York?" demanded our guest. "There's plenty of room in Hollywood for good material."

"Oh, I don't think we'd care to sell it for pictures!" the Professor injected.

"But couldn't I even listen to it?" Hawley asked eagerly. "Come now, Lee, give me a break!"

"Oh, I doubt you'd like it," the Professor protested.

"Anybody that's got the taste in roast duck you have," the producer declared, comfortably settling himself in an arm-chair, "must have a soul! Shoot, let's hear it!"

Well, Angel sang like one, Gavin read the story smoothly, the Professor did his stuff on the piano, and my number went over pretty big, too. When it was all over, Mr. Hawley's face became dead-pan. You could almost hear our hearts beating.

"It wants a lot of changes," he said at length. "But with my ideas worked in, we might make something not too bad. What do you want for it?"

"Well, we'd thought twenty . . ." began the Professor, when Mr. Hawley interrupted him.

"Ten thousand is too much," said he firmly. "Seven

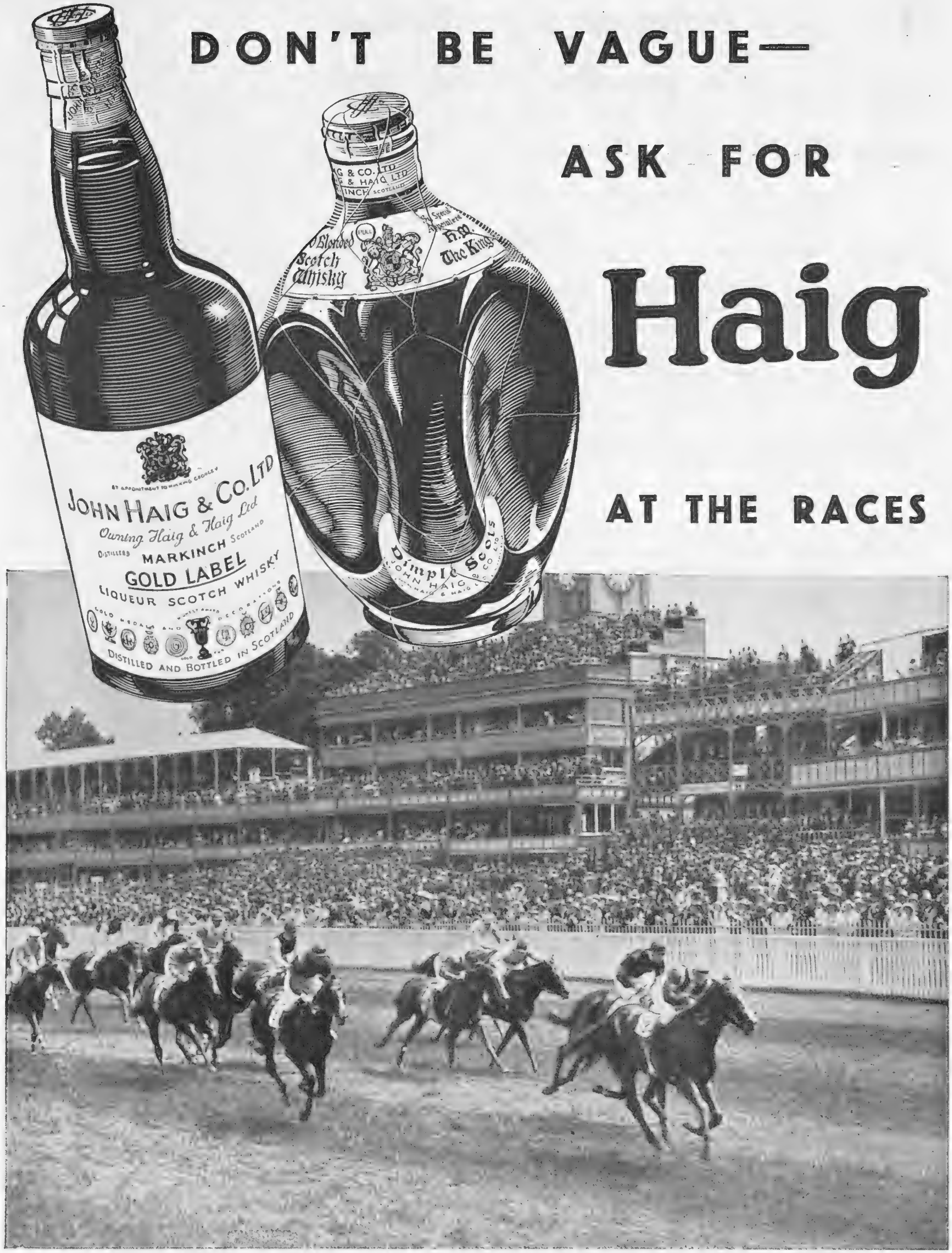
(*Continued on page 116*)

DON'T BE VAGUE—

ASK FOR

Haig

AT THE RACES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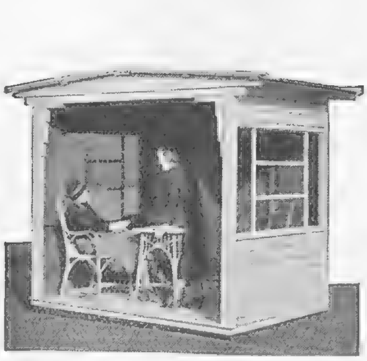

Send for Catalogue 414, which illustrates many designs.

BOULTON & PAUL LTD.,
NORWICH
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The Duck that Laid the Golden Egg

thousand is top price—subject to Mr. Roderick Hawley's okay, of course!"

"Mr. Roderick does okay it," said a voice from the door. We all looked, and there was my boy friend. He'd apparently been listening for some time. Now he strode in with a broad smile and put an arm around my shoulders.

"Uncle Ed.," said he to Mr. Hawley, "why are you chiselling on price? Don't you know you're doing business with relatives?" For a moment Mr. Hawley stared at me in amazement, and then he broke into rather a flustered grin.

"My nephew has got so much stock in our concern," he explained, "I guess what he says goes—I'm only the general manager!"

Half an hour later Mr. Roderick and I had the living room to ourselves, and with my head on his shoulder I sighed contentedly.

"There's only one regret I have," said I, "and that is about poor Yorick. If only he could have known that he did not die in vain. . . ." Just then the door-bell rang. I lifted my head annoyedly.

"It's either the landlord or the furniture man," I announced, "we'd better go and see."

But the visitor was a stranger—a tall, lanky man and, believe it or not, in his arms was Yorick!

"Say," said the new-comer, settling himself against the door-jamb, "I was over this afternoon when nobody was home. D'you know I had an awful time tracing this duck? This is the only one of my ducks that ever could really do stunts. All the rest are just stooges. I buy look-alikes, see? Then after I've put on the show I auction off the trained duck, only it ain't the trained duck, naturally. Well, sir, I never missed the old bird until the Carnival got clear up to Tacoma! Then I seen his picture in the papers and come back for him. And, say, when I was by in this wagon this afternoon, one of the stooge-ducks escaped. I guess maybe he's still around here?"

My fiancé and I looked at each other self-consciously. The stooge was still around—what Mr. Hawley had left of him. But mentioning the fact seemed rather useless. So we shook our heads in unison.

"Good-bye, Yorick!" I said tenderly, shaking his foot. "You are the duckiest thing that ever lived!"

"Duck along now, will you, Professor?" Roderick suggested. "We're busy!" The man flipped a ten gallon hat on to the back of his head and grinned.

"I get it!" he said good-naturedly. "Well, much obliged, folks, for taking care of my baby! Any time I can do as much for you, just let me know, care of the Golden West Carnival. I'm Dr. Jake Goodheart. . . ."

"Quack!" said Yorick.

Better Looks This Summer

(*Continued from page 57*)

These foundation lotions are not liquid powders. They flow on evenly, imperceptibly, and appear to tint the skin. Yet the effect can be wiped off instantly with a dab of cleansing lotion.

They do not create a mask. The result is as though the face had been placed under a coloured light.

Powders are used to match, one shade darker than the foundation lotion. In the hand, these powders look dusty and colourless. They are ultra-fine, of somewhat unusual tones, a faded peach or tired lemon. There is a lime-green powder which hides varicose veins, and disguises a hectic flush. On, their radiance is remarkable, maybe because the final result is an invisible make-up.

Rouge and lipstick I leave to your discretion. A final word. None of these preparations will suit the steel-faced, self-confident or challenging young person. They are French and feminine, for the woman who is watchful and wise, who delights in the power of her own beauty like a re-born Circe.

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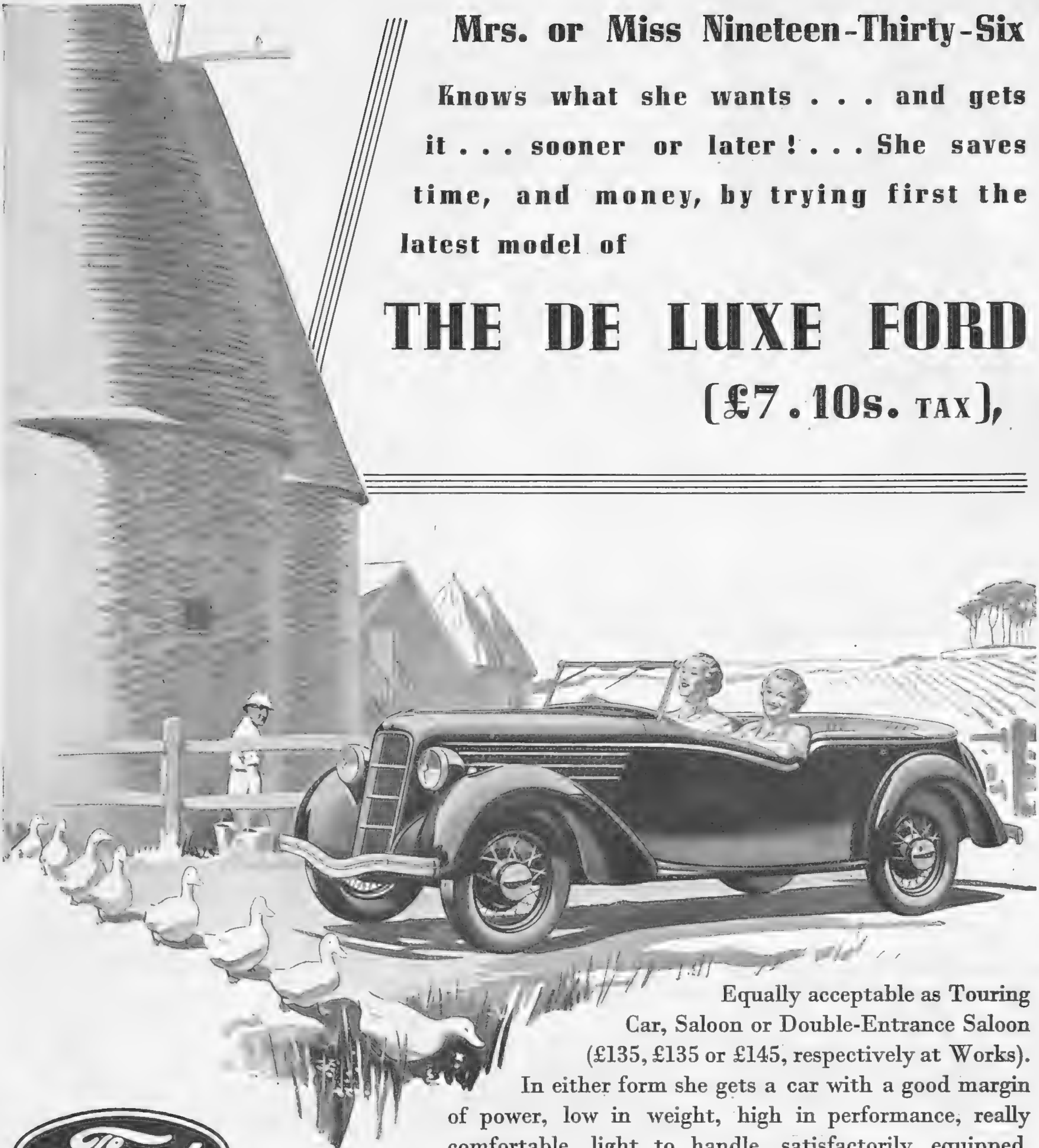

Equally acceptable as Touring Car, Saloon or Double-Entrance Saloon (£135, £135 or £145, respectively at Works). In either form she gets a car with a good margin of power, low in weight, high in performance, really comfortable, light to handle, satisfactorily equipped, beautifully finished, and a veritable picture, against any background, professional or social, ceremonial or sporting.

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MILADI
NEEDLEWORK PRODUCTS

BRITISH THREAD MILLS LTD.
DEPARTMENT 17 · LEICESTER

Shooting Foxes

(*Continued from page 35*)

"Lazy brute," said Tim, "when the Colonel's going to all this trouble to give us a twenty-four hour test hill."

"Some people have to work," said George.

"That's terrible for you," said Jean. "Give me a ride in your new Bentley. Thank goodness, there's one person here with a silent car!"

At last the works were finished, the trenches filled in, and the lights ceremoniously switched on at sunset. Tim Anstey reached home late that night and roared up the hill, passing a couple of workmen putting some final touches near the Colonel's lodge and vaguely noting others still at work a little past Anstey's.

"Must give the old boy a vote of thanks," he murmured, as he donned his pyjamas. "I never did like that second hairpin after dark, and now he's got a light right on it. Damned sporting, I call it."

He passed a dreamless night and, the next morning, climbed into his car and set out to confer with a friend over the design of a new aluminium cylinder head. His method of descending Gallows Hill was to start all out on the slight downward slope from his own gates, tear down the hill and skid the hairpins, gathering speed till he was doing well over seventy at the bottom. To-day he followed his usual practice, waving a cheery hand to John Robert, the village policeman, who leant on his bicycle at the top of the hill.

He took the turns in masterly style, his back wheels sliding, and came to the last straight stretch that led past the Colonel's lodge. Here he met a check. A second policeman stepped out into the road, two hundred yards ahead, his hand uplifted, his white glove plain against the new green leaves of the trees. Tim Anstey demonstrated his brakes.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Can I see your licence, sir, please?"

Tim produced it, flicking it open.

"I have signed it," he said.

The constable looked at it and handed it back.

"There'll be a summons, sir, I'm afraid."

"What for?" asked Tim.

"Exceeding the limit in a built-up area. Your average from the top of the hill was fifty-eight miles an hour. This is a thirty-mile limit."

"Tell your grandmother!" cried Tim. "Since when?"

"Since last night, when the signs were put up. There's a lamppost every two hundred yards, and that makes it restricted."

"My sainted aunt!" cried Tim. "The old devil! And the chairman of the bench'll be——"

"The Colonel, sir!"

"I knew it," said Tim.

THE Colonel returned from Petty Sessions chuckling to himself and making little muttering noises which showed that he was pleased.

"Fifty guineas and costs and his licence endorsed," he said, dwelling on the words.

"I think you're a pig," said Jean. "If I'd known, I'd have warned him." She wore riding-breeches and she picked up a switch from the hall table. "I'm going out," she announced.

"Just keep away from Anstey's," said the Colonel, his eyebrows bristling. "I'm going to make that young fellow sit up. If you want a man, there's plenty of decent fellows in the Hunt. No need to get yourself dirty, crawling under cars with a mechanic."

"Thank you," said Jean. "I like hunting, but I do find hunting men boring. Their conversation seems to be limited to foxes and sex. Bye-bye!"

She mounted her pony and rode off in the direction of Anstey's, intending to condole with Tim on the rankling injustice that had been given him; but halfway there she realised that she had been far from tactful with the Colonel, remembered the growing purple of his face as she had left him and began to have serious fears for his blood-pressure. So much so that she turned the pony's head and cantered home.

THE panels which Tom Webster, the famous sporting cartoonist of "The Daily Mail," has designed for the gymnasium of the "Queen Mary" were exhibited at 20, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1 (the offices of Messrs. Seager, Evans and Co., Ltd.). Many of the personalities depicted in the cartoons were present at a cocktail party given by Mr. H. S. Horne. Mr. J. R. Anthony, of Grand National fame, was present, and is seen standing beside the racing panels

She found her father without much difficulty, for explosive and incoherent snorts were coming from his study. Quite alarmed, she ran to the door and entered. The Colonel's face was mottled purple and blue. Little flecks of foam stood at the corners of his mouth. His fists were clenched, and he shook them desperately at the world in general and the utterly damned Tim Anstey in particular.

At the Colonel's feet was a hamper. Its lid was open and from it hung a huge label, "With Mr. T. Anstey's compliments." Scattered, half in, half out of the hamper, were four dead foxes; and they had been shot.

Jean took in the dreadful scene at a glance and put her hand gently on her father's arm.

"Come and lie down, darling. Come away. I'll have it cleared up. I'm going to get your medicine . . ."

"The blackguard!" the Colonel almost wept. "The unmitigated, greasy-minded, mechanised murderer! Shooting foxes—and sending them to me with his compliments. His compliments! Why wasn't he charged with dangerous driving? Why wasn't he locked up? Hooting, roaring, beastly motor-cars, and now shooting foxes. His father'd turn in his grave. Turn over in his coffin, he would. Poor old Jack Anstey, the straightest rider that ever was; to have a swine like this wished on him for a son——"

"Yes, I know, dear. Come and lie down, or I shall have to telephone for the doctor."

"Doctor! doctor! You're off your head. Can't you see what he's done? They're full of pellets, every blessed one of them, and one a vixen. It's murderous!"

Jean stooped down, threw the dead foxes into the hamper and shut the lid. Then she rang the bell.

"Jenks, take away that basket and bring the Colonel a brandy and soda—and see if you can find those capsules the doctor sent." She went to the window and flung it wide, "Come and lie down," she ordered.

The Colonel still muttered, but he obeyed. He drank his brandy and soda with a sigh and wiped his moustache. Then he leant his head back and allowed his daughter to break a capsule of amyl-nitrite under his nose. She laid a cool hand on his brow.

"You'll sit there quietly for half an hour, or I'll ring for the doctor," she said. "I'll talk to Tim. He's no business to behave like that."

"You keep away from him," growled the Colonel. "I'm not going to have you sewing yourself up with that fellow. If he's sweet on you, he can get the idea out of his head. Are you sweet on him?"

"No," she said casually. "Keep still. I'm going to break another capsule. Now, breathe it in; don't waste it. There's only four more in the tin. You mustn't let yourself get into tempers like that. Suppose you had a stroke: whatever should I do?"

"By gad, no!" The Colonel sat up, pushing away the capsule; his colour was normal again. "Must take care of myself or there'll be a pretty kettle of fish. No knowing what he'd do, with me in a bath chair. All right, I'll be good. Give me another brandy and soda."

"No," said Jean; "one's enough. You can have a glass of Vichy." And she poured it out for him and he drank it. It contained a sleeping-draught.

"Foxes!" he muttered. "Shooting foxes!" and he dropped off to sleep.

THE following Saturday, thirty small cars assembled at the roadside opposite the Colonel's lodge gates. A policeman stood ostentatiously by the limit sign. He fingered a stop-watch.

Tim Anstey sat on the tail of his car within easy hearing of the policeman, and sang to his friend's banjo, which twanged, gipsy-like, at the roadside.

> Rev her up; rev her up; skid round the bend;
> If your back wheels hit the bank, you'll meet a sticky end.

(*Contd. on page* 120)

Hats off to Summer!

It's grand to throw off your hat and let the wind play in your hair so long as you are careful to prevent it being bleached by wind and sun, which coarsen it and dry out the natural oils.

Perhaps you are sometimes just a bit apologetic because your hair looks dull and almost dusty? So many women make the excuse "I'm going to have it done tomorrow," but do remember that even the best hairdresser can't do everything, *you* must help, too. Only hair that is healthy, a scalp that is stimulated, will retain a wave, and look lustrous and well cared for. That means daily brushing and faithful use of Elizabeth Arden's preparations. In summer especially when your hair is so much more exposed to wind and dust, it needs regular cleansing and nourishing to prevent brittleness and dryness. Use these preparations faithfully and your hair will always have shining beauty.

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Johnny's ditched: he changed too late.
Spinning wheels will seal your fate;
So smack the lever through the gate,
And roar up the hill!

"Official timekeeper!" Tim jerked his head towards the policeman, and there was a laugh from the crowd. Most of those present had gathered round Tim, though some were making last adjustments to carburettors and taking tyre pressures.

"This is now," Tim explained, "a built-up area with a thirty-mile speed limit. So, will you all drive carefully coming down? No need to worry going up, as the present record works out at 28 miles an hour. If you don't know the way, ask the policeman!"

He slewed round and slid into his seat, started his engine and moved out into the middle of the road, leaving the engine warming up while he waited for the starter. There were two cars in front of him. The flag dropped and the first shot off, howling a crescendo in second gear, suddenly silenced as it disappeared round the first bend.

GEORGE TRACEY, with a wave of his hand to someone standing among the trees, followed after a thirty-second interval, whining away up the steep ascent; and Tim moved forward to take his place. The flag dropped, and he was away in his turn; over the hump-backed bridge, swinging left, his tail brushing the bracken and roaring up towards the first hairpin. With the ease of long practice, he changed down and skidded the turn, accelerating as he straightened up. A second later, his clutch was out and he was braking hard. George Tracey's car stood still, twenty yards ahead. In front of him, the leader of the climb was stationary. A man waved a red flag and a team of horses dragged a timber tug, laden with an ancient elm, slowly across the road. Tim let his car slip back to the bend, where it could be seen by those following, backed it into the bank, put on his brake and got out.

As he walked up the hill, Colonel Brasenose rode to the edge of the road, along a bridle-path.

"Take it easy," he called to the foresters, "she's swinging round!"

The elm swung and the timber tug, going through a gap in the bank, stuck firmly. Chains clanked as the horses came to a standstill. Two men came back into the road, scratching their heads. The Colonel rode on to the hill.

"You'll have to get another team," he said.

"Take half an hour, sir," said one of the men.

"Can't be helped. You with the flag, go down to the corner and stop all traffic, and one of you run up to the top and see that nothing comes down." He took no notice of the three stranded motorists, or of a fourth, who came up and stopped behind Tim's car.

Tim Anstey strolled forward and leant against the trunk.

"Colonel," he said, "don't you think this is going one over the limit?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the Colonel, sitting there, dressed in ratcatcher, staring coldly.

"Blocking a public road, I mean," said Tim. "Not sure you couldn't be fined for obstruction."

"Utter nonsense!" barked the Colonel. "You could see for yourself what happened. No business driving up here so fast you can't pull up. Have to wait for another team. I've got three more logs to shift, too. Take all the afternoon. You'd better turn and go round by the lower road if you want to get home."

"And will you be shifting any logs next Saturday?" asked Tim. He pulled off his driving-gloves and flicked them idly in the air.

"I may," said the Colonel, and a little smile at the corner of his mouth betrayed him.

"Right!" said Tim. "Put the cards on the table, Colonel. You're out to stop me using the hill. You've put on your thirty-mile limit, but the A.A.'ll get it taken off; you're blocking me going up with your timber tug, but if you do it every week-end, you'll get no hunting and the season'll soon be over. Cuts both ways, Colonel; though I'll admit you've got the upper hand for the moment."

The Colonel said nothing, but his mouth twitched.

"You're a sportsman," said Tim, "and I'll make you a sporting offer."

"Yes?" said the Colonel.

"I'll back myself against you. To-morrow afternoon, I'll go down this hill at forty, in spite of your policemen, and get away with it. If I don't, no more hill-climbing. If I do, you leave me alone. Is it a go?"

The Colonel's eyes narrowed.

"But you shoot foxes," he said; "it's impossible."

Tim laughed, throwing back his head. "Oh, that!" he said. "Did it rankle? Blood to me. But it's not impossible. Is it a bet?"

"Done!" said the Colonel, and called to his men: "Hey! Unhitch the horses and swing this end of the trunk. You'll get it clear then."

A dozen motorists sat on the bank and watched the log eased through the gap.

THE next afternoon, the road outside the Colonel's lodge gates was a picnic ground. There were parked cars and strolling people, chaffing embarrassed policemen. The Colonel sat in a Windsor chair in the lodge. Jean, in the house, was speaking on the telephone to Tim.

"Tim, you've got to give it up. It's perfectly impossible. There are half a dozen policemen and an absolute crowd of people... I can't keep them back, they're all over the road. . . . Well, *I* don't know what asinine thing you're thinking of, but you'll probably break your neck, and there's no earthly chance of getting away with it. . . . Oh, all right, I suppose I've got to go and see you put your foot in it. Ten minutes' time. I'll tell him, you great idiot!"

She rang off and hastened down the drive to the lodge.

"He's starting now," she said.

The Colonel came out, magnificent in frock coat and top hat, and marched a little way up the road, swinging an ebony cane. The police were restless. Two pulled out stop-watches, one climbed a bank to get a view of the look-out post at the top of the hill from which motorists entering the trap could be signalled. Two more policemen tried to hustle the people off the road. There was a flicker of white from the hill-top.

"He's coming!" said someone.

Jean strained her ears to listen for the roar of the engine, but heard nothing, strained her eyes to see the first bend on the hill. Suddenly, silently, a red car shot round the bend and rocked drunkenly down the last hill. As it rushed towards the lodge, the driver seemed to be fighting for control. He passed the policeman and braked; the car swerved and scraped the wall, ran for fifty yards, then slowly toppled over on its side.

The Colonel, running to the spot and pushing through the crowd, found Jean sitting in the road, holding Tim's bleeding head in her lap and pressing an inadequate handkerchief to the wound.

"Never forgive myself," he cried. "No business to have heard of it. Is he much hurt? Where are the police? Clear this gaping mob away!"

Tim sat up, smiling.

"I'm all right," he said. "What was the speed?"

"Forty-five miles an hour," said a policeman. "If you're all right, sir, can I see your licence?"

Tim shook his head.

"Haven't got (*Continued on page 122*)

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one," he said, smiling, "and the car's not taxed either."

He got to his feet, swaying a little, leaning on Jean's shoulder. George Tracey was helping to push the car on to an even keel.

"No driving licence; no road fund licence; also exceeding the limit," said the policeman, and shook his head.

Tim laughed.

"Lift up the bonnet, George," he said.

George Tracey unbuckled the bonnet strap and exposed an empty space.

"And no engine," said Tim.

"That's funny," said the policeman.

"You'd better get ready to laugh, then," said George, "because this is nothing but a kiddie-car. Doesn't need a licence. Isn't a mechanically-propelled vehicle and isn't subject to the speed limit. Laugh that away!"

"Well, I'll be damned," said the Colonel, "but I believe he's right."

"Lost control on the last bend, with no engine to help. Had to let her go all out," said Tim. "Do I win, Colonel?"

Colonel Brasenose laughed and held out his hand. Then he withdrew it.

"Damn it," he said, "a sportsman wouldn't shoot foxes." He frowned, and kicked with his toe at the road.

Tim took his arm:

"Siberian foxes, Colonel. Imported. If you hadn't been so mad you'd have seen the difference. Nice job I had getting them." He swayed a little, and the Colonel put an arm round his shoulder to steady him.

"Come up to the house and get that cut seen to," he said. "Jean, ring up for the doctor. You win, Anstey. Gad! What a nerve!"

THERE were half a dozen of them in the Colonel's study: Tim Anstey, with his head bandaged, George Tracey, the doctor, the Colonel, Jean, and Angel. They were drinking the Colonel's sherry.

"Much damage, doctor?" asked the Colonel.

"All right in a week," was the answer.

"Oh, dad," said Jean, "I think I ought to tell you I'm getting married."

"Eh, what?" cried the Colonel, choking over his drink. He put the glass down. "Well, I suppose I can't stop you. Can't stand motors myself, but we must move with the times; and he didn't shoot the foxes. Gad, he pulled my leg there—and pulled it again to-day. Got his wits about him—and if you must do it you won't be far off at Anstey's. . . ."

"But!" cried Jean, "I'm not marrying Tim! I'm marrying George!"

"George! George! Who's George? This young fellow here? I mean—dammit, I don't think I know you. Dash it all, pleased to have you here and all that, but I mean what are you?"

"As a matter of fact," said George, getting to his feet, "I'm a marine biologist."

"A Marine! Of course, if you're in the Service, that's all right. Why didn't you say so. A Marine what did you say?"

"You've got it all wrong, dad!" cried Jean. "He's not a Royal Marine; he's a scientist: he discovers things about fishes."

"Oh, Lord," said the Colonel, "fishes! I mean—don't like to mention these things in public, but you've rather thrust it on me—got to consider the estate, death duties and all that—no money in fishes, I mean—what?"

Jean laughed and threw an arm around George's shoulder.

"Pots," she said. "I can't follow it myself, but George has discovered a boneless herring or something and sold the secret to O'Fisheries. They're going to breed them in Loch Ness. So be a sporting old dear and hand out your blessing!"

The Colonel sank back in his chair and mopped his forehead.

"Have it your own way," he said. "But fishes! By gad, fishes!"

END

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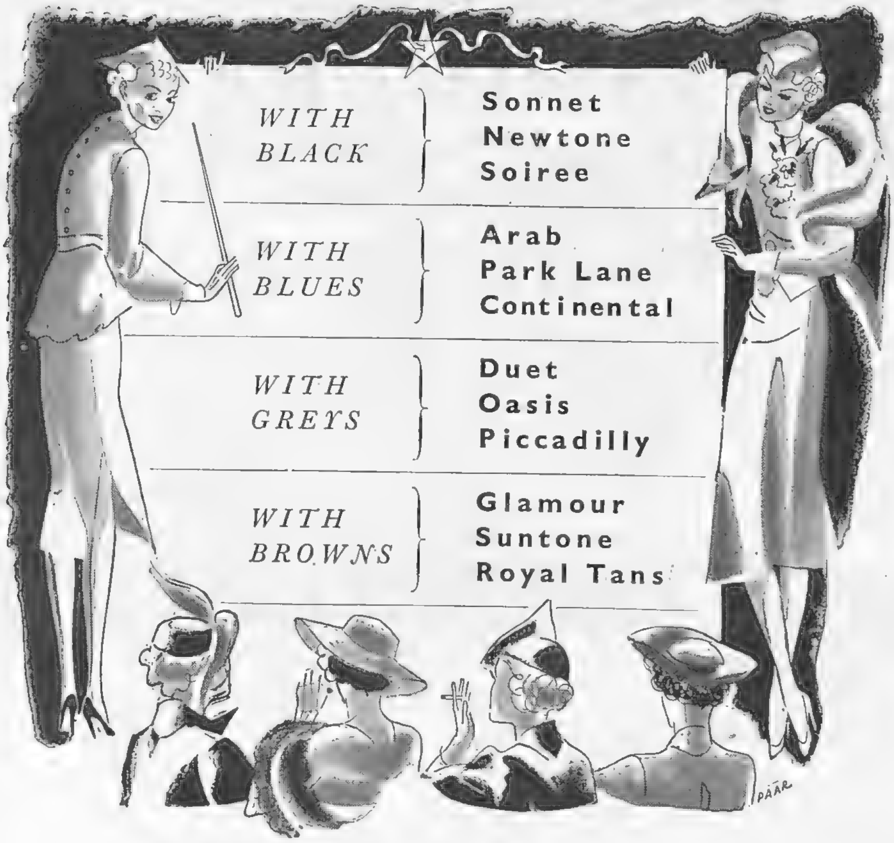

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An Affair of the Heart

(*Continued from page* 51)

"That's good. Let nothing change it. Be sensible now and keep your own counsel." He looked at her wistfully. "I'm sorry about to-night, Lilith. You'd understand if you knew. Don't be mad with me."

"I'm not," she said generously. After all, the crazy little Greek had given her her first chance. Who knew where she would have been now? She kissed him impulsively on his sallow cheek.

Pete came looking for her and hustled her out, proudly possessive. "Who was that tall fellow you danced with first? He looked a kind of classy dancer."

"He was all that, but—"

"But what?"

Lilith hesitated. She thought Popolo was exaggerating, but she knew Pete was inflammable. He might never find Ferrero to pick a fight with him, but he would certainly go for Max in a big way for letting the men into the party. She decided not to tell. "His eyes were so strange they gave me the shivers."

"I wish I could stay," he said uneasily as they paused at her door. "I could doze in the dressing-room. After all, we'll be married in a few hours."

Lilith held his hand against her cheek. "I'd like you to stay, Pete, but don't you know it's unlucky?"

He went, but he turned back at the end of the passage. Lilith heard his knock on the door—two long and three short taps. She opened it. "I've a queer feeling about leaving you to-night," he said; "perhaps it's because we're so happy I'm frightened. Does that sound quite crazy?"

Lilith's eyes were misty. "I know the feeling. But it's absurd. Other people get safely married. I want you to go home and get a good sleep first. Really I do."

"Till to-morrow then, Lilith darling."

"Till to-morrow—"

LILITH shut the front door and pushed home the heavy bolt he had fixed for her. Then she went into her rose and silver dressing-room, took off her gold gown, slipped on the wrap Rosy had laid over the chair for her and sat down before her mirror. She was not at all tired, and as she dug into a vast jar of cream and smoothed it silkily on her face, she hummed a tune. She had just wiped the cream off again when she heard Pete's knock—two long and three short. She got up laughing out loud, ran to the door, pulled back the bolt and opened it. In stepped Ferrero and shut it behind him. "My God!" exclaimed Lilith. "Of all the audacity! *How dare you?*"

Ferrero tossed a black automatic in his palm. "Quietly now, quietly." He took aim at her heart as she opened her mouth. "Not one sound," he added savagely, "or I'll fire."

"I see," she said faintly, "you're a robber."

He took her elbow and impelled her into her sitting-room, sat her on the divan and sat himself astride a chair and leaned his arms over the back of it looking at her. "Sure I am. I take what I want. I told you that before. I want *you*."

Lilith went very cold, and her hair moved on her scalp. "Me?"

"Yes, *you*! Is that so very astonishing?"

She regained her presence of mind as her leaping heart steadied. Her lip curled with contempt. "So you need a gun to seduce a woman! Well, don't think you're frightening me. If you move an inch I'll scream my head off. You can shoot and be damned to you."

Ferrero smiled widely, and an unbiased observer would have seen why he got his way so readily with a certain type of woman. "You misjudge me," he said. "I'll make an honest woman of you. You're coming away with me."

Lilith's voice was shrill and thin. "Am I dreaming—or has the world gone mad?"

"Less noise," said Ferrero sternly, "and get a move on. If I have trouble it won't be you I'll let the

(*Continued on page* 124)

By Appointment

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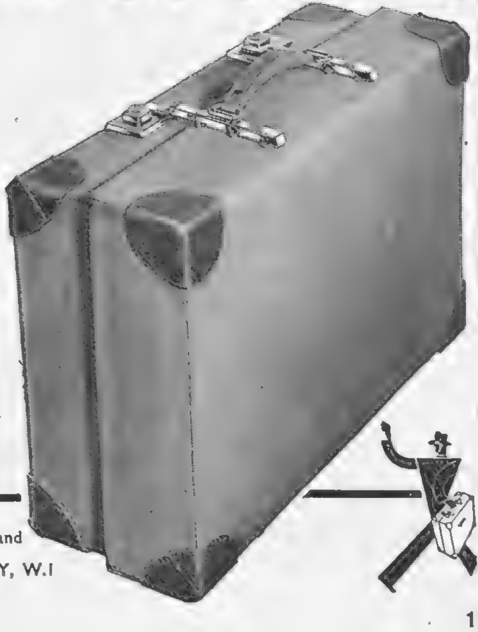

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daylight through, but your boy friend. I don't work alone, remember."

Lilith put her hand to her mouth in an involuntary gesture. "You—you'd do a murder?" she whispered.

Ferrero twirled the weapon in his hand. "Try me. He's being watched this minute. If I don't call in an hour that you've come quietly, he'll have no place to put his coffee in the morning."

The silence was deathly high in the great sleeping hotel. There was a pause for a minute that felt like an hour. Then Lilith laughed—the low gurgling laughter that had sent up Ferrero's blood pressure ever since he first listened in on it. "You find it amusing?" he enquired.

"You're so funny—the way you put things. And it's rather flattering to have a man commit a murder for you. No one ever loved me quite that much before." And she hugged her white velvet wrap round her and rocked with laughter.

Ferrero was puzzled and resented it. "You mean you like me?" he enquired gruffly.

Lilith stopped laughing. "I do," she said seriously, "I said it was too bad I hadn't seen you first—"

Ferrero put his automatic in his pocket and got up from the chair. He watched her intently. She did not scream or move away from him. He stood over her. "If you'd seen me first—what?"

"I'd surely have fallen for you."

His mouth tightened and his eyes bored into her. Lilith looked into them, her own fearless, smiling, unabashed. "You can't talk me out of it," he said menacingly, "you're coming."

She nodded. "Of course I am. I want to come. You wait here and I'll get ready." He followed her into the dressing-room, picked up the beaded bag on the dressing table and opened it. "Oh—ho," he said, taking out the automatic, "you're afraid of someone."

"Not at all," said Lilith without a tremor. "It was given to me."

"Popolo?" His eyes were narrow.

"No," she lied, "why should he?" Ferrero pocketed the little weapon nonchalantly. "You won't need it now you have me to take care of you. Let's see you hurry."

Lilith took a thin wool travelling dress from the wardrobe and moved to the bathroom. "I'll take a shower. I won't be a minute." Ferrero followed and looked in. The window was forty stories above the street, but a telephone stood on the marble table. "Go ahead," he said, "I'll stay right with you."

Lilith laughed in unshakable good temper. "It's a little too soon for such domestic intimacy. I'll dress without one." She opened a closet to find her shoes. Ferrero was immediately behind her. She turned and looked at him. "I'm coming, and I want to come." Her voice was warm—steady. "Don't you trust me? Don't you believe me?"

Ferrero looked down at her vibrant beauty, the milkiness of her neck vanishing into the white folds of her wrap and the sight crazed him. He gripped her slim shoulders in fingers rough with desire. "I will if you'll kiss me—"

Lilith closed her eyes and raised her face with its exquisite red mouth. Ferrero took it greedily. He lifted her up—carried her into the bedroom. Lilith slipped deftly out of his arms. "Not here," she cried, "my maid might come any minute. She gets anxious about me."

"There's a bolt on the outside door," said the impatient Ferrero.

Lilith shook her head. "If she found that fastened she'd raise the hotel. She'd think I was dying. You see I'm not strong—"

He thrust her away from him and looked at her. "I thought you were a little peaked. What's the matter with you?"

Lilith put her hands to her breast. "No wonder. You gave me a shock bursting in with a gun. It's my heart. I might go off any minute. I can't last a year. Does it make any difference to you ? "

She could see that it did. He looked at her thrilling face with its wide, marvellous mouth that curved like the wings of a bird and his face filled with sullen self-pity. Just his unspeakable luck if he lost her before he grew tired of her. " So your heart's phoney," he said blankly.

She picked up the travelling dress that had fallen on the floor and stood there waiting. " I thought it was only honest to tell you. It isn't very nice sometimes for the—the person that's with me." He shrugged his shoulders suddenly. " What of it ? None of us might last a year. Come on—let's get out of here—get ready ! "

Lilith let the wrap slip and drew on her wool dress quicker than you could say knife. She fastened the soft leather belt at her waist and put on her heavy shoes. Ferrero picked up her fur coat and held it out. " I've got to pack *something*," she demurred, " just this one little dressing-case."

" You give me the things and I'll do it," he said. " You sit and write a note for your boy friend."

" About what ? " enquired Lilith.

" Don't you want to tell him good-bye ? You'll never see him again." Ferrero laughed—the cynical cold laugh that Spike and the others feared and hated. " Save him scouring the country thinking you're kidnapped. Save him getting himself into trouble."

Lilith opened a dressing-table drawer while Ferrero peered into it. Took out pad and fountain pen. She wrote in a sprawling audacious hand, " Good-bye, Pete. It was nice while it lasted. Don't try to find me. I've gone with someone I love.—Lilith."

Ferrero blinked with surprise. " That'll do fine," he said. He took up the note, looked at it, turned it over. There was nothing on it but the stark message. He laid it down and Lilith put a crystal jar on it. She picked up an old silver patch box, " put this in my case—please."

He took it, opened it, looked at the small black pellets inside—smelt them. " Don't be silly ! It's a drug for my heart. Strychnine. *Stop !* " she cried as he was about to taste one, " you'll dope yourself. You don't want to pass out and stay here till daylight."

He dropped the patch box into the dressing case, crammed in the things she handed him, closed and fastened it. He hustled her into her coat and hurried her to the door.

There was a floor clerk on duty at the desk by the elevators. It was part of his job never to look astonished, and he tried not to when the beautiful Miss Rainey passed him at three in the morning with a strange man he hadn't seen coming up and bade him an unusually emphatic good-night.

Ferrero's car was parked out of sight across the street and round the corner of a block. It was a long wolfish black coupé. He opened the rumble and wedged in the dressing-case.

Lilith waited quietly without any sign of desire to escape. Ferrero helped her into the car, swaggering a little, slammed the door, pulled her to him and kissed her.

" If you'd seen me first ! " He laughed boisterously, pressing the starter. Lilith drew close to him as he drove away. " Don't forget the call," she murmured.

" The call ? "

" Yes. The murder that won't be necessary."

" Oh—ho." He shouted with laughter. " I nearly forgot. See what a beautiful girl can do ? " He looked at his wrist watch. " Only ten minutes to go." Lilith leaned out of the window. " You can stop at the end of the block. There's an all-night drug store."

He was sure now that the girl was crazy about him, but he took her in with him. The call was short. " O.K., Spike. Call you again midnight to-morrow. Happy dreams." He hung up the instrument. " Now for some peace," he said, putting his arm familiarly round Lilith's shoulders. She got back in the car with him, linked her arm through his, leaned against him while he drove like a madman through the sleeping streets of Harlem (*Continued on page* 126)

A Quality Street introduction . . .

Major Quality :
"Sweets to the Sweet, Miss Sweetly."

Miss Sweetly : "Spare my blushes, Major Quality. Feast your eyes rather on this sumptuous array of Toffees and Chocolates."

Major Quality : "A feast, indeed. What is this wonderful confection ? "

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Miss Sweetly : "And that, dear Major, is just why they have called this, their very latest and greatest achievement—'Quality Street'—for Quality is its keynote through and through."

Major Q. : "You say 'through and through' ? "

Miss Sweetly : "Yes, indeed. For every one of the 18 delicious confections has the stamp of Quality on it. Each and every one of them is perfect of its kind."

Major Q. : "High praise, indeed—and unquestionable when it comes from lips which are sweetness themselves."

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Quality Street
Mackintosh's
Quality Street

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QUALITY STREET
A delicious Assortment
of Toffees and Chocolates.

At all confectioners
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Also in dainty packets
½ lb. box 1/-
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To-day Pamela can *afford* to smile and say "Not me!"—but less than a year ago she was faced with the one thing she had always scoffed at—Pyorrhœa. Pyorrhœa was the last thing she thought she need ever worry about. She was young and healthy, and her teeth were *perfect* ... so white ... so gleaming ... so attractive when she smiled. She cleaned them meticulously every day.

One morning, however, she noticed her gums were bleeding—they felt very tender. *For the first time, Pamela thought of her gums.* Like so many people she had believed that only her teeth mattered.

She hurried off to her dentist, who told her how easily neglected gums can lead to Pyorrhœa. The natural resistance of the tissues is weakened by unsuitable, modern diets and faulty habits. Receding, flabby, quick-to-bleed gums give the first warnings of disease. Resistance to infection, however, can be maintained by regular brushing with Forhan's for the Gums, which keeps the gum tissues firm and healthy—free from the danger of dread Pyorrhœa. Forhan's for the Gums is a fine toothpaste, too.

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An Affair of the Heart

and the Bronx. Ferrero broke the long silence as they made the open roads of Westchester. "Tired?" he asked her.

"Terribly." Her voice was faint. "Are we nearly there?"

"Another hour or two."

"Where are we going?"

"A little old farm—but I've modernised it. A dandy place."

"Sounds divine. But *where* is it?"

"Wait till we get there. I know how to make a woman happy."

Lilith shivered. She was right up against him and he felt her shiver. "Cold, honey?" He pulled open a cubby hole in the dash and turned a light on. "Take a drink! Anything you like—gin, whiskey, bitters, brandy." The aperture gleamed with glass and silver. Lilith took a little brandy. It trickled down her chin with the sway of the car. Ferrero kissed her without slowing down. "That makes your kisses taste good."

She was laughing with him when her laughter changed to a cry of agony. "My *heart!* Oh, God—I'm dying——" Ferrero brought the car to a violent standstill. Lilith was all doubled up, her breath coming in short laboured gusts. He tore at her fur coat and put his hand on her heart. It was beating furiously—hitting against his hand like the thud of a steam piston. "Hell!" he shouted furiously. "What do I do now?" Lilith slid away from him into a limp heap on the seat. She was fighting for breath with strange groaning sounds. "The pills," she panted, "the pills——"

Ferrero got out of the car in a panic. She heard him swing open the rumble cover at the back. She slid along the seat under the wheel and raised herself cautiously in the corner so that she did not show her head. Her heart was now beating so hard it was nearly bursting out of her body. She eased off the brake, let out the clutch cautiously and drew the gear quietly into reverse. She let in the clutch again—quietly—quietly—till it bit, then she gave the engine full throttle. The powerful car shot back with a roar, leaping as the wheels caught Ferrero's body. She heard a terrible scream of rage and anguish. The car jumped again as a front wheel caught him, then careered sideways coming to rest against a garden fence.

Lilith opened her eyes at last. In the beam from the headlamps she saw Ferrero's body sprawled untidily in the road, the silver box of throat pastilles gleaming in an outflung hand. It did not move. The night was over. The reluctant winter daylight began to seep slowly through the trees.

Foot Ease

Continued from page 56)

be in exact proportion to the correct alignment of your foot.

Your big toe should lie straight, the other toes straightly beside it. Stance or balance should be equally divided between three points, one in the heel and one to the right and left in the ball of the foot.

Step into an X-ray machine—most leading stores have them—and inspect your feet in the shoes you choose before you buy them. Zest of life depends on perfect fitting. So does elegance and beauty.

Long drinks of barley-water and lemonade will keep your ankles near normal, as these drinks reduce acidity in the blood. And seize every opportunity of keeping your feet up, even if it is only to hoist them on to a rung under the chair.

Another point. Hot weather simply fosters the growth of corns and other skin bumps. Pads, to take off pressure, and herbal creams, smoothed on at night, cure in a week.

Besides, there are so many foot beauty parlours where your feet will be treated like lilies instead of mere limbs to tread on. Pamper yourself. Go to them. Have your toes pointed and painted. Nothing is so alluring as vivid toe-points peeping from evening sandals, nothing so youth-giving.

Queenless Europe

(*Continued from page* 47)

now seems to be doing again with her son Otto, for it was she who sent Otto on the ill-timed journey to Paris last February when Starhemberg was there.

Other queenly casualties were not so spectacular. Kaiserin Augusta has been replaced by one whom latterly William II has been referring to directly as "the Empress." This mother of a previous family acts as liaison between Doorn and Hohenzollern circles in the Reich. But her chances of ever being crowned at Potsdam are of the very remotest. Former Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, now openly separated from, and even refusing to come face to face with, ex-King Alfonso, divides her time between an apartment in Park Lane, a suite at Fontainebleau, and the "palace" type of Riviera hotel. By marriage, illness or death, her family has disintegrated with extraordinary rapidity. For the opening two years the uprooted Queen tried to live in secluded and priestly Spanish surroundings in Fontainebleau forest, the while her husband dashed hither and thither round Europe and farther afield; but the restrictive mourning for the past in the end proved too much for a niece of Edward VII, and now ex-Queen Ena is seeing a little life in her turn.

Two queens who have divorced and now occupy no position of importance, living chiefly in Florence, are the former wives of King George of Greece and King Carol of Rumania, each of whom reigns without a consort, albeit in Carol's case there is always the Lupescu, last example, maybe, of a type that once flourished so potently in Europe as "the King's favourite." Which reminds that Madame Lupescu is far from being the grasping, red-haired Jewess fastened on to a weak king, as freely portrayed. Plumpish and forty, this twentieth-century lesser Pompadour is ready to leave Carol any moment he says; but she is his sheet-anchor, and he knows it. Moreover, she is extremely capable and intelligent and never shoves herself forward, it being said that not two score people have ever seen her in public in Bucharest.

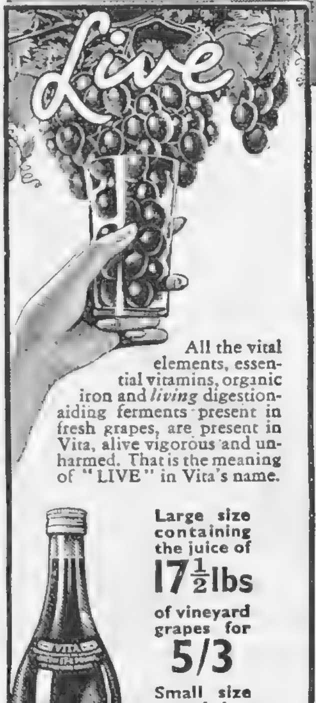
"Maid of London, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!"

Something akin to that was whispered on the occasion of the restoration of King George of Greece: that he had left his heart in England. What will be the sequel, if any? Will this King marry again and found a much-needed dynasty? And if so, whom? The royal marriage market is so desperately poor and shrivelled these times. Yet Athens is said to yearn for a real royal family again.

Assassination removed Yugoslavia's Queen from active reigning, although her Majesty remains as one of three regents for the boy King, her son. But the power behind the throne is definitely the strong-charactered Prince Paul, senior regent. Violence in another form played havoc with two successive Belgian Queens—Elizabeth and Astrid. The former, once a vital personage beside her shy and contradictory husband, is now pathetically reduced in spirit and physically. She had as good as retired to a convent in Luxembourg when the Lake Lucerne blow fell, and though her health is frail, she refuses nowadays to leave damp and grey Brussels for the sun of her daughter's Naples, preferring to devote her time to King Leopold's three little motherless ones. Elizabeth will never again loom in the national life as once she so attractively did—as when she rode into a regained capital on a prancing white horse, Albert beside her. Yet it is perhaps with Astrid that the subject here under review attains its maximum interest, to wit, is the relative eclipse of queenship in Europe a loss or doesn't it matter?

One is aware of the sloppy stuff that can be perpetrated—the magical touch in opening bazaars and hospitals and so forth—one would avoid it while at the (*Continued on page* 128)

Why VITA
clears & colours
the complexion



All the vital elements, essential vitamins, organic iron and *living* digestion-aiding ferments present in fresh grapes, are present in Vita, alive vigorous and unharmed. That is the meaning of "LIVE" in Vita's name.

Large size containing the juice of 17½lbs of vineyard grapes for 5/3

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Vita is entirely non-alcoholic and obtainable from all good chemists, grocers and stores.

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'BiSoDoL' POWDER Price: 1/3 and 3/-, Family Size 4/9.

same time honestly wondering whether a few more Queen Astrids dotted in this capital and the other might not exert an influence tending to make current Europe a more habitable place. A main point is that Astrid contributed to making Belgians happy and that when people are so mooded they are apt to be less of a nuisance to themselves and to others.

The visitor to Belgium in the year after she died is struck by the cult that has arisen about Astrid. It is not the military crêpe or subdued civilian attire so much as the manifestations of remembrance represented by books, lectures, exhibitions, stamps, souvenirs of all kinds, photographs and pictures galore in the shop windows. Eight memoirs and two large souvenir albums have already appeared, and still they come, among the latest a children's best-seller cast in legend form. Astrid is fast becoming a legend. Nearly a whole floor of the great Bon Marché store in Brussels was this spring given over to a photographic and artistic record of every stage of her tragically short life. Lesser exhibitions tour the country. Besides monuments on every side, nine Astrid national parks are to be laid out adjacent to the chief cities. Not a day but her tomb in the crypt at Laeken is visited by some delegation or other. Nor are the Belgians a morbid people; distinctly the reverse. They merely realise where they have been hit. Twice in swift succession, and they don't know yet which was the crueller of the two blows.

Queens such as Astrid can be considerable assets to a country. You may say that if up to the task they can take care of one whole side of a nation's public life. If intelligent, they can also stimulate the off-work meditations of their sovereign husbands, which is another thing from butting in on politics and international affairs. If attractive and sympathetic, they can no less surely elevate the whole atmosphere of a nation's life, put style and added point into it. A queenless land, say what you will, is not a fully living one, if that land have monarchy in its bones. There is a clearly defined void.

An insistent emptiness. Astrid affords the first modern case in point. For it is instructive to bear in mind the main thing about her. She had the classic three "K's" all right. Her transparent delight in her young family communicated itself to the mothers of Belgium. "*Kinder.*" As a young girl in Stockholm, she had taken an exhaustive kitchen course—and where a cleaner, more nourishing and appetising *cuisine* than the Swedish? "*Küche.*" As for religion, she came to Brussels a Lutheran, it being strictly understood that she was to be absolutely left alone, to find her way or not, as the case might be, towards her husband's faith. (It took her four years of study and reflection to do so.) "*Kirche.*" But Astrid possessed a fourth "K" that Kaiser Wilhelm wouldn't have agreed with one bit. She had "Kick." She was the first modern queen, stepping out with the times of her sex, a pattern for successors to follow if they can. She flew, was great on skis, swam finely, mountain-climbed with her partner, stuck it with him amid climatic and other handicaps of travel in Africa, India, the East. And she loved to dance and motor and sunbathe and all the rest. She was on the point of tackling what I have referred to as "one whole side of a nation's life," i.e., the helping angle, when she died. She was already contributing the distinction and "added point."

Unfortunately Astrid stood alone on the Continent. I say "Continent" advisedly because it would be in the last degree unjust and scurvy not to show due appreciation of the long years of devoted if different service offered by Queen Mary, and only recently drawn to a close. For, of course, it never can be quite the same again. The queenlessness of Europe was much accentuated one day last January. If Queen Mary will assuredly not enter the obscurity attaching to two other dowagers, Amélie of Portugal and Marie of Rumania, nevertheless there is only one throne to-day visible in England and the absence of the other is all-eloquent. True, we have three duchesses—one of whom, incidentally, might well have developed into a queen in the Astrid tradition—but it is not the same thing as possessing a crowned lady of character, sympathy and popular appeal. Queens have their niche, if they know how.

Mention of Queen Marie shows how it should not be done. This forceful and good-looking Coburg-English princess sought to become the matriarch of the Balkans by contriving to have daughters or daughters-in-law on the thrones of Athens, Belgrade and Bucarest, but the house of cards fell to pieces because two of the unions were merely political arrangings by an ambitious woman, and the third, which succeeded amid true affection, was ended by an assassin's bullet. Marie cheapened herself and queenship in the United States and later published perhaps too much of her inner life and reflections. Early translation to south-east Europe must have done something to this brilliant and attractive woman of energy and character, who always worked for England but who, it must be admitted, turned out more of a failure than a success. Which does not stop her taking a place among the half-dozen most striking queens of the last fifty or sixty years. I refer to Victoria, Elizabeth of Austria, Carmen Sylva, Christina of Spain and the Empress Eugénie (who goes even farther back).

On re-reading the above, if there are more than elements of justness in it, nevertheless the implied criticism is too severe. Queen Marie had a hard time in more ways than one, and her high-spirited temperament did not make matters easier. After all, King Carol's mother went a long way to keeping Rumania on the map in 1914–18, and to almost doubling its size, though dangerously so, as critics hold.

A queenless kingdom is hardly more to be commended than an Adamless Eden. Apart from their decorative value—and how courts can be dull and dreary, with their solemn blackcoated officials, poor substitutes for youth and beauty—and apart from her decorative value, the moral influence over her people of a successful queen's personal character can be incalculable. Take Queen Mary's simplicity, commonsense, tact and constant regard for duty. Queen Alexandra won in another way—by personal charm. The gentle charity of a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the heroism of her Belgian namesake, even as the unflinching courage of a Louise of Prussia, were not thrown away. Nor yet Isabella's solitary backing of Columbus.

" I will assume the undertaking of my own crown of Castille, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it if the funds in the treasury should be found inadequate " were the words which recalled the wandering Christopher to his Sovereign's side; and surely no country ever owed more to the clear intellect, resolute energy, and unselfish patriotism of its Queen. (Incidentally, the discovery of America is said to have cost rather less than £1,500—some investment.) That was an age of great queens, our own Elizabeth perhaps outshining them all with her practical commonsense and business head, though across the Channel was a competitor in Catherine de Medicis, holding down the rising tide for her incompetent sons.

In Italy the semi-royal ladies of the Renaissance shed lustre over the golden days of the *Quatro Cento*, inspiring its artists and recognising their genius, the Sforzas, Estes, Colonnas, even the Borgias. How much we have to thank them for. Nor, going right back, shall one fail to notice those two great queens of antiquity: Sheba, who won the good offices of Solomon for her people, and the great Assyrian Semiramis, who built Babylon and so much else and opened up roads through barbarian lands. Not all these were successes, but each left her mark. The ill-starred Elizabeth did

(*Continued on page* 130)

"She's a Natural!"

possessing the *true* loveliness that all men admire!

To her, and her set, painted lips and "powdery" complexions are as definitely dated as last season's gowns. She is *naturally* lovely . . . and a peep at her dressing-table would disclose her secret.

Watch her "make-up" for natural beauty. First a touch of gossamer-like Tangee powder (on a base of Tangee foundation cream of course). And as she caresses it into her face and neck, her mirror reflects the soft, warm underglow . . .

Next a gentle "puff" of Tangee rouge which harmonises so naturally with her colouring during day-time *and* night-time. Then, after a further light touch of powder—Tangee lipstick with the magic colour-change principle that ended "painted" lips. As she uses it . . . ever so softly . . . it changes colour, tinting her lips blush-rose . . . leaving them smooth as velvet. (Sometimes, of course, for evening use she prefers Tangee Theatrical lipstick with its more vivid colouring.) Now . . . she is ready! Radiantly, *naturally* lovely . . .

You could be just as naturally beautiful. So why not start using Tangee now?

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Tangee lipstick cannot give your lips that painted look —for Tangee isn't *paint! In two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6. If you prefer a more vivid colouring, there is Tangee Theatrical—specially suitable for evening use.*

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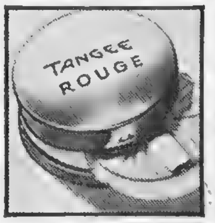
POWDER

The New Tangee face powder containing the magic Tangee colour principle, makes your skin look younger, fresher and more natural. *Supplied in Sun Tan, Ochre, Rachel, Light Rachel, Peach and Naturelle. Two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.*



ROUGE

Tangee rouge, also, possesses the same colour magic as the lipstick. As its colour is natural in any light, it is the ideal rouge for both day-time and night-time use. Packed in smart gunmetal box with mirror and puff. Natural or Theatrical 3/6.

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

He would have won *without* True Temper Shafts — *but he didn't take the risk!*

T. H. Cotton, the runner-up in the 'Silver King' Tournament, has long been a firm believer in True Temper-shafted Clubs.

S. King, the runner-up in the 'Daily Mail' Tournament, also relies on True Temper-shafted Clubs.

A. H. Padgham was fine enough a golfer to win the *'Daily Mail' Tournament,* and also the *'Silver King' Professionals' Tournament*—but he didn't take any risks with the shafts in his clubs. He used the best he knew—True Temper shafts. Both the runners-up—S. King (2nd, *'Daily Mail' Tournament)* and T. H. Cotton (2nd, *'Silver King' Tournament)* also used full sets of True Temper-shafted Clubs. You and I are probably not in the championship class, so there's all the more need for us to make the most of our game by playing True Temper-shafted clubs for every shot. True Temper shafts are the shafts with the STEPS—the steps to better golf.

TRUE TEMPER
STEEL GOLF SHAFTS

True Temper shafts are made for British Steel Golf Shafts Ltd., of 26, Exchange St. East, Liverpool, by Accles & Pollock Ltd., Oldbury, Birmingham.

something more than kick high over the traces round Europe and die from an Italian stiletto.

If it hadn't been for her Francis Joseph could never have united Hungary and Austria under the emblem of St. Stephen. That was Elizabeth's doing, for Hungary adored her. Again, Alfonso's mother never was in the public eye, but she preserved the monarchy and to the end her only child sought her advice. Actually, she was an unlearning Bourbon who was instrumental in keeping Spain sunk in obscurantism, but she was a somebody. As for Eugénie, whether she was or was not Louis-Napoleon's disastrous counsellor, she was the vital spark and pivot of twenty years in French social life that will endure in history.

Glancing round to-day, where are our Elizabeths and Eugénies? The nearest must be across the Atlantic in the person of Washington's First Lady! Mrs. Roosevelt may not be everyone's meat, with her non-stop journalism and broadcasting, but proceeds are all understood to go to relief work, while there is no doubt that this brainy and capable presidential consort (a) keeps out of politics (b) but helps her husband greatly (c) has a wide personal following in the States. There is no sign of anybody like her here, among the consorts of men thrown upward in the post-war years. Who are Mesdames Lebrun, Benesh, Goemboes, Horthy, Beck, Barrios?

And that brings us to the handful of queens we still have got . . . .and to *their* demand on our attention.

Alas, it is hardly an electrifying picture.

When, last Christmas, Queen Elena of Italy provided the spectacle of dropping her own and her husband's wedding ring into the Duce's war crucible of gold, that was the first one had heard from the Queen of Italy in many a long day. A nobody, this daughter of fruity old Nicholas of Montenegro. Nor can one derive much of a thrill from other contemporary reigning queens. Queen Elena has a crowned daughter in Sofia, of whom one never hears, and their Majesties of Norway and Denmark move quietly through their respective attenuated programmes in their small and largely socialistic countries of adoption. Remains Wilhelmina, doyen of reigning sovereigns. Her special ruling position must have made her a prominent figure in any circumstance, but it so happens she is quite a character apart from privilege, and a highly conservative one to boot, one whose frequent intervention with her Ministers is even at times faintly reminiscent of "the old Queen" herself. Now that Queen Mary has stepped down Wilhelmina carries on alone, of her sex, as a queen who is also a personality. It has come down to just that solitary one.

Is the future likely to bring a renaissance of queenship from its present nadir? Tact and discretion prohibit one's examining too closely the fillip that would emanate from a certain royal marriage in this country—though foreign countries and the United States are not being so shy of printing details and pictures of likely candidates! Greek and American girls, chiefly. A recent Civil List appendage, when asked for, set them all printing more furiously still.

Four young royal ladies, any one of whom in more normal times might be fairly assured of a throne, are Princess Irene of Greece, sister of the King, Kyra, daughter of the Grand Duke Kyrill, a second princess of the Hellenes, Eugenia, whose uncle was "Tino," and the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is such a recurring visitor to England these days. And then there is Princess Maria of Italy who, it is averred, is Mussolini's idea for Otto. Failing which, the latter might find the necessary, indeed, the imperative attributes in one of the several Luxembourg daughters, though they are first cousins, and wise royalty has had enough of risking consanguineous maladies, in which connection there is a famous story, bringing us very near home, yet which, alas, cannot be inserted here.

First and foremost of future queens is Juliana, intelligent, witty and amusing—" great fun "—if scarcely endowed by Nature in other respects. What a pity, though, that an English Prince did not come forward, Holland being the important land it is, to us. Doubtless some day it will be another German Prince-Consort at the Hague, since there are so very few eligibles.

The future queens of Norway and Sweden have not so far particularly shone, but that does not hold with their opposite numbers in Copenhagen and Rome. Both Princess Ingrid and the Princess of Piedmont may retrieve something of lost queenship when their day comes, especially the second, who has inherited a good deal of her hero-father's character, and has, despite all obstacles, won popular approval in Italy (she was the only leading member of the Royal Family to get to East Africa, and that must have taken some doing). Once again, Belgium ! And that naturally leads one on to wonder if young King Leopold will ever re-marry, some, as yet distant, day. Except for an infant daughter in Sofia, there are no other definite future queens at present in sight, though there's strong temptation to forge another generation forward and to contemplate a little lady who increasingly occupies our minds as we contemplate pictures of her growing up and up. . . .

Who knows, too, but that Michael and Peter, of Bucarest and Belgrade, may some day choose consorts who will enhance the disappearing art of queenship ?

Nor would it be wise to banish the possibility of some lady of personality mounting a throne following a restoration. There are no less than seven Young Pretenders in the field, only two of whom are so far married : the Prince of the Asturias (formerly Juan) and the Comte de Paris, or " the Dauphin," who has three children. The others are Archduke Otto, Dom Duarte of Portugal, Prince Vladimir (son of Kyrill, the Tsarist claimant), Prince Napoleon, and Louis-Ferdinand of Prussia who, though not a Pretender, may be included in that for if ever a Hohenzollern is brought back, it should be he.

The French royalist claimant, who has superseded his failing father, the Duc de Guise, though not officially so, is a bright and modern young man wedded to his first cousin, Helen of France ; nor is the " first cousin " quite so good in that this family has been inbreeding in first-cousinly manner for generations back.

As things look to be veering in Spain, the Prince of Asturias and his Bourbon-Parma princess might settle down elsewhere . . . almost " definitely."

How much more so in the case of Vladimir.

Obviously the most interesting weddings would be those of Otto, Napoleon and Louis-Ferdinand. We may be sure that the strong-charactered ex-Empress Zita will take the greatest care with the first. Regarding the second, he may well turn out a more important candidate than his better-known royalist opponent. For one thing, General Weygand, who was born in Brussels, where the Bonapartes have been in exile for nearly fifty years, is understood to be a devoted Bonapartist, and Weygand could well suddenly become the most important man in France, did a show-down emanate from the existing division of the country in twain. Young Bonaparte's marriage should be worth noting.

Mention of him conjures up a curious scene enacted twice over before the War. His mother, the strong-willed former Princess Clementine, daughter of old Leopold the Unloved, was determined that her son should be born on French soil. But she was denied the French frontier. Certain it would be a male child, she therefore caused the floor of her bedroom to be strewn thick with the soil of France.

It was a daughter, the Princess Clotilde, now 24.

Two years later, when the stork beckoned again, the same transference of soil was effected, and this time it was a boy. Prince Napoleon was born on French soil.

END

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC ON A YACHT

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MILLICENT
TIARKS

. . . yet a skin as lovely as when she set sail

LADY MILLICENT TIARKS adores an adventurous open-air life. She has sailed on a yacht across the Atlantic to the West Indies, and she has known the excitement of deep-sea fishing off the Pearl Islands.

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Cuticura PREPARATIONS For Clear Healthy Skin

Sweet Land of Liberty

(*Continued from page 13*)

own in New York in which, to every party, she invariably invites the whole Black List.

THIS interest of young women in politics, either from fear or too much Papa, is something entirely new in the United States. I won't say it's nation-wide. Chicago, for instance, I found a perfect nest of Bourbons, united to a debutante against Roosevelt.

I attended a dinner party there at which there were two millionaire packers, two world-renowned opera stars (one of them the indomitable Mary Garden), two women novelists (both inveterate best sellers), and some minor fry such as the vice-president of one of America's largest universities and myself. When I suggested that perhaps Roosevelt served us just right such a howl of rage went up that I was nearly blasted out of my chair. It was so venomous that at last one of the woman novelists, our hostess, leaned over and whispered in my ear:

"You know, sometimes I wonder if I really *believe* the things I hear myself saying against Roosevelt. It's his attack on the nickel (a five-cent piece) that makes us hate him so."

I could quite understand it. Under the fear of increased taxation I found that even my former idealist friends had lost their ideals. A member of the Chicago Racquet Club said to me, "It's as much as my life is worth to say anything good for Roosevelt in the club. First, they stare at me; then they begin to raise their voices; then they suggest chucking me out."

At that dinner in Chicago, after the women had left us, the men went into a huddle at the end of the table to read me a collective lecture on the American Constitution; how it reached down through every stratum of life to protect even the humblest American citizen. Then, as we were preparing to go home, I witnessed the most pungent comment on the protective power of the American Constitution I have yet to see. Two of the women, before putting on their wraps, calmly removed their diamond rings, bracelets and ear-rings and shoved them down inside their stockings.

"For why?" I cried.

"Silly—do you think we want to get held up and lose these before we get home!"

One of these women, the person I was staying with, lived only just around the corner. When we got to her house she left the motor-car at the front door. There is a garage behind the house, but she never uses it—not after dark. If she comes home late at night the car is left out in front and an attendant from a public garage is telephoned to come and take it away.

What price Constitution, I thought.

There was another bitter comment at that dinner. I got it from the university vice-president. He had been strangely silent throughout the political talk—not so unwarrantably, when you come to think of it, as two of the heaviest donors to the university were at that table. But when he was putting on his goloshes to go out and brave the snows he whispered hoarsely to me—

"I am a Republican myself—but, do you know, sometimes I positively *loathe* the Republicans. I detest them for their failure to produce a MAN—someone big enough and with enough humanity to take up Roosevelt's moral challenge. What the youth of this country wants more than anything else is *belief. They are starving for belief.*"

THIS poor professor had a reason to feel annoyed with life. Only a short time before the president of a nation-wide chain of drug stores had just removed his daughter from college and sued the university on the grounds that his child had been inoculated with the Socialist virus. It made quite a case in court—and a corresponding rumpus on the campus. The students, in body, rallied to the professors. The great drug-store owner's sole contribution to civilisation, they said, had been a slab of tuna fish on marble cake. He sold these at his soda fountains throughout the U.S.A.; so the students thereupon entered his drug stores, ordered the most expensive ice-cream sodas, etc., they could think of, and then arose in horror—" What!" they cried, " We didn't know we were in an XYO drug store. Good God, we must leave at once!"

TO understand fully the American scene you must realise that as far as any idea of social services is concerned they have just about the same mentality as the English had when Lloyd George announced his " shocking " Old Age Pensions and National Health Insurance schemes in 1912. And as far as creating a Civil Service to administer these jobs—along with public works and unemployed relief—they just have no mentality at all. In fact, not enough honest and competent men can be found to fill the posts. One of the things, incidentally, which Roosevelt is continually blamed for; the corruption or incompetence of his social service officials. And as far as Labour relations are concerned they are fifty years behind England.

When I asked a Chicago editor, editorial writer on the greatest newspaper in the Middle West, how else than under some centralised or even State unemployment insurance scheme he would propose to keep alive America's 12,000,000 unemployed, he calmly replied:

" Their relatives should keep them. There is not a man or woman out of work to-day in the United States who has not got some relative who is in a job!"

Can you beat that?

Yes, here it is. It's the " Scare-psychology' which is the backbone of the Republican (and Diehard Democrat) election plan. I got it straight from the horse's mouth: a Republican Senator, who is a strong candidate for the Presidency himself.

" It's quite simple," he said. " We have divided the entire population of the United States into two major classes: the ' Haves ' and the ' Have-nots.' We estimate that the ' Haves '—people who have some bank account, a steady income, some responsible business, or a good job, even an insurance policy—number around 56 per cent. Very well then, sufficiently scare the ' Haves ' as to the ruinous folly of Roosevelt's social and financial policies—and you make the election of a Republican President a *mathematical* certainty!"

I thought him merely funny at first. Then in New York I was startled to learn that three of the largest insurance companies had been given a $10,000,000 fund from the Republican " war chest " to scare the " Haves." With every premium they sent out they were to enclose a little brochure explaining quite succinctly how Roosevelt's policies were jeopardising all the huge investments of the insurance companies. The object, of course, was to terrify the " Haves " into voting Roosevelt out of office. The danger, which the insurance companies realised at the last minute, was that if you sufficiently terrified the " Haves "—they would also sell out their insurance policies.

This " Scare-psychology " works. Even people who have nothing to lose are frightened by it. Down in the backwoods of Virginia I asked the man at a filling station if he had voted for Roosevelt. He said he had—but he wouldn't vote for him again.

" I got three children that high," he said, holding a hand some three feet above ground. " I ain't a-going to let them there chillun grow up saddled with a load of Public Debt!"

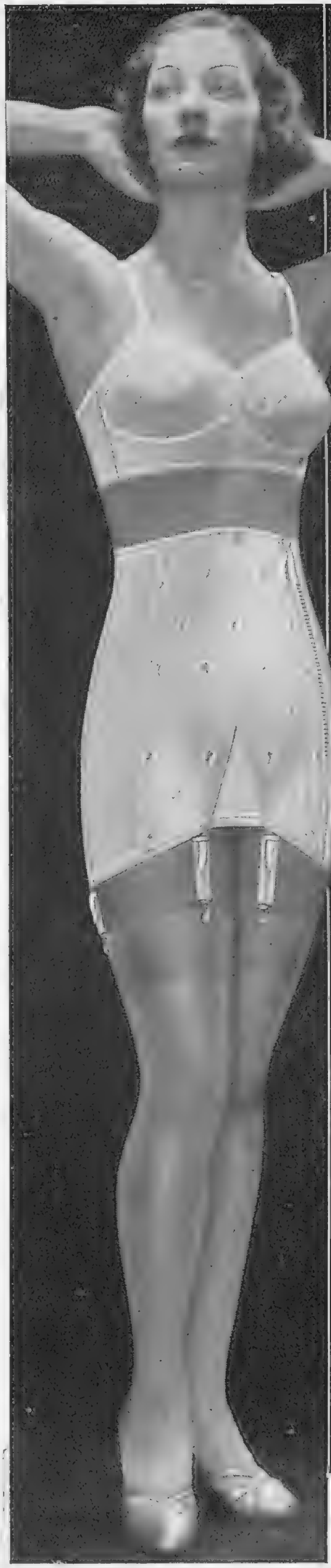
IN the meantime, despite all the lavish gifts which England and Europe hears that Roosevelt had showered on Labour, the Farmer, and the Forgotten Man, one faces scenes like this.

In my hotel in New York, as soon as she saw some of the labels on my bags the French maid broke down and began to cry.

" I want to go *home*!" she wept. " I don't want to live here any more. People aren't *kind*."

When I asked her

(*Continued on page 134*)



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"I take Tintara at 11.0 in the morning"

"I wonder if your experience is the same as mine. From 9.0 to 11.0 really is a hectic time. What with the husband to get off to business, instructions to the cook and the general 'irritating concerns and duties' I find myself quite done up by 11.0

"That's when I like a little sit down. A glance at the paper—a glass of wine and a biscuit. The biscuit and paper are a matter of personal choice, but may I suggest TINTARA for the wine. You see Tintara is a natural full-bodied Australian Burgundy. By natural I mean that it is not medicated in any way—nothing added, nothing extracted, AND it is made from grapes grown on ferruginous (iron-stone) soil. Our systems need iron, and it abounds in Tintara. I find a glass a day at 11.0 does me a power of good.

"Why, at 11.5, I can even call Mrs. ffolliott 'darling' on the 'phone

"Why not take my advice. You can see by my picture (above) that I really look well on it."

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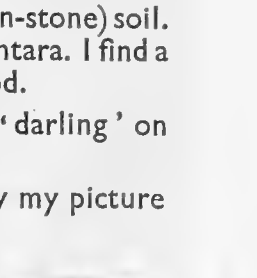

A Natural Tonic Wine

Wilcox

why, she sobbed:

"Well, Roosevelt may be helping the farmers—but he's not helping *us*. Food prices go up—but our wages don't. We people downstairs hardly eat meat more than once a week any more."

This in New York, most luxurious city in the world, where cover charge in any smart night resort is anywhere from six to ten shillings a plate. It was the tears of the French maid that made me notice it; that taut, grim expression on the faces of the ordinary people who travel by tram, underground and the elevated railways. The "top hats" of the U.S. may be celebrating the hair-breadth escape of their bankrolls from the world slump, but the great mass of the people, the ordinary people, are still convalescing from the shock and sickness of the Depression.

Over in Englewood, New Jersey, aristocratic suburb of New York, from which Col. Lindbergh fled, the town newspaper printed an editorial saying that every night there were about a hundred people grubbing about in the darkness on the municipal garbage dump. They were searching for scraps of meat, which they would take home, wash, and eat.

The editorial answer to this grisly situation was that the city should burn the dump.

WASHINGTON programmes are not American realities. Far from it. People on this side of the water are probably wondering why there should still be strikes, and such bitter ones, in the United States. Why should these be—after Roosevelt has given so many privileges to Labour? The answer is that Roosevelt did give a lot—but Labour never got it. Under the now famous (and now repealed) Section 7-A Roosevelt gave Labour the legal right to bargain collectively with its employers. But in not one of the big "key" industries, such as steel, motor-cars, rubber, has Labour secured this right.

"It will take the American Federation of Labour longer to get recognition (the right to collective bargaining) from us," boasted one steel baron to me, "than it took Soviet Russia to get it from the United States."

The result is that there is now a revolt raging inside the American Federation of Labour itself, headed by John L. Lewis, President of the Federation of Miners, for the organisation of nation-wide industrial unions which, when all of the craft workers in any industry are enrolled in one solid union, will pick up the gauntlet thus thrown down by organised industry.

In the meantime the big American industrialists are bitterly refusing to let Labour have the right that Roosevelt gave them—a right which the English worker secured nearly fifty years ago!

A MAN on the front stage in full view of the public can't commit an indecency; he goes up a dark alley. And if you get away from the big cities and the spotlight of Washington you will come upon some astonishing American realities.

In the forest-clad mountains of Pennsylvania I found the "coal bootleggers." These men are professional coal-miners, most of whom have been out of work for over four or five years. Out of work, they claim, because the big coal trust shut down the mines in their vicinity in order to break their hearts and make them accept lower wages. At any rate, a few months ago they became so desperate that they took the law into their own hands, went on the company's land, sank their own shafts, and are now selling their own coal in the cities of New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia for about a dollar a ton less than company coal. It is quite an industry.

The State police were called on, and various reasons have been given as to why the company did not order them to shoot the "coal bootleggers"—as was done in West Virginia, when the coal companies used tear gas, machine-guns and aeroplanes against the striking miners a few years ago. Among the reasons advanced are (*a*) these miners are

" Pennsylvania Dutchmen " and come from the most law-abiding farming community in the United States; (*b*) under Roosevelt such brutal methods of settling a labour dispute would not be tolerated; (*c*) the general public is too sympathetic with these wretched coal-miners and their plight. All true; but it was one of these " Pennsylvania Dutchmen " himself who, it seemed to me, gave the real answer:

" The 'Staties'? " he said. " Let dem come in. Dey ain't got de nerve to shoot us. Dey *know* we ain't doing wrong."

The companies' answer has been to drop the price of company coal around a dollar to two dollars a ton to drive the " coal bootleggers " out of business. If they succeed in doing that, God knows what will happen in those Alleghaney mountains.

OUT in McGuffey, Ohio—less than thirty miles from the birthplace of that great American, whom the Republican Party will never be allowed to forget, President Harding—I came in for the second time on a tale of American peonage.

This was the strike of the onion workers in the Scioto muckland—the " world's largest onion patch." These wretched creatures are some five hundred Virginia and Kentucky mountaineers, with their wives and children, whom the McGuffey onion-growers had imported some ten years ago to solve their local labour problem. They advertised in the mountains and promised most fantastic wages. When they got the mountaineers in Ohio they forced them to work—men, women, and children—for from 5d. to 6d. an hour. And never, in the worst parts of Russia or the Balkans, have I seen such hovels as these people were forced to live in. In 1934 the American Federation of Labour gave these onion workers a charter—the first charter ever given to an agricultural union in the United States—and, under the leadership of a fiery young Virginian, rejoicing in the name of Okey O'Dell, these American peons went on strike. When I came on the scene I found Okey in jail.

" I was bawn in a strike," grated Okey to me through the bars; " I'se a-leading of a strike now—an' I hopes to God I *dies* in a strike ! "

Okey nearly did. He had been shot at already, when he and his brother, Tiny O'Dell, overturned a motor-lorry across the road to prevent the onion-growers from getting their onions out. A farm manager hit Tiny with some shot-gun pellets; Tiny went to bed, Okey went to jail, and the farm manager got off. There were 34 armed guards, when I entered it, patrolling the onion patch—private hooligans, imported and armed by the strike-breakers. One of them, dressed in nothing but a pair of underdrawers and a revolver, offered to shoot me if I ventured to tell them how to handle an onion strike.

I escaped that. But Okey did not. As soon as he got out of jail he " popped back to the onion patch," as he had assured me he would, and then—at 3 o'clock one night—he was removed from his shack by the armed guards and very nearly beaten to death.

" An' he was beaten," insisted his father and mother, when I had dinner with them in their shack in the onion swamp a few months ago, " right before the eyes of the District Attorney, the Sheriff, and the Deputy Sheriff of Hardin County."

His mother's story of searching for Okey in the dark was Grand Guignol in its details. Okey, covered with blood (he had also been stabbed below the left eye) had managed to crawl back to his own home.

" Okey," said his mother, " you must have some 'pepper tea.' " " And while I was making it," she said to me, " and Okey was a-washing the blood off hisself, so's to see where he was hurt—*them men come back !* "

This was where Okey " drawed weapons." He took his rifle and staggered to the door. " Any man," he promised, " who sets a foot on that path I'm a-gonna shoot stone dead ! "

(*Continued on page 136*)

Make-up for sunny days

You can tennis and golf with nonchalance, bask long hours on hot white sands in the sun, ride all day, dance all night: lightly, bravely, gaily—confident that your skin will remain from dawn till dusk immaculate, smooth, untouched . . *if* Cyclax Day Lotion is included as part of your travelling kit. For this imparts a delicate bloom, a clear matt surface to the most obstinate skin, even before you have added the last subtle touches with one of the fragrant Cyclax powders. Cyclax Day Lotion comes in several lovely golden shades to match perfectly your sun-tan, and of course in the usual range of softer, paler colours if you are not the tanning type. On warm Summer days you will find both Cyclax Day Lotion and the Cleansing Lotion, which is quick and effective for removing make-up, infinitely cool and soothing to a hot tired face. For 6/6 you may have the two together in a tiny leather pochette, just the right size for your handbag; or, for your dressing table, Cleansing Lotion is obtainable at 4/- or 7/6, Day Lotion at 4/6 or 8/6, and Face Powder to blend, in fifteen different shades, at 3/6 or 6/6.

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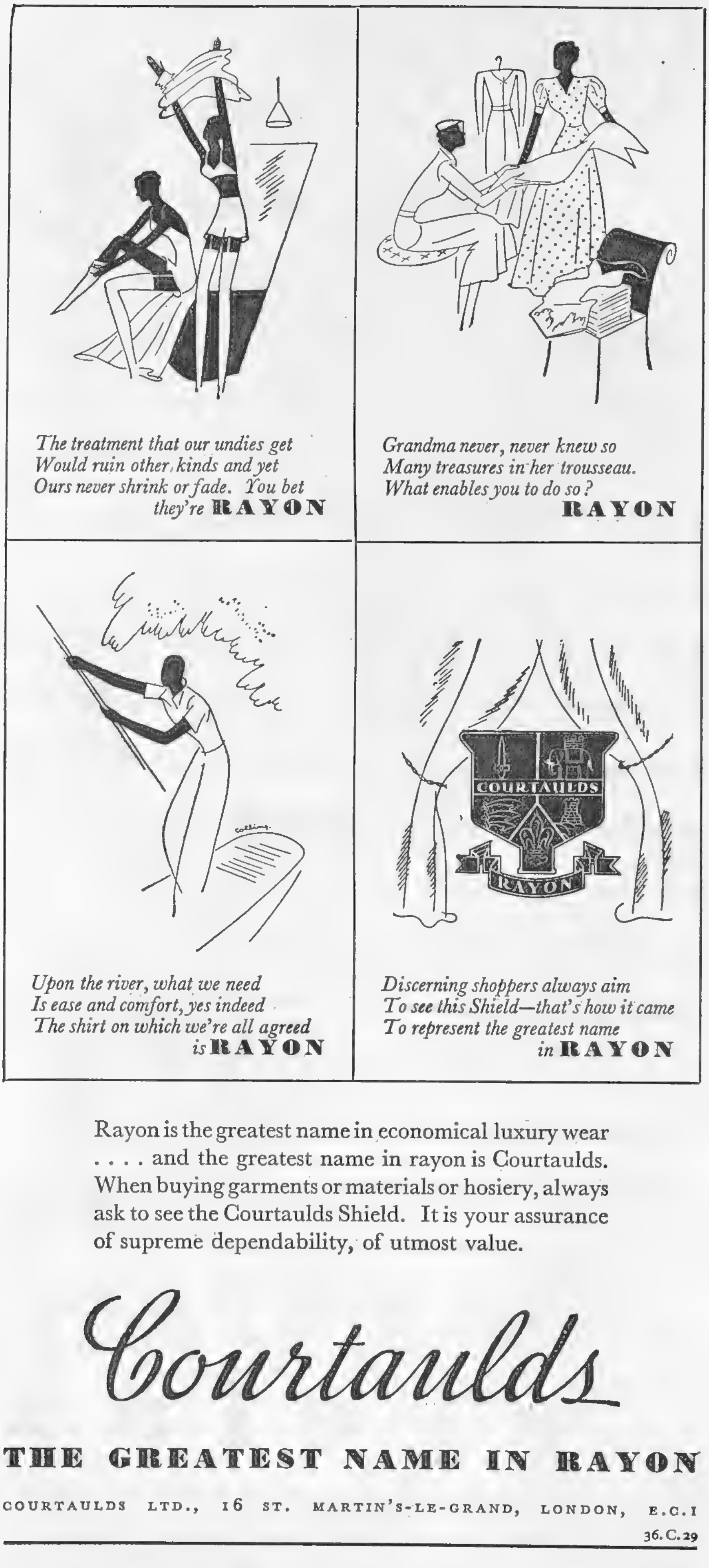

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36.C.29

No man came up. Okey sued the County and the onion-growers. Intimidation was tried to prevent him getting witnesses. One of them, Okey Risner by name, was halted by the onion-growers on the Court House steps. He had helped take Okey from his house, not knowing he was going to be beaten; now he was sorry. "You'll get us all in jail," said the onion-growers, "if you tell 'em what happened."

"Don't give a damn!" shouted Okey Risner. "I'm a-going to tell the truth if it hare-lips the whole goddam business!"

Okey won his suit and was given $750 damages. He compromised for $500. Then the State turned around, fined him 90 days "because he drawed weapons," certain sums of money and other charges, so that, when they were totted up, Okey still owed the State some 700 days in jail.

Then Okey did a bunk. He's been "on the run" ever since . . . down in the mountains of West Virginia. When I was eating dinner a few months ago with his parents they had a letter from Okey. He was returning to give himself up. He had heard that "some big people in New York" would fight his case.

The "big people in New York" are the Civil Liberties Union. Write to them if you want any more details of this amazing case. Their address is Union Square.

If people wonder: Can such things be?—I have merely to refer you to a recent Socialist meeting in Tampa, Florida. Policemen, in plain clothes, led a mob who raided the meeting, took three Socialist speakers from the platform, and flogged them until one of them died. When the Governor was finally persuaded to order an investigation, one of the policemen, when called to testify, leapt from a window to his death.

* * *

Down in the Carolinas I came on a Ku-Klux-Klan that had nothing whatever to do with keeping the negroes in their place or removing Catholics. Yet, in the last two years, it had beaten seventeen men. Here is a typical case, and let's call the man Ben Johnson; and here's the way I got the story.

"Ben had one of the best plantations in these parts. But he took to likker and beating his wife. The Klan sent him a note: 'Stop it,' they said, 'or else we're going to call on you.' Ben—he was independent-like—he just kep' it up.

"Then the Klan got out the Fiery Cross and they rode out to Ben's place. They took him out and they hitched him into the shafts of a cart. They made him pull that there cart out into the woods. Then they unhitched him, tied him to the back of the cart—and beat the eternal stuffin' out of him!"

"And how," I asked, "did Ben react to all that? Did it improve him?"

"Well—no—not exactly. Ben sorta went to pieces. Lost his house, lost his wife—dunno where he is now."

"But, Mister"—when he saw the expression on my face—"you gotta understand this here Klan business—all the best people belong to it."

But there are other things that you discover as you wander around off-stage in the States—tremendous, invigorating discoveries. Foremost, I think, is almost a nation-wide revolt (among all except the rich or very rich) against what is now called the "Stockbroker's Age." People everywhere, if given half a chance, would like to re-start after the Depression to lead secure and simple lives. I came on quantities of people who literally bless the Depression.

On Tangier Island, for instance. That, you will recall, was the little island in the lower Chesapeake Bay, whose 1,400 fisher-folk were frozen off from the mainland and were fed by aeroplanes and U.S. Navy dirigibles last winter. I got out there between two spells of being frozen in. I stayed with old Captain Prewitt, a sailor whose counterpart can be found in any Devon or Cornwall fishing village to-day.

When I asked him how the 1,400 Tangier Islanders had weathered the depression, he pounded his knee :—

" Cap'n—'twas the best thing ever happened to us. It was an act of God."

He told me how during the " crazy years " —the boom days of 1926–29—remote Tangier Island had got the fever, too. Instead of being content with one schooner every fishing captain wanted to own a fleet ; and when they ordered gear from the ship chandlers in Baltimore, those wily birds pressed them to take more and more. There was no need to pay, said the chandlers ; just put it on the bill.

" I was loaded down to the gunwales with debt."

Then came the Great Depression and the storm of August, 1933. Between the two the Tangier Island captains lost most of their ships. But under a Government relief scheme some of the islanders (selected by a committee made up of themselves) were supplied with new schooners to get started again. Prewitt, being a steady man (he spells the Padre when he is away), was given a ship.

" She ain't much," smiled Prewitt, " and I ain't got more'n half enough gear. But she's mine. I can make a living out of her —and that's enough. When I ask them ship chandlers in Baltimore if they will give me credit now, they say ' Not one damn red cent—let's see the colour of your money first.' I can't borrow money now, even if I wanted to. Cap'n—I'm safe! I know where I am."*

Tangier Island is so small, and solid land is so scarce, that they bury their dead in their own front yards. Behind each white picket fence is always a tombstone, sometimes a veritable set of them. The islanders are very sensitive about that ; they don't want you to take photographs. Also, they are sensitive about being fed from the air last winter—particularly the publicity stunt pulled off by a local canner on the mainland.

This canner sent over an aeroplane to drop some food. He gave this out to the newspapers. The country rang with the story—TANGIER BEING FED FROM THE AIR. Lowell Thomas announced it over the radio. The Tangier Islanders heard it. No wonder they were angry. All that that aeroplane dropped for 1,400 people *was 24 tins of this canner's soup.*

" We was waiting for him," they told me around the stove in the store, where all the male population of Tangier collects after dinner ; " and if he'd come back, and that 'plane had come low enough down—we was going to shoot him."

PERHAPS the most remote spot in the United States—certainly the one with the most interesting population—is the Hatteras Banks. This is a narrow strip of sand some 75 miles long by less than a few hundred yards wide that shuts off the thundering Atlantic from Albemarle Sound. Its dreaded Diamond Shoals are known as the " graveyard of the Atlantic." There is a coastguard station every seven miles along the seventy-five miles of Hatteras Banks : there is a wreck about every hundred yards. Off-shore, looking down into the shoals, you will see the dark blotches that might mark a Spanish galleon or the wreck of a steel steamer that went down only a few months back.

The people on Hatteras are, with hardly a single exception, all descended from these wrecked sailors. Two captains of coastguard stations near the top of the Banks are called Midget (presumably Midjette, a wrecked Frenchman) ; the keeper (*Continued on p.* 138)

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* Captain Prewitt was the real thing—a simple man, anxious to be allowed to live a simple life. As with these Atlantic fishermen, so with the Mid-West farmers. The U.S. farmers speculated very nearly as wildly as the stockbrokers during the dizzy years of 1926–29. They mortgaged their original farm to buy another. They lost both in the world slump. *Half the farm land of Iowa was mortgaged.* The Government stepped in with a refinancing plan. As a result you find the farmers back on their original farm. " 'Tain't so big as it used to was," they'll tell you, with a contentment that has not been heard for years in their voice—" but it's MINE!"

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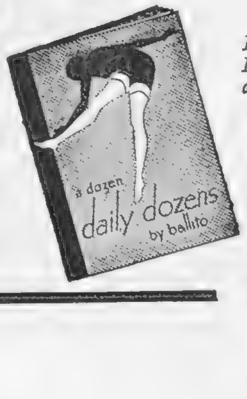

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of Hatteras Light itself is Captain Jeannette.* And down by the foot of the Banks, where the Greenland Current shears off the Gulf Stream (sending it towards England) to make the famous Diamond Shoals, you will find people who speak almost Elizabethan English. A boy who was cuddling a girl in the *tropan* forest below Hatteras Light swears that she said to him—

"Come and *bus* me."

These girls of the Hatteras Banks and the remote parts of the United States are another example of changing life in America. Before the Great Slump their one idea was to get away to what (they imagined) was the gay life of the great city. Now with so many girls coming back and writing letters home about how hard life is, they have reconciled themselves to stay where they are. But that does not mean they are countrified. Far from it. They read Confessions, True Detective stories, and everything that comes out of Hollywood. They are Marlene Dietrichs, Katherine Hepburns and Greta Garbos. Down in the "Deep" South, in a share-cropper's shack in West Carolina, I found his two daughters putting a Marcel wave in another girl's hair. They took turns Marceling each other.

THIS is very significant, this resolve or resignation on the part of country Americans to live simple lives and remain where they are. If it keeps up, something like a small-town culture and rural civilisation in the U.S. is bound to result—instead of the present purely materialist drudgery of the land. Farming might again become a mode of life rather than just a mere means of living. The thing that militates most against it is the mentality of the big manufacturer and financier. He, too, will tell you he is glad to lead the simple life, taking you out to the garage and showing you he is quite content with two motor-cars instead of four. But he is thinking of his factory in terms of production of the dizzy years of 1926–29; *he still expects his former customers to buy just as much from him as they did in those dizzy days*; and he is already using every device of high-pressure salesmanship and seductive advertising to see that they do.

If we Americans can withstand that onslaught we are going to be a happy race. In the meantime, what we want now more than anything else is *belief*. We want a man capable of stirring our imaginations, someone big enough to lead a spiritual revolution. This has nothing to do with religion; it is just a revolt against the *sense of values* of the "Stockbroker's Age."

Roosevelt has come the nearest to providing it. Can the Republicans produce a better man? †

---

* A young fisher-wife had a child born a few weeks before I was there. She named it Moncey Lee White. When I asked her why such a peculiar name, she replied: "This child's grandfather was a French sailing captain—his name was Monsewar Lee Blank" (Monsieur Le Blanc).

† Exemplary of the quality of Republican Presidential timber, I quote a conversation I got from a Republican candidate for the Presidency himself. Another Republican Presidential candidate came to him and said, "I'm going up to Ossowatemy this week to make a speech and give the farmers the answer to the farming problem." "*But you don't know it,*" exclaimed my friend. "Doesn't matter—know enough to make 'em think I do." "For God's sake," said my friend, "and for the sake of the Republican Party—*don't do it.* Don't make things any harder for us than they are." Nevertheless, the speech was made—and eulogised in all the Republican papers throughout the United States.

END

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(See announcement on page 96)

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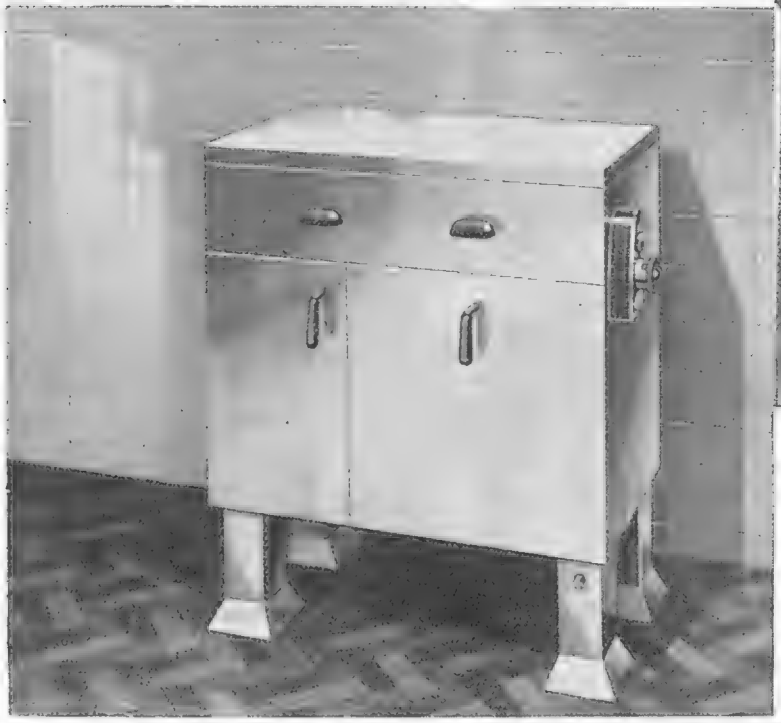

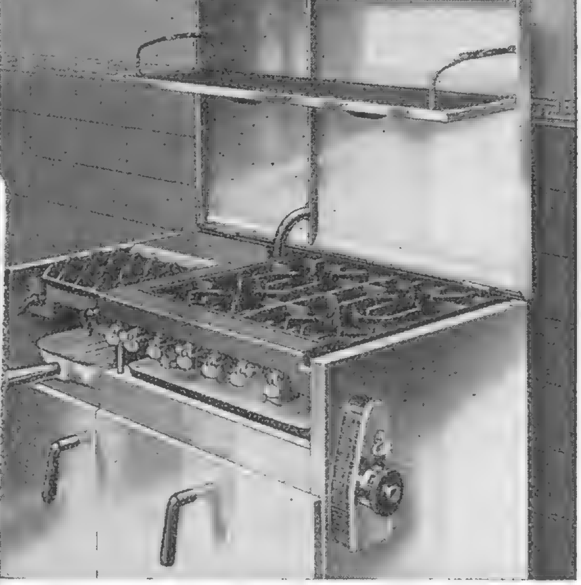

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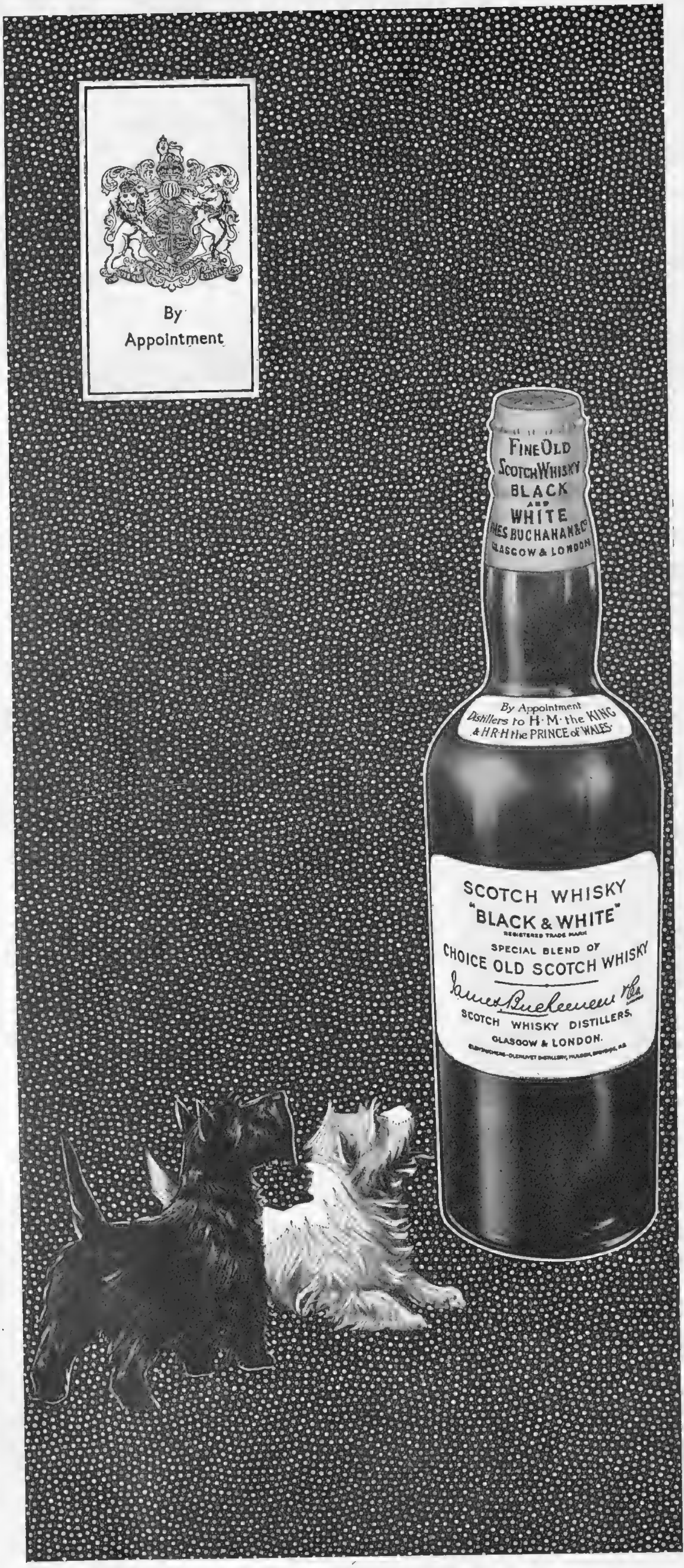
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Man's Fifth Weapon—Gas!

(*Continued from page* 25)

preceding passage is not a mere loose flight of fancy.

It is not even an imaginative flight into the future after the manner of a Wells tale for a Korda film. It is, indeed, only fantastic in so far as it envisages a future historian recording knowledge unearthed from a " dig," as scientific correspondents to-day write of new clues and new knowledge found on " digs " on sites of key cities of ancient civilisations, which, although buried under the dust of a thousand or ten thousand years, in their time were believed by their politicians and peoples, their power-seekers, wealth-seekers, glory-seekers, technicians, professors, and workers, to be as solid and enduring as the same contemporary groups believe our world of the machine, jazz, radio, paper-money and poison-gas, to be.

Every sentence and every implication is related intimately to fact as it exists in this year of grace, 1936, A.D. The problem of such a city as London—or Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool or Manchester—is not a shape of something to come: it is here now. Gas as a practical weapon for use in war is not where the aeroplane was in 1914; it has been tried, tested, improved, and planned for effective use, over the last two decades.

Nor is the attack by waves a theoretical notion. It is actually an item in general staff practical planning of war on the supposition (all such planning is necessarily on a series of suppositions) that gas (*a*) can be manufactured in quantity and made available at speed, (*b*) will be permitted by the political chief or team, or even urged and forced upon the war commander, who will be superseded if he objects, and (*c*) that the enemy area is admirably exposed to such a line of attack.

BEFORE surveying the technical side of gas, it is illuminating to glance at the political side: for that side alone lies in the realm of the potential. To discuss gas if it is never going to be used in war is rather like discussing the practical details of a flight to the moon in the absence of a machine to transport one thither. . . .

It helps to go back a little and recall that the invention of gunpowder, and the appearance of the ball and bullet projecting tube on the battlefield, was severely condemned by a large body of opinion at the time. Neither armour nor castle could withstand the new weapon. It doomed an entire class of highly skilled aristocrat warriors and scrapped a whole system of warfare and defence. It was damnable. However, we have become accustomed to guns, and even the high-explosive shell and aerial bomb are perfectly respectable members of the family of war weapons.

The nations have agreed to outlaw gas. But will a signed pledge keep gas on the outlaw list? One recalls that there were authorities prior to August 1914 who asserted that Germany would never violate Belgian territory. The German war staff and government would never risk it. Why, tearing up that pledge would bring Britain in on the side of France! Later in the war, authorities said that unlimited submarine warfare was so unlikely that it could be disregarded as a factor in planning ahead. Why, it would bring the United States in against Germany!

In each case the sane, the reasonable, view, turned out to be wrong. It was proved that a war staff will gamble with the sky as the limit. The German army *was* sent rushing through Belgium on the gamble of a swift victory; and a desperate German war staff *did* finally risk everything, including its War Lord's neck, on unrestricted submarine warfare.

Innumerable people thought that when 50-odd nations signed a Protocol in Paris in 1925, the gas genie was safely crammed back into the bottle, and corked up. It became dangerous for a British government to do anything, by way of experiment, plan, or blue-print, which suggested to a large body of voters that any department under its control had a lingering disbelief in the sanctity of so many signatures. And then Mussolini and Badoglio broke the sacred pledge.

In the spring of 1936 the Italian airmen dropped dichlorethysulphide (sometimes called yellow cross, or perite, but more commonly mustard gas) on the wretched Abyssinians. Reprisal for atrocities to Italian prisoners was the excuse for the broken pledge. It is an excuse which can serve as effectively in Europe as in Ethopia. Actually, gas was used to speed up the breaking of Abyssinian resistance because the British were pressing at Geneva for an intensification of sanctions, and this pressure made the Italians as ferociously desperate as the Allied military and naval pressure made the Germans when they decided to remove all limits from submarine warfare. Once again, necessity knew no law. . . .

From this point in national and international politics gas looms as a terrifying probability if and when another war comes—a war which will not be fought half out, as the last one was, but to a finish. It has, of course, been of practical interest to a small group of realists for a long time. These men never subscribed to the view that a protocol would keep gas out of another war. Gas came too close to being the weapon that war technicians had dreamed of through the ages.

It is easy to think of tanks and submarines, long-range guns and aeroplane carriers, as "new weapons." But really they are old. Man began his killing career as a crusher. From the club he went on to piercing instruments, beginning with wood shafts sharpened and fire hardened, proceeding to metal shafts, to arrows, and then to bits of metal which, projected at high velocity out of a tube, could pierce at a distance. He added fire and burning agents generally in his early career. The disintegrating agent of the high-explosive blast is the only new invention in the list.

Crush, pierce, burn, blow to pieces—all weapons up to gas have rung the changes on these four methods of killing fellow human beings. Tanks, battleships, submarines, aeroplanes—what are these but carriers and transport vehicles and platforms for the blasting bomb or shell, and the tubes which discharge their showers of little piercing bullets? And what is the high-velocity bullet, or the shrapnel ball, but the modern child of the cave man's pointed wood stake?

Piercing a human being's soft flesh envelope in order to reach and damage a vital internal part has always been the most popular method of killing in war, because easiest and most practical. Even when the cannon ball superseded the club, crushing remained a cumbersome and slow mode of killing. As for fire, it has always been difficult to use. Even the flame-throwers of the Great War were negligible as instruments of destruction.

I have called gas a new weapon—the fifth and latest to be listed in man's formidable armoury. But it is new only in the sense of being an effective killer. Between mustard gas and the gas produced from the pitch, sulphur and charcoal fired against the walls of Plataea by the Spartans nearly 2,500 years ago, the difference is one only of efficiency; just as between the thermit bomb and the incendiary "bombs" of pitch, tow, sulphur, frankincense and pine chips, sacked up by the Peloponnesian enthusiasts, the difference is one only of chemical mixtures.

The only reason why gas has come to us so late is that men did not know enough to make it, and the machines to transport it and drop it down from the sky, in time for use in earlier wars. Crude gas, sulphur-based, was used in wars in Asia and Europe in every century between the twelfth and sixteenth; and in 1855 we find Lord Dundonald drafting a concise plan for gassing the Russians out of Sebastopol ("four or five hundred tons of sulphur and two thousand tons of coke would be sufficient"), only a shocked War Office felt that the operation would contravene the laws of civilised warfare, and vetoed it.

The British and most other War Offices were still under the illusion that war could be "civilised" and waged to a code of written and unwritten laws, when the Germans, more direct-minded and fiercely bent upon winning at all costs, (*Continued on page* 142)

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released the first cloud of greenish-yellow poison gas against the British line in 1915. It was the first reminder that while war remains a human institution, no weapon will be left unused which a desperate and direct-thinking war staff thinks will aid in destroying the enemy and winning the war. The last reminder was the Italian gas bombardment in Ethiopia.

In between these two events, gas has always been present—invisible, but omniscient. Only a year after gas had been outlawed, the British War Office, which is well served by its secret service agents, observed in its "Manual of the Medical Aspects of Chemical Warfare," that "chemical warfare is a rapidly developing science." And, indeed, what could stop the work of the war technicians on it while governments and peoples retained war as the last-resort argument?

It was the new weapon. With it, the war expert was no longer obliged to limit his thought to terms of piercing the envelope of the enemy. He was not obliged to wonder how he could crush his bones with a heavy blow, or reach him with an explosive blast so terrific that the man would be disintegrated. He could extend his mind to the prospect of reaching him in masses with a little vapour. As the enemy must breathe, he must inhale the vapour unless masked against it; and in the mere process of breathing, he would be destroyed. It was superb!

By 1932 the International Red Cross men at Geneva were so appalled by what they glimpsed that they inaugurated a campaign urging governments and peoples to organise precautions against gas; and every month they had a special supplement in their *Journal* recording progress of the campaign. Now everybody is gas-conscious. Technical controversies rage in the Rome *Popolo*, the Paris *Matin*, the London *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, and a score of other leading journals; while even the British Government, last in the danger zone to admit the gas menace exists, has now its gas official pamphlets, put out by the Home Office, and sold at sixpence apiece.

A survey suggests that there is still too much sensational stuff being written about new and deadlier poison gases, and not enough common sense being written and talked about the large measure of protection possible against gas if the citizen keeps his head, the government does its organising and educating part—and anti-gas demonstrations are staged somewhat closer to the zone of maximum danger than the caves of Chislehurst, scene of the only important demonstration staged here so far.

Also, illusions exist. . . . There is a popular idea that gas will be dropped in bombs, and that if you are high enough, you may be safe. There is also a notion that any old gas mask will serve.

But the wave attack will reach holders of both illusions. In the van will come the machines with their loads of big high-explosive bombs to spread terror, destroy communications, gas containers and mains, electric cables, and bridges. The second wave will bring incendiary bombs of the thermit type, containing a metallic mixture of powdered aluminium and iron oxide ignited by a bursting charge. The third and largest wave will bring the poison gas. This wave will be divided into two again. The first machines will drop a low-concentrate solid-particle gas with an arsenical basis, the so-called *nose-gas*, designed to penetrate all gas masks and chambers not fitted with a special fine-mesh filter. The inefficiently masked citizen will experience an intolerable pain in eyes and throat. He will snatch off his mask in agony, and so fall victim to the lethal vapour gas of the *blister* and *choking* types, which the tail squadrons of the attacking fleet will spray down in a fine rain, and drop in large bombs to contaminate, heavily, key sections of the city.

Such an attack would have a minimum effect if the city population were prepared, kept its head as a soldier does under fire, had efficient gas masks ready, and kept them on. For with gas it is the same with citizens as with soldiers. The military training manuals will tell you that the Great War showed a death rate from mustard gas as low as two per cent. with well-disciplined troops, but very high indeed with ill-disciplined troops. Fear and panic are fatal in a gas attack.

The last war taught the technicians quite a lot about poison gas. There is a widespread idea that little gas was used. But the supply figures show conclusively that towards the end of the war mustard gas was rapidly overtaking high explosive as a filling for shells. The allied war staffs had even planned a *nose-gas* attack on German cities for the spring of 1919. Perhaps they anticipated less resistance from their respective governments if they chose a non-lethal gas.

Nobody knows what new poison gases have been developed in government experimental stations and the research laboratories of the great heavy chemical combines, the American Du Pont de Nemours, the British I.C.I. and the German I.G. Farbenindustrie. New gases are jealously guarded State secrets. But eighteen months ago the German technical journal, *Tabulae Biologicae Periodicae*, printed a list of 62, the toxic actions of which had been scientifically studied. There must be at least a score more secret gases in addition to this considerable list.

But the mere lethal qualities of a gas mean nothing. It may be too expensive or difficult to manufacture in quantity; or dangerous to handle; or too heavy or too light for effective war use; or protection against it may be too easy. The perfect gas needs to be odourless, invisible, capable of cheap manufacture from raw materials in the user's own country, unsusceptible to weather conditions, easily stocked and transported and released and effective in low concentration. It has yet to be found.

So far there are four groups of gases practical for war use. They are vesicants, lung irritants, sensory irritants and lachrymators, more commonly known as *blister gas*, *choking gas*, *nose gas* and *tear gas*. There is a fifth group—the paralysants. This latter group covers the poisons which act directly on the nervous system and kill in a minute or two. But as their successful exploitation presents great technical difficulties they can be eliminated from the war picture.

Phosgene, leading of the *choking gases*, is fatal in a mixture of 25 parts in a million parts of air and disabling in much lower concentrations. The choking gases reach the lungs, inflame the lower respiratory passages, and kill by causing asphyxia.

Tear gas can cause a fatal hæmorrhage in strong concentration. But concentration in such degree is impossible under normal conditions of release. It only disables by causing eye pain, with intense watering and temporary blindness. The effect soon passes if the victim is moved clear of the poisoned air. Tear gas bombs and cartridges are part of the U.S. police riot-squad equipment. More humane than the club—and more effective.

The *nose gases*, like the lachrymators, disable only. But they are much more formidable. They attack nose, throat, lungs, eyes. The pain is frightful and lasts from one to two hours, even after the victim is moved into pure air. A concentration of one in twenty million parts of air disables within a minute. One part in fifty millions disables in five minutes. The gases in this group consist, not of a vapour, but of infinitesimal particles of solid matter, impregnated with arsenic. These particles penetrate masks not fitted with a special filter. Once the gas gets in the wearer cannot endure his mask. He tears it off. The victim may be rendered temporarily insane by the pain.

Dichlorethysulphide, otherwise mustard gas (sometimes called *yperite*, after Ypres, where it was first used) is chief of the *blister gas* group and the nearest approach to the ideal gas to date. It is a dark, oily liquid, derived from alcohol, sulphur and chlorine. It is heavier

(*Continued on page* 144)

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"THIS MARMALADE LOOKS GOOD AND TASTES GOOD WITH TOAST"
"THEY LIKED 'GOLDEN SHRED' FOR BREAKFAST, I'LL TRY IT IN A SPONGE SANDWICH, I HOPE IT'S A SUCCESS!"
"THIS SANDWICH TASTES FINE WITH 'GOLDEN SHRED'"
"YES WE'LL ALWAYS USE 'GOLDEN SHRED' NOW, IT'S SO APPETISING"
GOLDEN SHRED

BY APPOINTMENT

"There's a delicious flavour with this marmalade"—

"Yes Bob, it's 'Golden Shred'— the grocer recommended it"

Add 'Golden Shred' to the menu—there's a delicacy about its flavour that every member of the family will like. Made from oranges and pure white sugar. Buy a jar at your grocer's to-day.

1 lb. jar 6½D
2 lb. jar 1/-

ROBERTSON'S
'Golden Shred'
Orange Marmalade

Willing

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wish to draw your attention to their *Cuticle Remover* of an absolutely new type. It is efficient, Non-Caustic, Non-Injurious and Delicately Perfumed. - - **Price 1/-**

Favourite Colours of Vareen Nail Polish.

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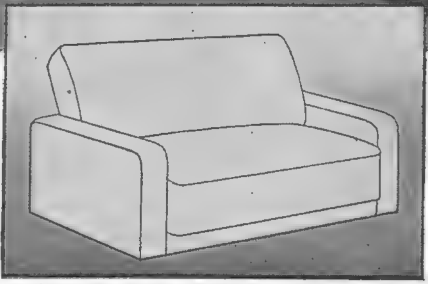
Liquid Nail Polish - 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
Remover - - - - 1/- and 1/6
Cuticle Cream - - - 1/- and 1/6
Nail White Pencil - - - 1/-

Obtainable from Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall and Snelgrove, Selfridges, Whiteleys, all stores and chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers and Manicurists.

VAREEN, LTD., LONDON, W.11.



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Reduced in price. Improved in design.

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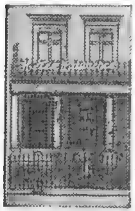

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If you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Headaches, Loss of Vigour, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Kidney or Bladder Troubles, get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Guaranteed to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and all chemists.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.

"Goddard's"

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6d 1/- & 2/- 9d & 1/3

than air, which makes it excellent for use in bombs, shells and sprays; and it is almost odourless. Finally, it has a delayed cumulative effect, so that one does not at first realise one has been "wounded," let alone put to a slow death. It burns the skin and all soft tissues, external and internal. In strong concentrations it is lethal to all life, vegetable as well as animal. If you eat food that it has touched you will burn out your stomach lining. Ordinary clothing is no protection against it. Besides the mask you must be encased in padded suit or oil skin for full protection.

It usually takes a couple of hours for the poison to work. First, you become aware of an eye smart. You seem to have caught cold, for your nose and eyes run. Then comes nausea and vomiting. Your skin begins to itch and, on the second day, to blister. If you have inhaled a big dose, acute bronchitis then sets in, and if you have inhaled a fatal dose, or you have weak lungs, anyway, you die of broncho-pneumonia, death occurring as early as the second day.

But men have died of the gas years afterwards, owing to the damage it has inflicted on their lung tissues. They die of invisible wounds, caused by what might well be termed the Gas of the Protracted Death.

Masks and shelters are the protective devices evolved. But nobody knows how far they are effective. In France and Italy you can buy your gas masks in the shops. They used to be £3, but competition has brought the price down to £2. There are masks for adults and animals and complete gasbags for babies. An elaborate mask is provided for the warriors in the British land, sea and air forces; a less elaborate one for first-aid personnel, apparently on the assumption that they will be less exposed—maybe, an error. The most efficient masks now made are attached to a canister carried on the back, filled with absorbent chemicals—soda lime, coconut charcoal, sodium hydroxide, sodium permanganate, cement and a few other things capable of absorbing lethal gases. But if gas attacks persist the mask may fail. It may become "exhausted," or the wearer may not be able to keep it on long enough to get clear of the poison gas area.

Can a population be sheltered? The answer seems to be, No. A British chemist has said that full protection is afforded the citizen who retires to his bathroom and proceeds to take a warm tub. But this presupposes (a) a bathroom, (b) a lone citizen without a family, and (c) the absence of such factors as explosive bombs, fire and a second attack. In France, a portable sheet-metal shelter with oxygen apparatus is being marketed. Cost, £20. Habitable for eight hours. In several centres in France, Germany and Italy there are communal shelters to hold 500 and 1,000 persons. Mussolini has blue-printed a plan to evacuate the towns overnight, citizens going to country-living relatives, to protected barracks and suburban "gas camps." Instructions for the move out have been recorded on gramophone records.

But it has been estimated that to provide adequate gasproof shelters for the eight million population of London would cost around £250,000,000. Departmental minds seem to have flinched away from the problem of evacuation, anyway. Could such a city be emptied in time?

The last word on that seems to lie with General Duchêne, Inspector-General of the Defence of French Territory. "We shall never shelter all the people of a large city against bombs and gas," says the General. ". . . If out of 100 human lives we can save one-half the efforts made and the results obtained will be a just recompense."

Every other person a casualty, if not a fatality! A grim prospect.

Where, then, does defence lie? It seems to lie in three directions. One is the maintenance of an air fleet at least as powerful as the potential enemy who may use gas. A nation with an inferior air fleet and a marvellous new gas would be knocked out by a nation with a superior air fleet and just the ordinary run of war gases known to all war departments.

The second is the maintenance of an efficient heavy chemical industry ready to be turned over to manufacture of poison gas in quantities as large as 200 tons a day, for it is generally recognised that the risk of a war staff deciding to use gas in war is lessened if it knows that the enemy is prepared and ready to give as good as, if not better than, it gets.

And the third is to be thoroughly organised and ready for anything, for war only starts when some powerful State believes that it has a first-rate chance of winning that war; and gas is only the most ghastly of a large family of Frankenstein monsters born of man's failure to solve the problem of ending war.

Gas is, after all, only another way of killing; and it may even be that the threat it holds of wholesale slaughter among the citizens at home as well as the citizen soldiers in the field may operate to prevent a new war from starting.

Poison gas is an integral part of war, and while men plan war gas will remain ready to aid and facilitate the work of extermination.

END

Making Much of a Small Flat

(*Continued from page* 61)

The means used for dividing this large living-room into different parts are as simple as they are practical. A long sideboard and cupboard fitment, placed at right angles to the walls, serves to mark off the dining portion, while at the opposite end of the room the writing-table isolates the study corner and recesses the settee.

Another interesting feature is the unusual kind of arm-chair seen in the picture of the dining-corner. These arm-chairs are of the corner or angle pattern, and by placing them close together you get the equivalent of a second settee.

The room has been made lighter and apparently larger by means of a large rectangular mirror on the wall between the windows. Looking-glass is also used to hide the hot-water radiator, and a large round mirror is on another of the walls.

Simplicity Itself

(*Continued from page* 37)

If the room is small (and this colour scheme is best suited to a little room), the bed should be low and, if possible, of the divan type without a foot. A wardrobe which is necessarily high should be placed where its shapeliness can best be seen and not crowded into a corner or huddled against a wall which also provides the background for other items of furniture.

A low shapely armchair covered in plain glazed chintz of dark brown with scarlet piping picks ups the third colour again. This colour should be repeated, very discreetly, at intervals about the room.

An interesting grouping of small pictures, preferably at eye level around the wall, will break up the background and lighting fixtures, carefully chosen and skilfully placed, will have as much decorative quality by day as they have by night.

In carrying out a simple scheme of decoration it is the details of arrangement and colour that invest the room with interest. Not a single ornament or cushion can be safely introduced without due consideration for its suitability to the scheme as well as its relationship to the furnishings.

Careful attention to these small points: the placing of a light, the colouring of a picture, the disposition of furniture, can make the simplest room interesting and unusual.

Don't be misled. Give as much careful thought to the simple scheme of decoration as you give to the more ambitious ones, and you will find that the simplest rooms in your house are by far the best.

"NOW . . . I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

She doesn't stop at using Palmolive for her complexion! She knows there's nothing like that rich olive oil lather to leave you really refreshed and invigorated after a bath: nothing like it, either, to protect and beautify the "all-over" complexion — especially arms and shoulders and back!

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment: and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself *all over* the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d per tablet

COMPLETE FIGURE CONTROL!

The compress action of our "all frontal method" creates a master figure control—perpetuates the slender lines of youth—defies middle-age dilation of figure—instantly adjusts itself and back closed.

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PEACH or WHITE, 12/6, 21/- and 31/6.

Sizes 21 to 36, 30 to 36, 2/- extra. Post Free U.K. on receipt of waist or corset size and P.O. or C.O.D. Foreign Post 2/-.

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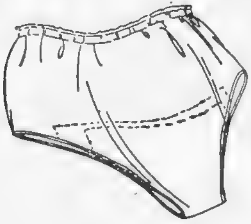
London Showrooms: 128, Imperial House, 80-86, Regent St., W.

Let me tell you two things NEW in

Kleinert's SILHOUETTE



You already know the SILHOUETTE as the perfect Protective Garment. Ideally brief yet absolutely efficient. A mere handful of silkiness, it gives to the figure like a second skin. AND NOW it is made with two new Kleinert Protections which are a marvellous development:

No. 995. In Suede Locknit with SOFTEX Protection.
Softex is waterproof silk but contains no rubber. Weightless, non-heating, Highly durable.
White or Flesh - - 3/6

No. 1983. In Crepe Locknit with FEATHERNAP Protection.
Feathernap has a texture like a peach skin, is completely waterproof and almost non-tearable.
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No. 987. Milanese with Rubber Protection ... 5/11.
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For wear under the long Corselette ask for Kleinert's SPORTEEZ

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Please send me a free copy of your Booklet "Feminine Facts."
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A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE can be acquired by every woman. **You** can obtain perfect **fascinating curves** with **BEAUTIPON,** the amazing Vegetable Flesh Former. Simply rub this harmless cream into the skin last thing at night and in a few weeks you will have a glorious figure. Develops bust 3-6 inches. Adds healthy flesh anywhere. Guaranteed harmless—amazing results. 30 days' Treatment 5/6. Sent **privately** under plain sealed cover.

"Developed my bust 4½ ins." writes Miss G.A.

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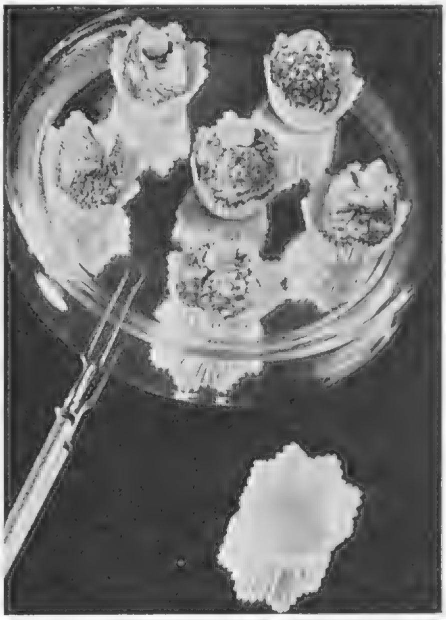
Some Excellent Recipes *for* Home Made Sweets

Stuffed Prunes

Select very good prunes. Remove the stones by making a slit at one end. Fill with orange marmalade mixed with some chopped almonds. A filling of 2 ozs. chopped almonds, 2 ozs. of chopped hazelnuts to which a small quantity of chopped prunes has been added, is very nice too.

Nut Balls or Cubes

Mix up 8½ ozs. of ground hazelnuts with 6 ozs. of icing sugar, 3½ ozs. of raisins, 3½ ozs. of finely cut candied peel, 5 ozs. of finely chopped figs, the white of one egg and as much rum or lemon juice (about one tablespoonful) as is necessary to make a soft and not too moist paste. Form balls, roll in coarse sugar, pack in cellophane or wax paper. Instead of the mixture described, dates, raisins and nuts, in equal proportions by weight and finely ground, may be rolled on a sugared board, cut up in cubes and dipped in coarse sugar to reduce the stickiness of the surfaces.



STUFFED PRUNES

Mocha Nuts

Beat 8½ ozs. of sieved icing sugar with the white of one egg, 1 tablespoonful of very strong coffee and a little vanilla essence. Dip walnut halves in this mass and put them on a china plate spread with oil. As soon as the upper side is somewhat dry, join the halves again to nuts and let them dry completely.

Chocolate Truffles

Rub 3½ ozs. of finely ground chocolate, 3½ ozs. of butter which has not been salted, 3½ ozs. of sieved icing sugar, and the yolk of one egg to a smooth paste. Leave at least two hours in a very

(*Continued on page 148*)

Ribbolastic

Here is simplicity that is always stylish. Smart as paint and as sleek. The spotted suit has cord shoulder-straps and sliding, adjustable buckle. The other is of ribbed material with plain shoulder-straps running over shoulders through unbreakable transparent rings.

Prices from 7/11 to 22/11.

Please write for booklet illustrating other Beach Fashions to

RIBBOLASTIC LTD.
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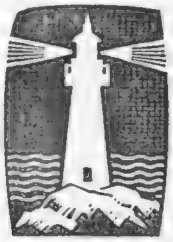

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Good golf by day—good rest by night. Golf that even Scotland is proud of—rest in a de luxe hotel with every latest comfort.

Pause at the 9th tee to look out across the blue waters of the Firth of Clyde to sun-dappled Arran, or inland to the peaceful Galloway hills, shining with the unbelievable brilliance of objects seen in the clear Scottish atmosphere.

There is a tang in the air at Turnberry that makes you play the game of your life. And, when evening falls, you turn in to the quiet, ordered luxury of the hotel of your dreams.

TURNBERRY HOTEL

ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST

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slimming

REDEX — the new flesh-reducing preparation for *external* use

NO DIETING
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS
ACTS IN 7 TO 10 DAYS

The most wonderful flesh-reducing discovery of the age. Unfailingly effective, safe, easy to use . . . Applied *externally.* Absolutely harmless to the most sensitive parts of the body. Analytical report says: "Contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin." . . . Redex reduces flesh *only where it is applied* —and reduces only *excess* flesh . . . . Simply rub Redex into the skin gently for a few minutes a day. In 7 to 10 days results begin to show. In 3 weeks you are slim!

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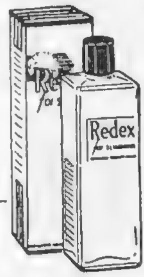
Mrs. M. T.* writes: "After using 3 bottles in 24 days, I reduced 11 lbs. in weight and 4½ inches in measurements." Prince H.* writes: "After using 2 bottles of your reducing lotion, I slimmed down to the extent of 6 inches and lost between 15 and 18 lbs." (*Original letters can be seen at our London Office.)

Rēdex

for SLIMMING



21/- a bottle

At Harrods, Selfridge's, Fortnum and Mason's, leading Boots branches, and all good stores and chemists. If any trouble in obtaining, post free from us by sending the attached coupon.

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Please send me, post free..........bottle(s) of Redex, for which I enclose........................

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN CAPITAL LETTERS

Hedley, Byrne & Co.

Have a banana
BLUE LABEL
FYFFES
BRAND
all you need to keep going

Tired—after a hard game? Peckish—after a long spell of work?
You cannot do better, then, than have a banana! Ripe bananas are rich in natural glucose, that wonderful fruit sugar which is so easily digestible and which turns itself into energy in the body—at once.
Remember this next time you're feeling fagged — have a banana. Fyffes, of course, so look for the blue label.

FEEL FINE ON **FYFFES**

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"Can eat and drink anything now"

For nine long years, Mr. Harry White, of Widcombe, Bath, suffered the agony and torture of stomach trouble. For nine years he searched for a cure in vain. Yet only a trial course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder made him so much better that he feels as though he is "in heaven!" Read his amazing letter:

"For nine years I have been under doctors and several times in hospital, but got no satisfaction until a friend told me of a bad case which Maclean Brand Stomach Powder had cured. So I decided to give it a trial, and everyone is amazed at the difference in me. I can eat and drink anything now, and feel as if I am in heaven—after suffering so long it does not seem true!"

Such an experience as this must convince you that Maclean Brand can bring you the relief you long for. Get a bottle to-day, but refuse to have anything to do with cheap substitutes for the "signature" brand which have arisen through its wonderful record. Ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and see that the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" is on the bottle and carton. Never sold loose. 1/3, 2/– and 5/–.

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Write with the **Queen Mary**

LADIES have always shown a decided preference for this distinctive writer. The perfect stub point simply glides over every surface. For smooth, easy writing and delightful service this pen has no equal. Made of white metal. Non-corrosive.

THE PEN THE QUEEN APPROVED

All Stationers 4/3 a gross
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ONE OF THE FAMOUS PERRY TESTED PENS Works: BIRMINGHAM.

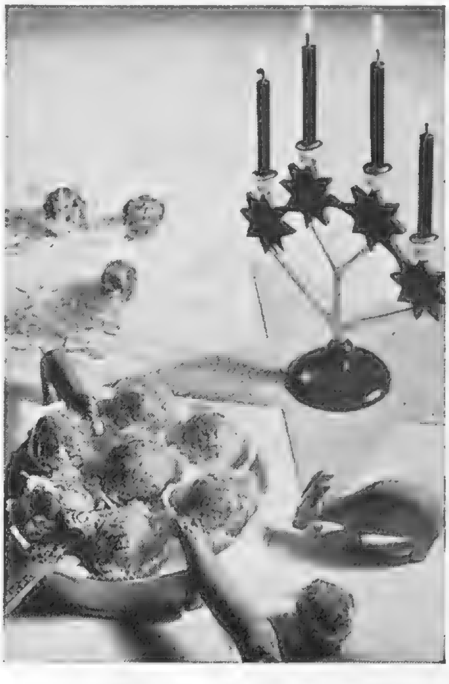
cool place, then form small balls with light hands, roll in rasped chocolate and put in paper cases.

Rum Balls

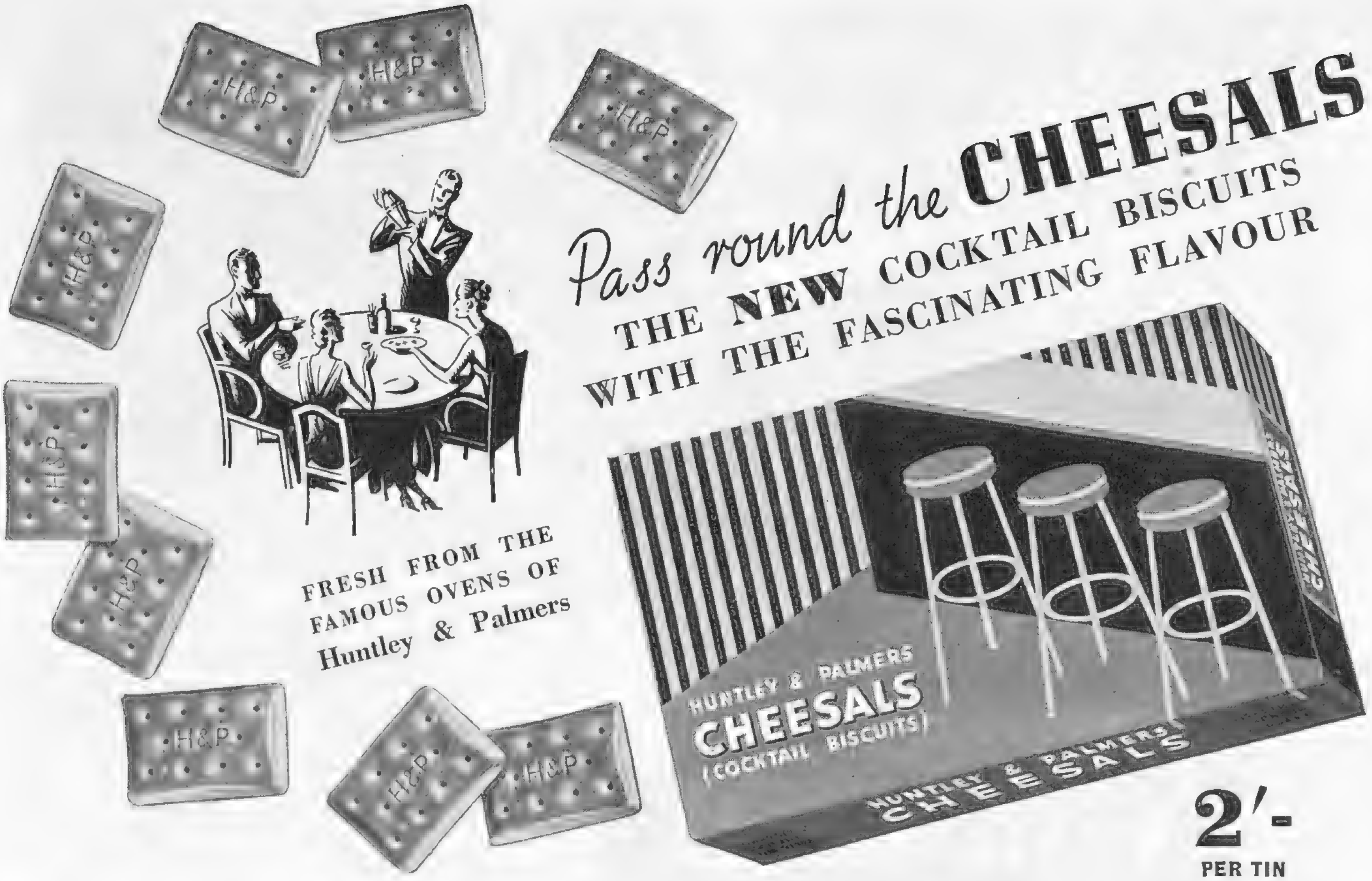
INGREDIENTS.—6½ ozs. of icing sugar, 6½ ozs. of almonds ground with the peel, 1 white of egg and a little rum, about 7 or 8 ozs. of chocolate couverture or dipping chocolate. Mix sugar almonds and white of one egg and add as much rum as is necessary to make a semi-solid marzipan. On a board strewn with much sugar prepare a roll of the mass and cut it in pieces of the thickness of a walnut. In each piece press a rum cherry or a candied cherry soaked in rum so that the cherry will be enclosed by the marzipan. Now dip the balls in melted chocolate couverture by handling them with a tooth-

(*Continued on page* 150)

MOCHA NUTS



NUT Balls make a delicious sweet and are easily made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HUNTLEY & PALMERS
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THE **NEW** COCKTAIL BISCUITS
WITH THE FASCINATING FLAVOUR

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It is used as a mouth wash with pleasure and profit, and women, in particular, find it invaluable for general personal hygiene; there is no safer, more reliable prophylactic for cuts, bruises and all minor and major injuries; it has a soothing effect on inflamed and swollen conditions.

Listerine Antiseptic is the ideal antiseptic and germicide for personal requirements. Keep a bottle in your bathroom for daily use — and against emergencies.

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC

Of all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. Made in England

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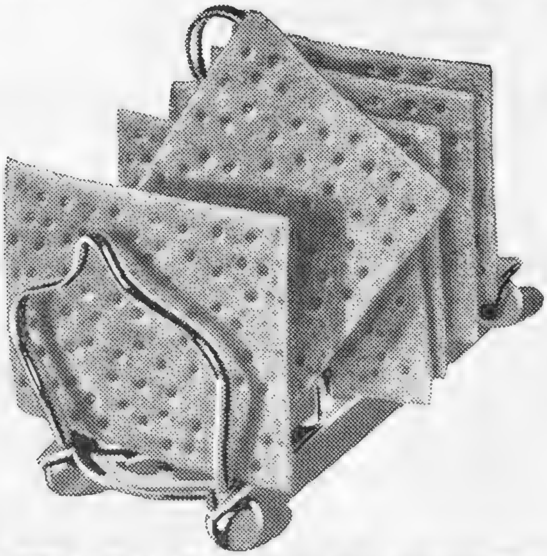

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gives you energy **PLUS** slimness

WHEATEN bread for energy — there's nothing to beat it! And Vita-Weat for bread—because this British whole-wheat crispbread is bread at its very best. There is no unconverted starch in Vita-Weat. That means that even a mannequin, whose very livelihood depends on her keeping her slimness of figure, can eat as much of it as she likes without fear of putting on fat. All the energizing goodness of wheat is in Vita-Weat, with all its precious vitamins. It is supremely digestible, encourages internal regularity, and is excellent for the teeth.

You'll be surprised to find how much younger and happier you'll feel when you have made Vita-Weat your daily bread.

VITA-WEAT *The British Whole-Wheat Crispbread*
In cartons 1/6 & 10d. In packets 6d. & 2d.

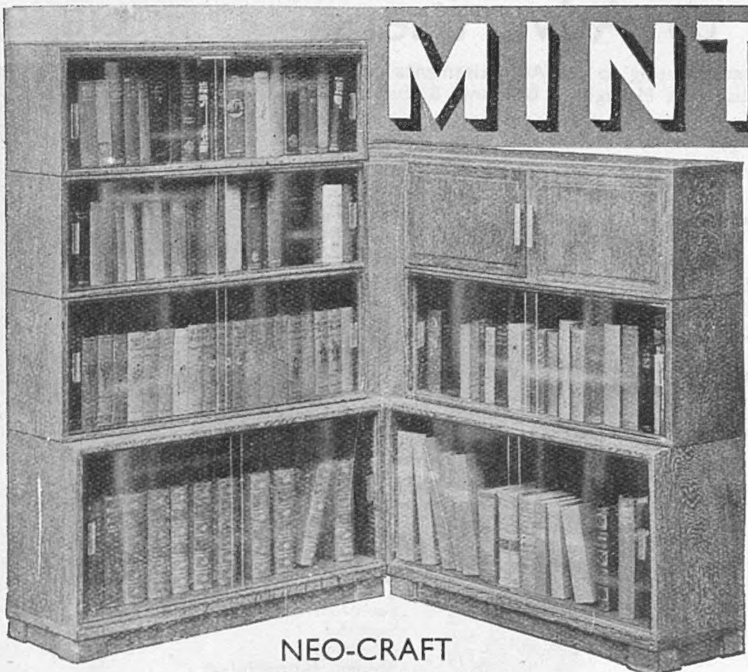
MADE BY PEEK FREAN • MAKERS OF FAMOUS BISCUITS

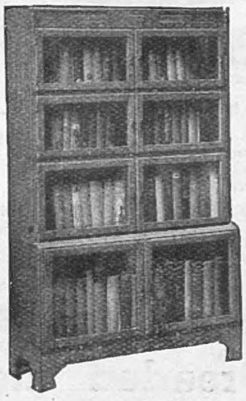
FORM small balls of the paste with light hands and then roll in rasped chocolate. Chocolate Truffles

pick. With another tooth-pick let them fall in rasped chocolate (chocolate which may be bought ready and which looks like black seeds) so that they are wholly enveloped in chocolate. After drying put the balls in nice paper cases. This is a very recommendable recipe for the beginners, as it is rather difficult for them to get a nice gloss on chocolates, whilst with rum balls the nice gloss is on the ready-bought rasped chocolate. The chocolate couverture has first to be melted to a jelly in gentle heat by placing it in a small pan over hot water.

As soon as the chocolate has reached a temperature of about 100° F., it must be cooled down by placing the pan directly in a dish with cold or iced water. After that the chocolate has again to be heated to a temperature of about 100° F., when it will be ready for dipping. By this way a nice gloss will be obtained. Not a single drop of water may be allowed to drop in the chocolate couverture. During dipping the casserole with the chocolate couverture ought to stand in a pan filled with warm water so that a temperature of 100° F. may be maintained.

MAKING Rum Balls This sweet is recommended for the beginner to try her hand at





MINTY Bookcases

Neo-Craft Styles

Neo-Craft Sectional Bookcases are designed on purely modern but not extreme lines. The plate-glass doors slide freely in chromium-plated runners which latter considerably enhance the appearance. Finger pulls are recessed in the glass, which enable the doors to open to the fullest extent.

Runners for sliding glass doors and other fittings are of solid brass chromium plated, making them untarnishable.

NEO-CRAFT
COMBINATION 31N

Shown above. A very pleasing corner fitment, comprising one Stack 26N, one Stack 23N with panelled A1 and Corner Blocking Piece. Height 4 ft. 4⅞ in., width on each wall 3 ft. 10½ in. In Oak £15 9s. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

Minty Bookcases can be purchased by deferred payments.

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases, including various period styles, at moderate prices.

OTHER STYLES
IN MINTY
BOOKCASES

These designs show the quietness and restraint most suitable for a library or study. In tune with present-day furnishing, these Bookcases designed on simple satisfying lines, will still please you twenty years hence—still keep your books clean, ready, orderly.

COMBINATION 3M

Stack comprising two 9 in., one 11 in. and one 14 in. Section and Base. Height, 4 ft. 8¼ in. Width, 2 ft. 11 in Oak, £7 19s. 0d.

COMBINATION 3M

Minty
(Dept. 86), 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD.
London Showrooms : 123 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.
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MANSION POLISH

I like 'Mansion'

it makes it so easy to keep the home bright

Mansion Polish is made to a consistency that ensures easy and economical application. With the minimum of rubbing it produces a brilliant and lasting finish. A single application keeps a floor looking bright for days. Furthermore, 'Mansion' removes dirt and possesses valuable antiseptic properties which guard the home against germ danger. Think of the trouble you save by using

Mansion Polish

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

Tins 6d., 10½d. & 1/9. Large Household tin containing 2 lbs. net, 3/-

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4 MP.BL. 11

PERFECTLY cooked.. means ESSE cooked—

at
less cost
with less
labour

The *ESSE* MINOR (illustrated) cooks for a household of up to 12 persons; and for larger needs there is the PREMIER *ESSE* (capacity 22 persons).

Both are available with water heater for domestic supply.

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM 30/8d MONTHLY.

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ESSE Heat Storage Cookers reduce fuel bills to a fraction of normal.

ESSE-MINOR

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY
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London Showrooms: 63 Conduit Street, W.1.

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JUNE, 1936

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

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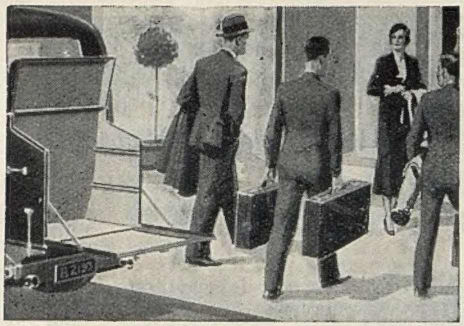

Journey's end will prove the worth of a trunk specially built for motoring

BROOKS
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BREXTON
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Chested Trunks

Waterproof, Dustproof, Roadworthy, Convenient
Attractive on the car and in rooms.
TRUNKS .. 35/- to £16 . 10 . 0
PICNIC CASES 15/- to £10 . 10 . 0

BREXTON LIMITED
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London: 38 Woburn Place, Russell Square, W.C.1

"Dreaded the cutting of hay"

"For several years I have used Vapex for colds and Hay Fever, and, whereas in days when I did not know Vapex I dreaded the cutting of hay in the country, now I feel quite safe. Vapex is wonderful."
Alice W., London, S.W.1.

●

Don't put up with the misery of Hay Fever this summer. Breathe Vapex regularly. It clears the head, soothes inflamed mucous membranes, protects the system. Vapex gives wonderful relief from summer colds and catarrh.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V 148 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

BE BEAUTIFULLY SLIM

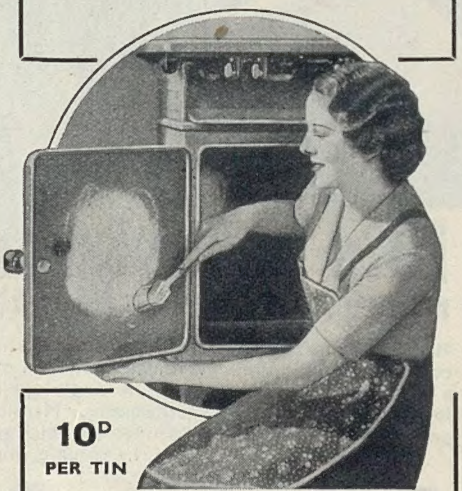
Miss V. Deciman. "Reduced Bust 4 ins.—Weight 24 lbs."

Have you a full figure? You can reduce 3-5 inches and obtain alluring, slim loveliness with SLIMCREAM, the remarkable Vegetable Reducing Cream. Simply rub this harmless cream into the bust last thing at night and in a few weeks you will have a youthful, slim figure. Reduces fat anywhere. Guaranteed safe. Wonderful testimonials. 30 days' treatment **3/9**, sent in plain wrapper. *Write now.* **SLIMCREAM, 28 (B-8), Dean Rd. London, N.W.2**

Kleenoff Regd. **cleans cookers**

. . WITHOUT RUBBING OR SCRUBBING

Kleenoff removes the hard baked-on grease from the oven of your cooker with ease.



10D PER TIN

Recommended and sold by Gas Cos., Grocers, Electricity Cos., Ironmongers, and General Stores.

The Kleenoff Co., 33, St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.

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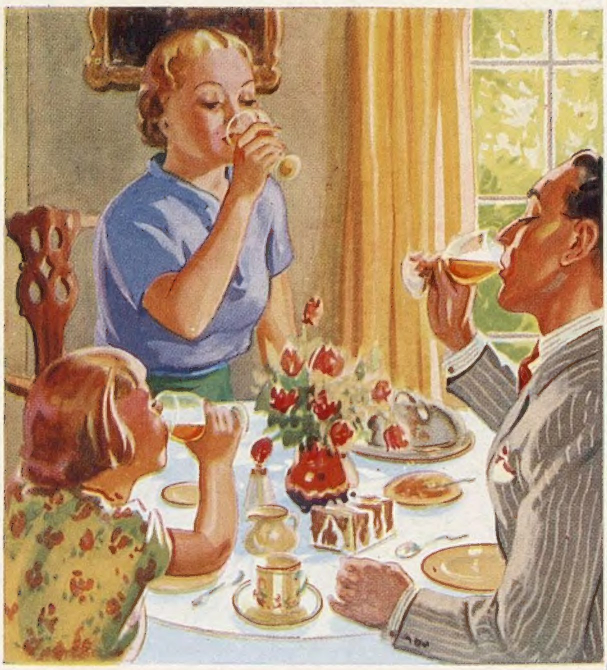


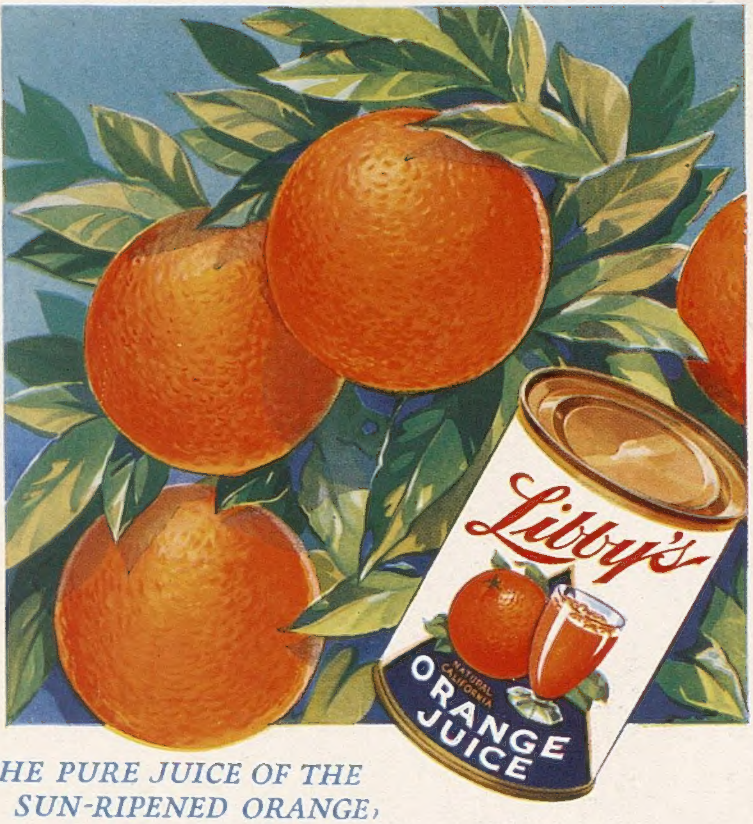
Start with ORANGE JUICE

THAT'S the way to begin the day—with a glass of the pure juice of ripened oranges . . . As clean and fresh as the break of dawn on a fine Summer's morning . . . It does you good, and makes you feel good.

Start breakfast with Libby's Orange Juice and you'll have a keen, healthful appetite for what follows. You'll digest your food better. And you'll go through the day's work with a zest you never had before.

Libby's Orange Juice is a natural health drink.

Be sure to get—



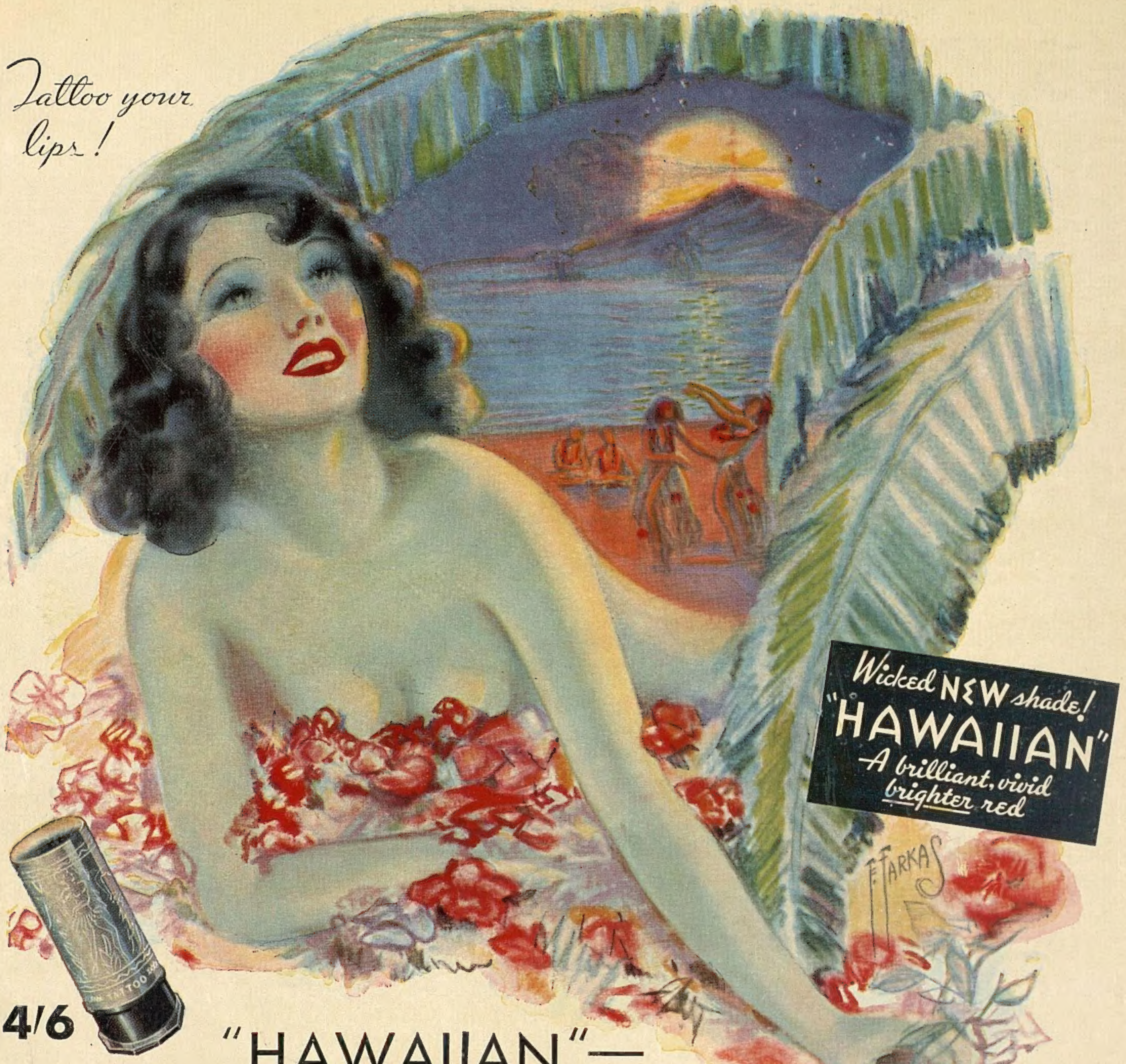
THE PURE JUICE OF THE SUN-RIPENED ORANGE,

Libby's ORANGE JUICE

Other Libby FRUIT JUICES *Loganberry, Grapefruit, Pineapple and Tomato*

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.3

L18—19 Col.

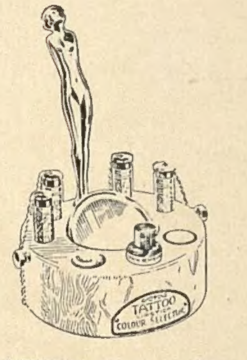


4/6

"HAWAIIAN"—
a New Red from the South Seas

The *brightest* red ever! Daring, stunning, and positively indelible! TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"! And only TATTOO could give you this fetching *new* shade in an infinitely *indelible*, extremely *transparent* lipstick which positively will not turn the least bit purplish! Four other simply ravishing shades, too! . . . all giving exotic transparent stain instead of greasy coating. TATTOO is the South Sea maiden's secret of lovely lips. You simply put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the colour stays! Behold, there are your lips . . . evenly, smoothly *stained* with transparent glowing colour . . . tattooed! Soft, inviting, youthful lips . . . luscious alluring colour that does not smear but stays on . . . through cocktails, cigarettes . . . *everything!* No dryness, no puckered lips, no pastiness. Fling a challenge to adventure . . . Tattoo your lips!

TATTOO



At this TATTOO *Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere, you can actually test on your own skin all the* TATTOO *shades.*

"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red yet. Brilliant, impudently daring, this new shade has been dreamed of since lipsticks were first made. *Positively* won't turn purplish.

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective. It is our choice of them all.

NATURAL is a medium shade. It is a true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette.

PASTEL is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing.

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